8 January 1983 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 14.50 Fr NF 10.00 Ger Dm 5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 200pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Publish And Be Dammered.

THE RETURN OF THE GENERAL

JERRY DAMMERS INTERVIEW

by Neil Spencer

AND THIS IS PHIL TALKING

PHIL OAKEY INTERVIEW

by Paul Morley

Jerry Dammers and three of The Specials AKA. Pic Pennie Smith.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**SAVE YOUR LOVE**	**Renee & Renato (Hollywood)**	7	1
2	20	A WINTER'S TALE.....	David Essex (Mercury)	2	2
3	4	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	3
4	11	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE..	Phil Collins (Virgin)	4	4
5	1	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART)	Culture Club (Virgin)	5	1
6	8	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance (WEA)	6	6
7	6	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY	David Bowie & Bing Crosby (RCA)	4	6
8	5	OUR HOUSE.....	Madness (Stiff)	5	5
9	7	TRULY.....	Lionel Richie (Motown)	6	5
10	18	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	4	10
11	3	THE BEAT SURRENDER.....	The Jam (Polydor)	5	1
12	(—)	ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	1	12
13	14	BUFFALO GALS	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	4	13
14	13	MIRROR MAN	Human League (Virgin)	7	1
15	15	LITTLE TOWN.....	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	15
16	9	FRIENDS.....	Shalamar (Solar)	4	9
17	28	ORVILLE'S SONG .	Keith Harris & Orville (BBC)	2	17
18	24	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	18
19	16	HYMN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	7
20	10	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham! (Innervision)	7	3
21	(—)	CACHARPAYA.	Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	1	21
22	17	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	8	7
23	23	THEME FROM ET	John Williams (MCA)	2	23
24	22	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	8	13
25	25	UNDER ATTACK	Abba (Epic)	3	23
26	30	DEAR ADDY....	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	2	26
27	(—)	WISHING	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	5	10
28	(—)	HEARTACHE AVENUE	Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)	1	28
29	19	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	8
30	(—)	FAT MAN....	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)	1	30

Return of the idol..... David Essex jumps to No. 2

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**JOHN LENNON COLLECTION**	**John Lennon (Parlophone)**	6	1
2	3	DIG THE NEW BREED	The Jam (Polydor)	2	2
3	2	THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS	Abba (Epic)	6	1
4	15	FRIENDS.....	Shalamar (Solar)	15	4
5	14	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness (Stiff)	7	5
6	7	PEARLS II.....	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	7	3
7	8	LOVE SONGS.....	Diana Ross (K-Tel)	4	6
8	4	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	28	2
9	5	HEARTBREAKER.....	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	9	1
10	11	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	3	10
11	17	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	5	11
12	12	KISSING TO BE CLEVER..	Culture Club (Virgin)	11	2
13	29	HELLO I MUST BE GOING..	Phil Collins (Virgin)	8	2
14	6	GREAT LOVE SONGS..	Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	6	6
15	13	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	3
16	10	THE KIDS FROM FAME.....	Various (BBC)	23	1
17	8	FROM THE MAKERS OF. . .	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	3
18	28	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS	Various (Ronco)	2	18
19	22	FLOCK OF SEAGULLS .	Flock of Seagulls (Jive)	2	19
20	18	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	12	3
21	21	THE STORY OF THE STONES	Rolling Stones (K-Tel)	3	21
22	20	CHART HITS '82	Various (K-Tel)	6	7
23	23	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN .	Various (K-Tel)	11	1
24	19	SINGLES — 45's AND UNDER	Squeeze (A&M)	8	2
25	24	THRILLER.....	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	17
26	16	CODA	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	4	5
27	(—)	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	6
28	(—)	ET — THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL	John Williams (MCA)	1	28
29	(—)	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S.....	Yazoo (Mute)	15	1
30	25	CACHARPAYA (Panpipes Of The Andes)	Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	2	25

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(3)	**Fat Man.**	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
2	(1)	**The Other Side Of Love**.....	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(8)	**Heartache Avenue**.....	Maisonettes (RSG)
4	(2)	**For You**.....	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
5	(5)	**Shipbuilding.**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
6	(18)	**Halloween**...	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
7	(6)	**Save Your Love**	Renee & Renato (Hollywood)
8	(11)	**How Does It Feel**.....	Crass (Crass)
9	(4)	**More Than A Dream**	Farmers Boys (Backs)
10	(10)	**Summer Of '81**.....	Violators (No Future)
11	(17)	**Christmas Bop**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
12	(14)	**Alice**..	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
13	(7)	**Give Me Fire**.....	GBH (Clay)
14	(19)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
15	(13)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
16	(12)	**Russian Roulette**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
17	(9)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
18	(15)	**Chinese Take Away**.....	Adicts (Razor)
19	(23)	**Nellie The Elephant**.....	Toy Dolls (Volume)
20	(30)	**Baby Baby**	Vibrators (Anagram)
21	(—)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
22	(25)	**New Barbarians**	Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs (Fallout)
23	(—)	**Plain Sailing**	Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
24	(20)	**Shake Up The City**.....	UK Subs (Abstract)
25	(22)	**Agents Of Change EP**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
26	(29)	**Baby Turns Blue**....	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
27	(27)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
28	(16)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
29	(24)	**Shame & Scandal**	Eastwood & Saint (Greensleeves)
30	(26)	**All About You**...	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Pillows And Prayers** .	Various (Cherry Red)
2	(1)	**Upstairs At Eric's**.....	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(15)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
4	(8)	**Pissed And Proud**	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
5	(—)	**The Day The Country Died**	Subhumans (Spyderleg)
6	(5)	**Live At Shepperton**	Damned (Big Beat)
7	(3)	**La Variete**.....	Weekend (Rough Trade)
8	(4)	**I'd Like To See You Again**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
9	(10)	**Burning Ambition — The History of Punk**.....	Various (No Future)
10	(6)	**The Sound Of Music**.....	Adicts (Razor)
11	(7)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
12	(—)	**Never Mind The Dirt**.....	Dirt (Crass)
13	(14)	**A Broken Frame**.....	Depeche Mode (Mute)
14	(9)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
15	(11)	**If I Die, I Die**...	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
16	(12)	**Where's The Pleasure**	Poison Girls (Xntrix)
17	(13)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
18	(19)	**Part Of America**	Fall (Cottage)
19	(22)	**Seduction**.....	Danse Society (Society)
20	(23)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
21	(18)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
22	(20)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
23	(21)	**In The Flat Field**.....	Bauhaus (4AD)
24	(—)	**Leather Bristles**.....	GBH (Clay)
25	(17)	**The Maverick Years**.....	Wah (White Label)
26	(—)	**Garlands**.....	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
27	(16)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
28	(26)	**Pigs On Purpose**	Nightingales (Cherry Red)
29	(—)	**Bullshit Detector 2**.....	Various (Crass)
30	(—)	**Still**.....	Joy Division (Factory

US BLACK SINGLES

1	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
2	**Truly**.....	Lionel Richie (Motown)
3	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)
4	**1999**.....	Prince (Warner Bros)
5	**Put It In A Magazine**.....	Sonny Charles (Highrise)
6	**Young Love**	Janet Jackson (A&M)
7	**Let's Go Dancin'**	Kool & The Gang (Polygram)
8	**Got To Be There**	Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)
9	**Do It**.....	Bar-Kays (Mercury)
10	**Are You Serious**.....	Tyrone Davis (Highrise)
11	**Betcha She Don't Love You** ...	Evelyn King (RCA)
12	**Muscles**.....	Diana Ross (RCA)
13	**Welcome To The Club**	The Brothers Johnson (A&M)
14	**Heartbreaker**	Dionne Warwick (Arista)
15	**Baby Come To Me**.....	Patti Austin (Warner Bros)

ALBUMS

1	**Midnight Love**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
2	**Forever, For Always, For Love**	Luther Vandross (Epic)
3	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	**1999**.....	Prince (Warner Bros)
5	**Silk Electric**.....	Diana Ross (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard

US SINGLES

1	**Maneater**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
2	**Mickey**.....	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
3	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
4	**Dirty Laundry**	Don Henley (Asylum)
5	**Gloria**	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
6	**Steppin' Out**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
7	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8	**Down Under**	Men At Work (Columbia)
9	**Rock This Town**.....	Stray Cats (EMI)
10	**Truly**.....	Lionel Richie (Motown)

US ALBUMS

1	**Business As Usual**.....	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Built For Speed**.....	Stray Cats (EMI)
3	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	**Night And Day**.....	Joe Jackson (A&M)
5	**Famous Last Words**.....	Supertramp (A&M)
6	**H_2O**.....	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7	**Midnight Love**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8	**Get Nervous**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
9	**Coda**.....	Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
10	**Combat Rock**.....	The Clash (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard

NETHERLANDS

1	**De Bom**	Doe Maar (Sky)
2	**I Don't Wanna Dance**	Eddy Grant (Ice)
3	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (CBS)
4	**You Can't Hurry Love**.....	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
5	**Good Lookin'**.....	Vitesse (Phonogram)
6	**Belgie**	Het Goede Doel (CNR)
7	**Nipple To The Bottle**.....	Grace Jones (Island)
8	**The Woman In Me**.....	Donna Summer (Geffen)
9	**All The Roses**.....	Dolly Dots (WEA)
10	**Cherria**	Vanessa (Dureco)

Courtesy Stichting Nederlandse Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mull Of Kintyre**	Wings (EMI)
2	**Floral Dance**.....	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
3	**How Deep Is Your Love**.....	Bee Gees (RSO)
4	**It's A Heartache**	Bonnie Tyler (Arista)
5	**White Christmas**.....	Bing Crosby (MCA)
6	**I Will**.....	Ruby Winters (Creole)
7	**Love's Unkind**.....	Donna Summer (GTO)
8	**Egyptian Reggae**	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)
9	**Daddy Cool**	Darts (Magnet)
10	**Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue**	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Long Haired Lover From Liverpool**	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
2	**Solid Gold Easy Action**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
3	**Gudbuy T'Jane**	Slade (Polydor)
4	**Happy Christmas (War Is Over)**	John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
5	**Crazy Horses**.....	Osmonds (MGM)
6	**My Ding-A-Ling**	Chuck Berry (Chess)
7	**Ben**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
8	**The Jean Genie**.....	David Bowie (RCA)
9	**Shotgun Wedding**.....	Roy C (UK)
10	**Nights In White Satin**.....	Moody Blues (Deram)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Hello Goodbye**.....	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**Magical Mystery Tour (EP)**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	**If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**.....	Val Doonican (Pye)
4	**I'm Coming Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	**Daydream Believer**.....	Monkees (RCA)
6	**Walk Away Renee**	Four Tops (Tamla-Motown)
7	**Thank U Very Much**.....	Scaffold (Parlophone)
8	**Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
9	**World**.....	Bee Gees (Polydor)
10	**Careless Hands**.....	Des O'Connor (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Dance On**.....	Shadows (Columbia)
2	**Return To Sender**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	**The Next Time**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	**Sun Arise**.....	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
5	**Bachelor Boy**.....	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**Guitar Man**.....	Duane Eddy (RCA)
7	**Lovesick Blues**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
8	**Bobby's Girl**	Susan Maugham (Philips)
9	**It Only Takes A Minute**.....	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
10	**Telstar**.....	Tornadoes (Decca)

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Bouncers not guilty in Romance club fracas

IN A pre-Christmas trial, a Crown Court jury cleared five disco employees of making an affray and wounding Kevin Steptoe, drummer with Modern Romance.

All the defendants were alleged to have taken part in a ruckus at Elton's Disco, Tottenham on the night of November 28, 1981, during which members and friends of Modern Romance were beaten with clubs.

The prosecution claimed that while the band were celebrating the birthday of member David Jaymes, one of the club employees grabbed former lead singer Geoff Deane and began to eject him from the premises for apparently singing along with one the band's records. Other members followed the bouncer into the foyer, at which point another club

All hell was let loose, claimed the prosecution, bouncers using clubs to beat members of the Modern Romance party while Steptoe was singled out by two men and finished up drenched in blood.

Defendants and witnesses told a different story. They claimed that Modern Romance and their friends were boisterous, slopped beer all over the place, annoyed girls and obstructed the way to the toilets.

Later, after Deane was led towards the club entrance because his behaviour was unacceptable, a free-for-all erupted involving the Modern Romance party and other customers. The bouncers were unable to control the situation and strongly denied using any weapons in a bid to do so.

After a trial lasting 12 days, the jury took under three hours to acquit the five defendants of all charges.

Dingwalls circuit for Pickett

THE NEW Dingwalls Dancehall circuit sparks into life this month with gigs at the various Dingwalls venues in Sheffield (January 13), Bristol (13), Newcastle Upon Tyne (14), Liverpool (19) and Kingston Upon Hull (19).

These initial gigs will feature only local talent, though more major names, including Wilson Picket and Kurtis Blow will be appearing at the Dingwalls clubs later this month.

Pickett will be leading a nine piece band, while Kurtis Blow will tour in cahoots with DJ Davey D, the twosome providing a New York Scratch'n'Rap night.

Dates for the Pickett gigs are Bristol (January 26), Liverpool (27), Newcastle (28), Sheffield (29) and Kingston-Upon-Hull (February 1), admission £4.00, while Kurtis Blow appears at Sheffield on January 19, before playing Kingston-Upon-Hull (20), Newcastle (21) and Bristol (27), admission £2.50.

"Personally, I wouldn't be seen dead in a seal fur coat." Illustration: Ralph Steadman.

Animals fight back

ARTISTS FOR Animals, an offshoot of the British Union For The Abolition of Vivisection, is to form a record label and also promote rock gigs in an effort to obtain funds for various animal aid projects.

Viv Smith, AFA's organiser, told *NME:* "Prince Far-I, TV Smith, Attila The Stockbroker, Mark Perry, Kevin Coyne and Paul Gray of The Damned are among the artists likely to be on our first record release. A number of benefit gigs are also being set up and the first of these takes place at Kingston Polytechnic on February 5, where The Sound will headline.

"Other bands such as Orange Juice, Crass, Thompson Twins, Nightingales, Dislocation Dance, Modern English and The Raincoats have expressed an interest in playing gigs on behalf of AFA, while we're still anxious to hear from other acts who wish to either play gigs or offer demo tapes. If anyone does wish to participate in any way then they should contact us at Artists For Animals, c/o BUAV, 143 Charing Cross Road, London W2."

Paul Gray, The Damned's bassist and active member of the Animal Liberation Front, became interested in Artists For Animals after viewing *The Animals Film*.

"I'd been in Animal Aid for a couple of years but I felt we had to do something more. So many people are interested in anti-vivisection and other such causes but they don't know how they can get involved because organisations like BVA can't afford to advertise too much. This way we can help with that problem, make young people aware through records, concerts and the music press. I think it's going to become a very big thing."

Graham Green and Brian Dudley, bassist and drummer respectively with The Sound, were also influenced by *The Animals Film*, one reason why they offered to play the first gig on behalf of AFA.

"I had feelings about the subject before," says Green, "but I really didn't know what was going on. Now we're ready to give more active support."

Not only bands are lending a hand to get AFA off the ground. Artist Ralph Steadman has donated some of his paintings to the organisation, which will be turned into posters or postcards, while record companies such as Cherry Red and Rough Trade have also provided support and advice.

"Even Paul McCartney sent us a really nice book to sell or raffle in order to raise some funds," claims Viv Smith. "But we really don't know what to do with it — you see, it's bound in real leather!"

Juju King's London debut

KING SUNNY ADE, Nigeria's ambassador of ju-ju music plays his first British concert at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, January 23.

On the date he will be heading an African ensemble comprising five vocalists, four guitarists, two talking drummers, a Hawaiian guitarist, a bass-player and various percussionists — the line-up numbering 17 in all. Tickets for the show are set at £5.00 and are already on sale.

Sunny Ade, whose last album, 'Ju Ju Music', figured among the Top 10 in *NME's* 1982 Vinyl Finals, will be recording a new album in this country during January, possibly for a Spring release by Island Records.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

True Life ban

☐ **True Life Confessions** were allegedly banned from London's Hammersmith Odeon "forever" and thrown off **Slade's** Happy Xmas tour following the band's rendition of 'Sex Slave' by somehwat underdressed vocalist **Helen April.**

April who earlier had teamed up with her partner **Any Salvetti** to peel off Girl Guide outfits and reveal a fetching line in underwear, later claimed: "I can hardly believe it. Usually I pour a tin of spaghetti on myself and rub it all over. But we left that out just in case **Noddy** slipped on it when he came on later."

Slade themselves defended the group. Noddy Holder stated: "We're very sorry about this. True Life Confessions were our personal guests and we think that they're going to be very big. We still want them touring with us but the promoter has refused to let them appear. We'd like to apologise to the group for all the disappointment."

☐ **Gary Barden,** lead singer with **The Michael Schenker Group** was last week remanded on unconditional bail at Marlborough Street Court. Barden, described as "a musician of Hampstead High Street, Hampstead", was changed with unlawfully possessing 970 milligrammes of powder containing 50% cocaine hydrochloride.

Black DJ

☐ **Pauline Black** has been signed as co-presenter, with **David Jensen,** of a new TVS music magazine show called *DJ*. A six-programme series, the show debuts on Monday, January 10 at 6.30pm (TVS region only).

Zappa's ballet

☐ **Frank Zappa** arrives in Britain this week to supervise and rehearse the **London Symphony Orchestra** who are giving a special concert of Zappa's ballet music, along with orchestral versions of some of the guitarist's earlier works, at London's Barbican Centre on January 11.

During the three days following the concert, the LSO will make digital recordings of all these works, which include 'Envelopes', 'Mo'n Herb's Vacation', 'Bob In Dacron', 'Sad Jane', 'Pedro's Dowry' and 'Bogus Pomp'.

Doll outgrown

☐ **Doll By Doll** play their last-ever London gig, at the Marquee, this Friday (7) and then move out on a farewell tour of the country, starting with a date at Nottingham Asylum on January 8.

However, the band is not splitting. Founder-member **Jackie Leven** explained: "It's really that now I'm working with a bunch of musicians that have outgrown Doll By Doll — which was originally more of a concept than a band. And now that we're leaving Magnet Records for another label, it's the right time to make the switch in identity."

Yard retract

IN *NME* (December 18) we reported that Scotland Yard insisted that they were not investigating a new round of hyping on behalf of chart-compilers the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB), and nor would they do so. Scotland Yard now state, however, that when they made their earlier statement they *had* in fact received a letter from solicitors acting for BMRB and *are* carrying out an investigation. We regret any embarrassment our report of Scotland Yard's previous statement has caused.

CHRIS BOHN on the pre-natal grumblings of You've Got Foetus On Your Breath. Pictures by PETER ANDERSON

IS THERE LIFE AFTER BIRTH?

FIRST FOETAL POSITION
STAY WELL HIDDEN

FOETUS? FOETUS Under Glass? You've Got Foetus On Your Breath? Phillip Toss And His Foetus Vibrations? Foetus Over Frisco? It might sound like a sick joke to you, bub, something to gag on when you're already sated with pop, punk, rap and funk, but its long-running nature should've convinced you by now of its intent.

During these past few years the Foetus family has been issuing records whose sharp satire and venomous sarcasm have hit and hurt with unnerving accuracy. That is, when they've been heard. They are bitter, twisted assaults on the very things that have spawned them: consumer junk, art masquerading as disposable pop and Vice Versa, trashy TV, bad food . . . More simply, if you are what you're fed, then Foetus bites the hand that feeds it.

It is as shockingly exploitative as *The Thing,* as terribly affecting as *Eraserhead,* as flippant and funny as *Howard The Duck.* The one thing it is not is cute, like *E.T.*

Only something so unerringly right as Foetus would've dared make a virtue out of impatience and intolerance. Foetus songs bark, spit and crackle, ride on a breakneck soundtrack that meshes conventional dance patterns and systems music to found a logic all its own.

So just who is Foetus and why ought you let it under your skin?

Displaying uncommon restraint, Foetus has preferred to stay hidden under a stone, leaving others to fight hand over fist for publicity. The Foetus reputation has nevertheless spread word of mouth, so much so that it has now reached the subsistence level of selling out the first pressings of the six records released to date. The last one, a second LP by You've Got Foetus On Your Breath called 'Ache' (well received by *NME*) prompted an SOS call from John Peel and a subsequent session, to be broadcast shortly.

Foetus, it would seem, is about to burst the cult cocoon. The natural next step is either back to oblivion or on to world conquest. After due deliberation, Foetus has decided on the second course.

SECOND FOETAL POSITION
NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

"WE'RE NOT wilfully obscurantist," asserts Foetus' protector Jim Thirlwell, founder and director of Self Immolation Records, the label set up to nurture the Foetus projects. "We want people to come round to our way of thinking as opposed to observing current market trends and releasing the appropriate product accordingly . . .

"We don't hold marketing meetings in the recording studio," sneers his artistic alter-ego Frank Want, the one constant through the various Foetus mutations.

"I mean," continues Thirlwell, undeterred, in a wryly monotonous voice, "the artefact must be judged solely on its own merit."

Hmm. Risky.

"Yes," he concurs, before leaving me alone with Want. "In the long run this has generally led to people being scared off, as they have no other yardstick by which to judge the releases. This is not right. Nevertheless, that's why the Foetus family has retained its anonymity to date: so the observer will have no preconceptions about the music via the appearance of the perpetrator."

Looking into the deep sunken eyes of Frank Want, maybe that's just as well.

Freak out ... of sight

EVERY PICTURE tells a story. Or does it? Out in the USA, this certainly seems to be the case.

While magazines and MTV (the 24-hour cable rock channel) abound with infinite action visuals of the likes of Van Halen, Foreigner, The Go-Go's etc, it becomes increasingly difficult to find any such pictorial information on certain new English artists.

The Human League are a major case in point. After 'Don't You Want Me' went multi-platinum, it was expected that the follow-up 'Love Action' would have a similar success. But it was not to be.

To everyone's consternation it barely managed to scrape the bottom of the *Billboard* charts. Why?

In the USA boys look like boys, and girls look like girls — that's the way the good Lord ordained it to be, and therefore that's the way it is. Most American kids west of New York bought 'Don't You Want Me' on the strength of radioplay. The group at that stage were anonymous. But when the LP 'Dare' was released, one of Phil Oakey's minor fantasies was realised: most consumers couldn't make out whether he was male or female. And as soon as his sexual identity was discovered, the League's US fate was sealed. Yankee kids just didn't want to know.

Since then other record companies have wised up. The inner sleeve of the Yazoo album was changed in order to omit the photo of Vince and Alf. Despite the fact that 'Don't Go' has been one of the major disco successes of the autumn, as far as the majority are concerned, Yazoo could be anything from a Prince-style solo act to a group of sessioneers. Most of them still relax in the knowledge that Alf is, of course, a boy.

The Human League girls — too butch for the USA?

Trash press like the self-appointed *World Weekly News* are already warning American parents of the latest 'freak' to be spawned from 'punker movement' . . . "Lock up your children," screamed the headlines, "before Boy George turns them all homosexual!"

So the message for those still intent upon 'cracking' the US market is: unless you look like a David Lee Roth or a Pat Benatar, take a tip from Nash the Slash, and wrap yourselves in bandages.

— SIMON FELLOWES

note oilskin base **lowry**

A TYPICAL DAY— THE PIGS ARE HASSLING THE KIDS..
BANGO'S RAT NEST
UH, OH..
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO START THE NEW YEAR WITH A BUNCH OF YOUNG ONES RIPOFFS...
RELEASED FROM JAIL FOR BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY (SEE STRIP, ISSUE 18TH DEC. LOST IN ACTION) MONTY WANDERS THE CITY STREETS...
GET A JOB!..
I'M A SOCIALITE WORKER!
DON'T GIVE US THAT SIXTIES CLAPTRAP!
IT'S TRUE, FRIENDS— MILITANT BOLSHEVISM IS THE NEW TREND..
KIDS MAGS
ELMS- DOWN AND OUT IN LONDON AND N.Y.C.
ORWELL- MY PART IN HIS TROUSERS-
GAL BUSHELL LENIN A PUNK?
SHOPPERS! BEAT THE RECESSION- WITH A PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION!.
HOW INSUFFERABLY PETIT- BOURGEOIS!!
I WAS TORN BETWEEN WRITING THE GREAT 20TH. CENTURY NOVEL AND BECOMING A DRUNK IN MEXICO WHEN I CHANCED ON MARX..
WHAT A LOSS TO ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS..
I THOUGHT AN OBJET D'ART WAS A DART BOARD TILL I READ GENESIS OF CAPITAL...
YOU WALLY!.. WALLY.
SUDDENLY..
WHO ARE YOU, BUTTIN' IN?
ME? I'M POST- POLITICAL, POST-REVOLUT- IONARY MAN, MAN!!..
HUH?
THERE'S ALWAYS A CLEVER DICK!!
© PSEUDING PERFORMANCES · 1983

THIRD FOETAL POSITION
CHANGE YOUR MIND/MIND YOUR CHANGE

(From the 12 basic tenets of the Church Of Immaculate Preconception, Self Immolation's Mail Order religion, currently awaiting ordination)

WHY ARE YOU so Frank, Want?

"There are so many things to get angry about," he storms. "So much dross exists already . . ."

If on first hearing Frank's foetal screams appear to be celebrating that same dross, listen again. Beneath the spluttering rhetoric there lies a savage logic determined by what Frank fancifully calls "aesthetic terrorism".

"That is, plunder the music, use it and abuse it for what it evokes," explains Frank, "make a play on what it is associated with. I mean, a listener has a knowledge of musical language and forms, which can be drawn upon by using a particular instrument or by calling on a distinct mood and then deliberately flinging it out of joint. The same applies to words . . . take a metaphor, mix it, muddle it. Pick up on misheard phrases or paraphrase concepts."

How about an example?

"OK. I give you 'Instead . . . I Became Anemone'. Geddit? Or do I have to spell it out for you?" He laughs. "Ehm, here goes: *'I'm just trying to make my whims meet up with my ideology/When is an indulgence not an indulgence? When it's a necessity. There's no patent on the obvious, only on the seven deadly sins/One man's cynicism is another man's philosophy!/Who cares about the thoughts of a drunken sailor?/Who cares about the thoughts of a sunken failure/One man's fish is another man's poisson'*. And so on."

Care to let on what it's about?

Frank gets slightly flustered before replying: "A social outcast, a one-man-against-the-world parody perhaps. At least the narrator's not self pitying!"

FOURTH FOETAL POSITON
LEAVE ME ALONE

WHAT DO YOU want, Frank?

"Basically, my inalienable right to get angry about something, be it pop politics, the USA as a metaphor for stupidity, religion or Jah Wobble. To poke at it and/or kick the shit out of it."

Thanks for being so frank, Want.

FINAL FOETAL POSITION
CURL UP WITH:

- **Phillip And His Foetus Vibrations**: 'Tell Me, What Is The Bane Of Your Life?"
- **Foetus Over Frisco**: 'Custom Built For Capitalism' 12"
- **You've Got Foetus On Your Breath**: 'Deaf' and 'Ache' LPs

(Available through Rough Trade)

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

JOAN JETT

Pic: Joe Stevens

LIVE PERFORMERS
The Stones '81
Sex Pistols '78
The Who '82
The Clash '77

MUSICAL INFLUENCES
The Stones
Sex Pistols
T. Rex
Bowie
Early '70s Brit
Glitter music
Early Black Sabbath ('Paranoid')

BOOKS
Ian Fleming's James Bond series
The Story Of O

FILMS
Cabaret
Alien

TV
All In The Family
Hill Street Blues
The Jeffersons

COMEDIANS
Richard Pryor, no contest!

LIKES
Good food
Good times!
Playing live
Seeing and meeting people and places

DISLIKES
Telephones constantly ringing
Telephones doing anything!
Stupid people who take every word they read or hear at face value
Being bored

FOODS
Good, hot rare steak
Strawberry cheesecake w/Grahamcracker crust
Japanese steak house food
McDonalds
Chuchs fried chicken
Milk chocolate
New York pizza
Indian food (Chicken Madras)
Nans soup
Beer

RULES OF LIFE
"If a man smite thee on the cheek, SMASH him on the other."

TUNES
Midnight Rambler (Ya Yas album).....Stones
Stray Cat Blues.....Stones
Did You No Wrong.....Sex Pistols
Just Another High.....Roxy Music
Truth Bitter Truth.....Marianne Faithfull
Satellite (bootleg, studio, diff. vocals).....Sex Pistols
But my fave songs change all the time

CONCERT
X, The Cramps at The Whisky-A-Go-Go, September '79

Next week in

NME

Paul Morley says
YELLO
to Dieter Meier

Lloyd Bradley gets
FUNKADELIC
with George Clinton

Paul Du Noyer finds out
WAH
Pete Wylie's been hiding for the past year

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roses are red ... violets

Wintertime in the august city of Leeds . . . DON WATSON greets the New Year with The March Violets' art of darkness

March Violets L–R: Simon, Lawrence, Rosie, Tom. Pix: Mark Lobjoiy

RADIANT BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY

THE SCENE outside could be the outskirts of any Northern city — a back to back, loose brick and broken glass wasteland under a steady, grey drizzle.

Here, at the dark heart of a deserted school building, though, it's warmer, if only slightly, and the dismal surroundings are shut out by long, black draperies.

There's an unearthly racket coming from a bank of speakers, and four luminously pale faces, making a vivid impression against their owners' black clothes and the black background.

The poster on the wall of the small theatre workshop advertises a mime production of Bram Stoker's 'Dracula' — but that's a past escapade. The Gothic work here now is The March Violets' 'Radiants Boys', being filmed for the band's first video.

The March Violets, currently copping some kudos for strutting some snottiness back into the tame playground of rock, are a band of musical and visual oppositions. The elemental dance beat of the increasingly omnipresent drum machine hits against the hammerhead guitar of the slight, unassuming Tom and sparks with the skeletal funk of bassist Lawrence, a confident character with sleeked back black hair and a repertoire of rock and roll poses that are only partly tongue in cheek.

Then there's the striking contrast between the fine boned facial structure of chanteuse Rosie Garland and Simon D's brash bursts of bearded beligerance.

It's a theatre of contrast and

The Mojos in Carnaby Street circa '65, L–R: Aynsley Dunbar, Nicky Crouch, Stu Janes, Lewis Collins — from the new Edsel Records compilation 'The Mojos Working'.

FANCY THAT!

(Not much, Bodie)

"I can explain, chief. Basically it was an SAS-style cover job, right. Suspicious bunch like that, well, they had to be terrorist subversives of some sort. So I infiltrated the bastards! I mean, okay, fair enough, so they turned out just another dodgy pop combo, but full marks for initiative, eh?"

"Oh shut up Bodie, and just look butch for the camera. And in future, leave the brainwork to me, would you?"

lowry

"I think it's far too early to be pushing his career in the direction of thespianism!"

are black

a music of intriguing tension, with pop tendencies stretching against punky melodrama and shifting offbeats underpinning bare metallic elements.

"The musical tension," Lawrence explains, "comes from the members of the band being free to pursue the areas that interest them. All the band are constantly moving in their own directions, but everybody has sufficient taste for that to work within the context of the band.

"I was getting a bit bored with the heavier aspects of the band, so I went away and came up with a really funky bass line for the next single, which I ripped off an Imagination album, and then Tom added his own unique guitar style, so it came out as a song which had our energy but incorporated something different.

"We're aiming at putting some energy back into music. It's not a community spirit effort, we enjoy doing it; it's what we all feel ought to be done — kicking out the crutches from crippled rock."

"God that's awful," Lawrence smirks, "don't use *that*."

"I thought it was really good," Simon continues with injured dignity, "but seriously, we like to go on stage and actually project some energy and power at our audience and *know* that they're just not going to be able to avoid it, and they may come away having hated it, but they still know they've seen something really powerful."

wide, stretching from the adept seductive beat of The Danse Society to the heavy metal Stooge crash of The Sisters of Mercy.

Says Simon: "It's more like a non-cult really. I mean none of the bands are really musically or lyrically similar, it's just they have similar sorts of aims. It's all very non-specific."

"I think it's a very important thing, though," Lawrence adds. "OK so there's a lot of the dark imagery thing, but behind that there's a lot of thought which the conventional punk bands don't have.

"The 'Oi' and the 'Street' bands are supposed to be threatening, but the music and the whole look is just so predictable that it ends up being unbelievably safe, whereas with new bands like us and The Danse Society there is a certain amount of proficient musicianship, but there's also a very strong desire to do something that's different."

"We're so much at the beginning of something new," says Simon. "It's not just the beginning for us, but the beginning of acceptance from the public. People are at last beginning to realise the potential of new and exciting music that doesn't fit into any of the old and exciting categories, or any of the new and bland categories."

"It's really funny," explains Lawrence, "people just don't know how to categorise us. When the first single came out we were put in the heavy punk section of the mail order catalogues, then we were new punk and now we're *psychedelic*."

"Actually I'd like to see us getting more recognition for the pop side," adds Simon, "because that's what we are really — wild pop."

Categories can be fun, as long as they don't end up strangling the potential of what they're applied to. The heartening thing about the new energetic burst is that the diverse directions, both within and between the bands, have them dancing too fsat and boxing too clever to be dragged down by a concrete label. There's enough momentum gathered from the years of silent and separate preparation to carry the new guard through.

Perhaps it's time to start the celebration. Wild pop? Yeah! Why not?

IT'S A BRAND NEW DANCE— BUT I DON'T KNOW ITS NAME

Inevitably The March Violets have tended to become associated with the new, and yet nameless, uprising of Northern rock, an association they're happy with, quite simply because the boundaries of the new guard are so refreshingly

New booklet — 'How To Distinguish Decadent Songs'

PEKING POP PURGE

WESTERN ROCK MUSIC, along with designer-label sunglasses and other trappings of bourgeois decadence, is becoming increasingly popular with some segments of Chinese youth, especially the urban elite — the sons and daughters of government officials and university students. The Communist authorities are none too happy about it.

According to a report in the *New York Times,* the Chinese government is now cracking down on foreign music imports. At Quinghua University students were ordered to turn in all foreign music cassettes, and at other Peking schools students were asked to register the titles of their tapes and records.

Now a new booklet published by the People's Music Press in Peking and called *How To Distinguish Decadent Songs* is available to help party cadres to determine whether that cassette they're blasting contains corrupting elements.

Mao Tse Tung in his fave '50s gear — "decadent"

The booklet warns against the "quivering rhythm" and "unclear, loose, drunken pronunciation" that is the tell-tale sign of foreign decadence in popular music. Not only Western pop comes under fire. Hong Kong and Taiwan-produced pop songs are attacked for being "low" and dirty" and for the fact that they "don't express working-class sentiments".

The booklet also supplies definitions of different forms of harmful Western music.

Jazz "forces people to accept what is unexpected, the abnormal beat. Dancing to this kind of music is like having nervous spasms."

Rock and roll is "a frenzied beat, neighing-like singing and a simple melody." In the '60s rock songs became more "intense to provoke the nerves . . . What they pour out is a kind of passion for the bewildering, the vague, the numb and the impetuous."

Disco has "a rapid beat like a war drum . . . disco dancing is rapid and continuous leaping and twisting . . . it is a way for the dancer to do whatever will express his feverish mood."

How To Distinguish Decadent Songs concludes that Western popular music has no artistic value but rather "meets the needs of people's negative spiritual life in capitalist society" and "It also meets the needs of capitalists who make money."

Sounds like the authors could have a great future writing for the Western music press if they ever decide to defect.

— **RICHARD GRABEL**

McCartney strikes but Harrison is sent off

A familiar state of play . . . spotted in the Daily Telegraph by Philip Downer

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THE 1982 T-ZERS AWARDS

■ The third annual Madness There's More To Us Than 15 Minutes award to **Madness** (yet again).

■ The seventh annual Bermuda Triangle Sunk Without Trace award to **Heaven 17.** Runners-up: **The Undertones.**

■ The Quintessence Golden Chapati to **Stevo.**

■ The first annual John Lydon Award for industry to **The Human League.** Runners-up: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark.**

■ The second annual Shirley Temple Unless Ye Be As Little Children memorial lollipop to **Musical Youth.**

■ The first annual Mike Reid Professional Cockney Memorial Platter to Tuesday Clubber **Gary Crowley.** Runner-up: **Dave** 'Little Willy' **Dorrell.**

■ The first annual **Spare Rib** Award for Services To Radical Feminist Ideology to **Set The Tone.** Runners-up: **Toto Coelo, The Belle Stars** and a cast of thousands.

■ The Steve Strange Clothes Maketh The Man But Maketh Him What award to **Perry Haines.**

■ Haircut Of The Year: **Vince Clarke.**

■ The second annual Social Protest By Numbers Lyrics to **The Fun Boy Three** for 'The More That I See' and **Duke Bootee And Melle Mel** for 'Message II'.

■ The first annual Splodge Malcolm's Mum's Whiffy Fishnet Tights Scratch 'n' Sniff Scroll to **Beki Bondage.**

■ Second annual Nick Kent Musical Typewriter award for Hack as frustrated rock star to **X Moore** of **The Redskins.**

■ Footballer of the year: **Charlie Nicholas** (Glasgow Celtic).

■ The first annual Torrey Canyon Oil Barrel For Services To The Petrochemical Industry to **Mad Max II.**

■ The second annual Terry Jacks No Wonder Like A One-Hit Wonder Wooden Spoon to **Trio.**

■ The eighth annual Drunk Of The Year award to **Paul Weller, Adam Ant** and **Phil Oakey.**

■ The first annual Houdini Now You See Him Now You Don't ID Tag to **Joe Strummer.** Runner-up: **Paul Morley.** Also-rans: **Jaz** of **Killing Joke, Julian Cope.**

■ The first annual Rock Is Dead Long Live Rock Memorial Marshall Stack to **Joan Jett.**

■ The first annual Yosser Gizza Turntable I Could Do That Commemorative Bust to **Malcolm McLaren.** Runner-up: **Grandmaster Flash.**

■ Wild Man Of Rock: **Nick Heyward.**

■ The sixth annual Thanks For The Live Album But You Shouldn't Have Bothered award to **The Jam** and **Killing Joke** (jointly).

■ The second annual Al Jolson I'd Walk A Million Miles For One Of Your Smiles Commemorative Colgate Ring Of Confidence to **Tears For Fears.**

■ The second annual Dr Livingstone Cultural Hogwash Pith Helmet to **Richard Cook** (Africa), **Richard Grabel** (Bali) and **Viv Goldman** (Yugoslavia).

■ The first annual Double Truss and Walnut Whip Goldenlay Jockstrap to **George Clinton** for his performance on **The Tube.** Runner-up: **Iggy Pop** at The Venue.

■ The first annual **Shogun** slow dismembership award to **Japan.**

■ The Bo Diddley 500 per cent More Man Award to **Marvin Gaye.** Runner-up: **Prince.**

■ The hardy annual Johnny Rotten Fastest Rat Off A Sinking Ship Engraved Lifebelts to **Monty Smith, Lynn Hanna** and **Ian Penman.**

LAST YEAR'S THINGS

Falklands
Beirut
The Mary Rose
ET — the film
John De Lorean
No Riots
Spies
Security
Incest, herpes, anorexia
El Salvador
Viv Westwood/McLaren
Natural childbirth
Satellite TV
Pac-Man
Exocet and MX Missiles
Koo Stark
Musical Youth
The World Cup
Africa
Prince William
Snooker
Ken Livingstone
Urban Beachcombers
Espadrilles
No socks
Linn drums
Fitness
"Hard Times"
Trevor Horn
Scratching
Breaker dancing
Kevin Keegan
Glossy pop mags
False dreadlocks
US remixes
10" singles
Reagan
Deely-boppers
The Compact Organisation
The Camden Palace
Lumberjacks
Going out
Cigarettes
Video discs
Claptraps
Short hair

NEXT YEAR'S THINGS

Bio-technology
Vibraphones
Emulators
Jerry Lewis
Gallup charts
Punk occult
Socks
Stack heels
Dickensian chic
Dickensian living
Paranoia
Tron video games
Pocket TV
Non-ethnic musics
Progressive rock (again!)
Cruise missiles
Philadelphia soul
Ken Livingstone MP
Pub rock revival
Folk dancing
Real drums
Spivs
A cure for herpes
ET — the real thing
Frank Bruno
The music press
Accapella remixes
7" singles
Andropov
Top hats
Women toasters
Organic video
Garageland scratch 'n' rap
A general election
Staying in
Dinosaurs/ancient beasts
Home computers
Raiders II/Star Wars III (Revenge of the Jedi)
Long Hair
Wind-ups

R.I.P.

Ingrid Bergman
Princess Grace
Alex Harvey
Joe Tex
Lester Bangs
James Honey-man Scott
Leonid Brezhnev
Henry Fonda
Lightning Hopkins
Hoagy Carmichael
Philip K Dick
Alan Badel
Harry H Corbett
Carf Orff
John Belushi
Arthur Lowe
Marty Feldman
Romy Schneider
Rainer Werner Fassbinder
Kenneth Rexroth
Jacques Tati
Sonny Stitt
Al Haig
Art Pepper

Lester Bangs pic by Kate Simon

Thelonious Monk
King Pleasure
Marty Robbins
Arthur Askey
Vic Morrow
Patrick Cowley
Errol
The Jam
Squeeze
Japan
Blondie
Teardrop Explodes
Fire Engines
Wasted Youth
Nine Below Zero
The Blues Band
Tenpole Tudor
Theatre Of Hate
Linx
TV Personalities
Stimulin
New Sounds New Styles
Noise
Kicks
Event
SFX
The Fair Deal
Fare's Fair
Laker Airways
De Lorean cars
Telegrams
OTT
Magic Bus

■ The Syd Barrett Yes I Take Drugs Pocket Mirror And Silver Spoon to **Mulligan** of **Fashion.**

■ The third annual Hazel O'Connor Most Unconvincing Parody Of A Modern Rock Star to **Talk Talk.** Runners-up: **A Flock Of Seagulls.**

■ The first annual Little And Large Memorial Tandem to **Yazoo.**

■ The first annual Moses Next To Part The Red Sea Award to **Paul Weller.**

■ The second annual Joe Brown Memorial Barnet to **Kirk Brandon.**

■ The second annual Ernie Wise You Can't See The Join award to **Mari Wilson.**

■ The first annual James Brown Hardest Working Man In Showbiz award (incorporating the Vasco De Gama Touring Prize) to **Kid Creole And The Coconuts.**

■ The second annual Ron Wood Wot Me Worry I've Got My Own Flop Album To Promote award to **Mick Karn.**

■ The annual Golden Phone PR Of The Year to **Keith Bourton** of Virgin Records (again) and **Rob Partridge** and **Neil Storey** of Island Records (again).

■ The first annual Circle Of Herpes Chain Letter to **August Darnell.**

■ The second annual Charles and Di Loving Award to **Shuv** of **Bananarama** and **Bobby** of **The Bluebells.** Runners-up: **Adrian Thrills** and **Boy George.**

■ The first annual Socratean Lovely Little Thinker But A Bugger When He's Pissed Scroll to **Green** of **Scritti Politti.**

■ The first annual Bryan Ferry Ill-Fitting Suit And Ungainly Dancer Award to **Martin Fry.**

■ The Prince Andrew and Koo Stark Leg-over Loving Award to **Neville Staples** for being fined £150 by magistrates for excessively noisy sexual activity.

■ The I Fought The Law And The Law Won Commemorative Golden Handcuff to **Topper** 'Nick Nick' **Headon** in recognition of his efforts beyond the call of duty in assembling his own private London Transport museum.

■ The first annual Eraserhead cuddley alien award to **ET.**

■ The Jethro Tull Golden Straw (incorporating the Adge Cutler memorial Scrumpy Jug) to **Kevin Rowland.**

Jeffrey Daniel pic by Peter Anderson

■ The second annual Fred Astaire tap shoes for being the fleetest thing on two feet to **Jeffrey Daniel.**

■ The first annual Ray Davies I'm An Apeman Award For Services In The Promotion Of Conspicuous Bodily Hair to **Leeeeeeeeee** of **Imagination.**

■ The first annual Captain Sensible Watership Down award to **Captain Sensible.**

■ The first annual Aaron Neville Tell It Like It Is Award to **Gil Scott Heron** for 'B Movie' and **The Valentine Brothers** for 'Money's Too Tight'.

■ The fourth annual Demis Roussos Big Mac Yum Yum Award For Conspicuous Consumption In The Face Of Obesity Award to **John Lydon.** Runner-up: **Andy Gill.**

■ The annual Fat Wallet The Drinks Are On Me Award to **Steve Dagger.**

■ The annual Mightymouth Memorial Megaphone to **Atilla The Stockbroker** and **Seething Wells.**

■ The first annual Widow Twankey Bloomers And Pinafore to **Boy George.**

■ The Clark Gable Tall Dark And Handsome Mirror and Razor set to **Yellowman.**

■ The first annual Marcus Garvey Black Is Beautiful Chalice to **Bobby Robson.**

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Epic

PHIL OAKEY'S

Pic: Simon Fowler, Puppet maker — Christopher Long, Blair Athol, S. Australia.

WHEN PHIL Oakey was a hospital porter, people used to be dying all around him, and he somehow became immune. It didn't upset him more than once or twice.

He can be quite a hard sort of person, not particularly emotional. And yet at the same time there can be tears rolling down his eyes at a death on Kojak.

"I think, I hope, I'm getting a bit more sensitive lately. Say, the night that a thousand people got shot in the Lebanon... I could only watch that once. I just could not believe that."

But Phil Oakey will still be worrying about what he said to me, anxious about what's going to be written in this article.

"They're funny things, interviews, aren't they? You really worry about them until they come out. Then you stop talking to people."

The afternoon following the *Top Of The Pops* recording, Joanne drives us from London to Sheffield in The Human League's brand new silver Ford Granada. Phil Oakey sits in the passenger seat. I'm in the back, leaning against a friend.

Joanne drives extremely fast. Somewhere along the motorway a car in front has a lot of its rear parts smashed into our path by a dizzy lorry. Joanne doesn't flinch and she doesn't swerve. As steady as she stares at a camera, she takes us right through the lost bits of car bouncing around us. Briefly, I see the sunny headlines: "Pop Star And Girlfriend Die In Motorway Crash — two others in car."

We leave the motorway. Phil pops out to buy a pint of milk.

At the new brick semi-detached house that Phil and Joanne rent in a smart dreamy cul-de-sac out towards the Pennines — "Of course it's not our house," snorts Joanne as I shudder at a print on the wall. "You don't think that we'd choose furniture like this!?" — the couple find a letter on the doormat. It's a cheque for nearly £3,000. They half-heartedly work out what it must be for.

"We've not got that much," Phil will explain. "I often think that if I'd stayed at school and done the A-levels that I was supposed to have done and gone out to work I might now also have the Granada outside and be able to afford this kind of house."

In a way, Mike Leigh would have a lot of fun with this couple.

The coffee table is piled high with comics, *Vogues* and plastic model kits. Susanne has popped round to watch *Top Of The Pops*. At twenty to eight The Human League are on TV performing 'Mirror Man'. We pass around sparkling Blue Nun and keep our thoughts to ourselves. Susanne's mother rings soon after.

"She says that we both looked very pretty!" Su cackles at Joanne.

FIVE MINUTE PLAN

As the girls bitch expertly and happily at Miss World, Phil and I sit talking in the kitchen. Phil Oakey is hard to get to know. He's some kind of highly pragmatic dreamer, and *everything* is still taking shape for him. He wants to con the world, and in a way he's not yet figured out the world is conning him. He wants to love the world, and in a way he's not yet figured out half the world love him.

His voice is deep, dreary and skilfully dogmatic: he attacks you, defensively, tirelessly...he's bitter, twisted, abrupt ... and yet out of this he can be cheery, friendly, and highly endearing.

There's no mistaking it: he's a Yorkshire lad.

For Oakey The Human League is a network of 'do's' and 'don'ts' — more don'ts than do's, so that at the end they will have done something important. And yet not important. Or...

There's so many things Oakey will not allow The Human League to do or be: because, you see, it's do or die, it's be or bye. He's not sure whether he wants the League to be Tight Fit, Fleetwood Mac, Miles Davis or Pink Floyd. But he does know that he wants to be taken seriously. It's the only reason that he bothers with *New Musical Express. The Sunday Times* certainly wouldn't take him seriously.

So ... I take him pretty seriously. And leave him very puzzled.

AT SOME POINT, someone, an outsider, comes up and says to you, Oh those two guys have gone off and formed Heaven 17 and they're going to make you look like an arsehole so you better get yourself some songs. So you get yourself a keyboard and you start hitting it ... and there was a lot of con on 'Dare', a lot of con ... we had nine songs and we had to have an LP, so we put them all on. And the success has been ... *a shock, and inevitable.* You always thought you would be a success but you never knew how surprised you'd be when you were ...

Everyone says that, Gary Numan said it a couple of times really well, and it's really odd how different some things are and how much the same other things are. But I've actually gone shopping to the Asda in Sheffield and not been able to do any shopping because of all the people asking for my autograph. Mind you, that's because of Joanna. *They don't recognise me.*

WHO THE hell do you think you are?

I like talking about myself. Everyone does, don't they? *I'm better at talking than I am at doing Top Of The Pops.* I'm highly analytical, but I make really big mistakes all over the place, and very often when you're getting on with the job you don't get a chance to talk, to say the things in your head that are actually very important to you. And until you've got someone sat opposite. For instance Tony Stewart. I mean, he made me think very deeply about things. I sat with him and got into a whole lot of spaghetti.

Do you just get intense about pop?

Oh no. *I'll talk about anything and get intense.* I like talking. I like thinking. It's good. It's what people are for. I'll talk with you with a great deal of intensity about my motorbike, if you like.

No ta.

I'VE CERTAINLY no time for people who aren't idealistic in one way or another. At the same time you've got to be a bit pragmatic about things.

Talking about a commitment to living ... I find it difficult. Well, when I worked in the hospital there was a little girl there who'd been in a traffic accident, and I don't think she could move anything below her neck, luckily I can't remember her name so I won't embarrass anyone by mentioning their daughter.

And she used to be in the first bed in the ward and all she could do was lie there. She had a lively mind, she wasn't the most pleasant girl, with a certain amount of justification, her parents weren't too good to her or anything.

I used to go in sometimes, and a really important thing is to take in the right gas cylinder, because if someone's in a steam tent which blows compressed air through to make steam, you go in and attach the wrong gas cylinder you'll blind them and give them brain damage. And I walked through one day and she noticed, she said you've got the wrong cylinder. *Jesus Christ!* None of the nurses had noticed. But that's the same girl that I'd heard people say, Oh, she was in that car accident, would have been better off if she was dead.

I'd never been able to feel that way. I've always felt that *all life is good,* and that one way of enacting it doesn't really make it any better than another way.

I don't know if this is answering your question ... has this got anything to do with what you're going on about? I mean, I know that *we feel happy and free and fulfilled* and all that, especially when you look around, and you've been to Australia, and you come back, and you just look out over the back to backs in Sheffield and you think, they go to work everyday, they come back, they're not deliriously happy, they can only just afford a TV ... but what's to say that this is worse than what we're doing?

If you're ever doing something that makes you comfortable and well off you'll always find ways of saying what you do is of use to other people ... *so no harm's done.* The arms dealer can do that, the people who sell heroin to school children can do that. It's hard but they can do it.

DID YOU read what I wrote about you in the fan club magazine? Alright ... I can't remember too much ... but I wrote a little column about why we don't talk to certain people, because our fans kept asking. Y'know, we don't talk to *Melody Maker,* we don't talk to so and so, and I took it at one point that *you* could have been disruptive.

I'm a harmless soul ... or did I know too much?

Well ... there was this delicate thing being built up, and very often when you've got something in your head — and this happens right across the creative field, painters, film makers, musicians — and you think — *Jesus Christ! that's fantastic! I've got it! I understand!* and if I work hard enough and get some other people in I can really get it close to what I've got in my head.

And at that moment you've got something which you immediately lose, and all you've got is *a memory of that conviction.* You take it to someone else and they can't quite see it the same way.

Like for instance, 'The Sound Of The Crowd', I would say to Ian ... for some reason, by the way, I'm very close to Ian, he's not like me at all, he's a very quiet bloke, very cool on the surface, he's probably the absolute opposite of me, but we work very, very well together. And I said, Well at the end of these choruses *we ought to have someone going uh uh uh.* A look of horror came over his face, because he just didn't hear what was going on in my head. And I'd no real way of communicating ...

I think we had a vision of possibilities for The Human League that I couldn't actually express too well.

For instance, you wanted to interview the girls as I remember, and that could have been problematic. You wanted to do it at such an early stage ... I didn't understand the girls very well at that time, I hadn't known them very long — and you represented what I feel about London in general, the industry in London ...

I quit in that case.

And I thought if there was going to be a major obstacle in this group it would be that the group would set out doing something and then the members inside would be taken away from me by being susceptible to people coming to them and saying, er, *what are you doing in this crummy group?*

This doesn't apply directly to what you would have said. But there were a couple of magazines came up and said let's do a fashion spread with the girls; they're nice looking, they'll look good in clothes. And the girls really wanted to do it. They were upset when I wouldn't let them, I don't think they understood why, but out of a gratitude they had to me for going and getting them in at that time they allowed it to pass by ...

But you see that's not what they should be doing, and they didn't need to do that kind of thing. What we had was something going forward, which was going to fit together, and you can only do that with a really good team ... *We're amassing a brilliant team,* in every area.

The members of the League, and Martin Rushent, and ... this is a thought that you started off, oddly enough, in one of your reviews ... the idea of The Team and teamwork ... in there there's Ken Ansell, and we've added Simon who does our photographs, and we've just got a really good make-up lady. I leave her name off the records, but she's absolutely crucial. I don't think sleeves should say 'make-up by' ... *it's like Toyah or something.*

Are you saying that you have to present a caricature of The Human League through all areas of the media in order to protect The Human League itself?

No, what you read about is not a caricature of what we are. The caricature of what we are *is* The Human League. *That's what it is.* There isn't a Human League beyond that. That's why we say to people The Human League isn't in this house even if Adrian, Ian, Jo and me are here ... that would be the people in The Human League.

The Human League, it's like *Wuthering Heights,* and that's not Bronte you get in your head when you think of that, it's a book ... just as The Human League is something way apart from what we are. And that's *quite a difficult concept* to get over to people.

Like at Virgin, they come up and say go onto The Late Late Breakfast Show, there's ten million watching and we'll sell some more records ... and they cannot understand the reason why we will not go on that show. But that kind of thing is nothing to do with The Human League, *it degrades The Human League,* it would make us look like every other group. *The Human League must be a very, very arty object.* And our success is judged in terms of how much we can make The Human League be perceived in the way that we want it to be. And it's a very tricky business.

And in a way easy?

It's absolute murder. I hate promotion myself. I can be very difficult about it, because I despise promotion. No, I don't despise it, *I fear it.* Because I'm rotten at it myself. Both me and Adrian are rotten at it. *We're not public sort of people.*

Is it hard for you because the channels are limited and narrowing, and most people that come in contact with you probably find the notion of 'the arty object' bizarre and irrational?

It's difficult because maybe we've got more high hopes for it than we feel we're capable of talking about ... I don't like going onto *Top Of The Pops* 'cos I know I don't look any good. I see myself on TV and *I know* it doesn't look any good.

But can you admit that you're wooden and awkward? Doesn't it burst the bubble?

Mmm ... but the people who read me saying that will think there's *a big double bluff going on* anyway, won't they? I remember reading David Bowie saying that he didn't think he was much of a singer and I bet everyone went, ho ho ho, he's having us on ... I know what he means.

WHAT DO you want Phil?

To sell more records than Fleetwood Mac. *It must be incredible to be Fleetwood Mac.*

DO YOU have to be constantly conscious of how small this pop world is?

I don't think that really applies to what I do ... *music itself is so important to me,* and I don't really apply any difference between pop and any other kind of music. It so happens that we're judged by a race that we're running in; well, there's two races, one for singles and one for LPs. This is the only way that you can be judged in any terms that make any sense whatsoever.

They're bad terms, *they're awful terms,* a lot of people liking a record obviously doesn't make it great ... but it's better than opening up *Melody Maker* and having Colin Irwin saying it's great. That's not as good as having a million and a half people dip into their pockets in hard times. When we sell a million it means we're getting through to people, *someone is understanding.*

You talk about your belief in music — isn't a million seller for you a representation of a response to how you shape the 'arty object'? Are you confident that people are responding to the music?

That's what will happen eventually, sure ... the music will count. Look, The Human League image is not as powerful as a lot of people think. It's *pretty dodgy* in a lot of areas.

Tell me where?

Well, *we're not very superflash.* I mean, somehow a lot of papers think that we are superflash, which we're not at all. We're a pretty average bunch. There's no one spectacularly good looking in the group, and then there are people who think that there is.

And people are always asking me where I get my clothes from ... and all that it is, I'm always buying my clothes in a total panic. Someone says, you've got to do *Top Of The Pops,* it's Christ! What can I do? And Tess of Virgin Records takes me down to Kensington Market, it's where Simple Minds go. And there we are.

And for some reason, because of something we've said, I don't know why, people think that we're superflash. Which is odd. And I can't follow it. Because basically we're a bloody mess. And don't I know it. But you see, me saying that still won't ruin it for people. *They won't believe that I've said that.* They'll think that you made it up.

And the bluffs keep piling up?

Sure ...

WE'RE THE least rebellious individuals in the world. Nowadays, although maybe we weren't before ... it's only a little world, anyway, pop music, isn't it? It's not very important if someone decides they won't have any drums on their record ... it doesn't really matter ... or does it?

You get awfully worked up about the details.

You have to ... I suppose in the end it's what counts. The trivial things count for something. You, me and everyone else agrees that fascism is wrong. There's no argument ... but you might like green for a record cover, and *I couldn't let you get away with that.* Everyone sensible agrees over the big things, always, so really it's only the daft little matters of taste that make the difference.

SO WHEN someone says 'music' in an interview, I sit up, because there's no one anywhere either who can say what is important about music or who hints at how amazingly powerful music is in every way to what every one does every day. *More and more* I think that music is the most important thing about. Musics of various kinds. Music is a form of communication, it falls right in there with talking and everything else.

You think of it as being beyond words?

I'm sure it can be more powerful.

You talk of The Human League as the arty object, and you talk of the potency of music — where do the two things connect?

There's the music, and then there's the image-promotion side of it, which is the arty object side. Promotion is just sort of trying to make something live long enough so that you can carry on doing what you really want to do, and make records *that'll actually bother people much more than they ever quite realise.* And they'll still be able to walk into record shops and say, *I want a Human League record* and not blush, not be embarrassed.

Like there are some terrific records get out that people just will not buy because of the image ... for instance, Sparks. They were always one of my favourite groups: they had a man with a silly haircut, and that was great for one record — see the man who looks like Hitler. But three records on they're making really, really great singles and things, and lyrics that said a lot about what was going on, but no one wanted to go into a record shop and buy something by a man who looked like Hitler. It was stupid.

What we're trying to do with The Human League is make it look ... *adult for a start.* That was one of the first decisions we made, we do not go onto children's television, we will not talk to children's magazines. *Which looks really hard,* but in the end it works the opposite way, 'cos there are no kids out there who want to be treated like kids. Like the people who write into the fan club magazine, most of them are between 13 and 17, and they don't want to know how to make up like Joanne or how to make a dress like Su's ... they want to know *the truth about what you're doing.*

So what we're doing with The Human League is reaching a stage where the arty object is powerful enough to survive without much attention and we can attend to the nuts and bolts of the music ... that includes say not going on *Top Of The Pops,* not least because I get really embarrassed going onto *Top Of The Pops.*

But isn't that what you've been fighting for all these years?

If we could sell enough records without having to go onto *Top Of The Pops* then *I wouldn't be seen dead on the programme.* I go on there to sell records; it's the only reason. You see, *I like Pink Floyd,* and people who buy Pink Floyd records buy them because they like the records, not for any other reason. I want The Human League to be like that in five years' time. I don't want us to have to go onto *TOTP* or talk to the press.

You just want to 'be there'.

I want people to regard our records in the way they regard Pink Floyd records.

Wouldn't that be the ultimate in taking it all for granted?

No. Why? People who buy Pink Floyd records, whether we like it or not, buy them because they require to hear what has been

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NUMBER THREE IN A SERIES OF FOUR...

Phil Oakey saw in '82 as leader of one of the world's most successful groups, The Human League. A year later their fortunes are in decline — so were they a five minute wonder or part of the Oakey strategy?

THE PAUL MORLEY PROFILES

OAKEY

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recorded somewhere. They're not interested in looking at Pink Floyd faces, because the Pink Floyd aren't going to give them that anyway. They're not interested in reading interviews because they can't find any interviews ...

You want to disappear behind the sound?

Yes. Why not?

THEY ASKED me to go and interview the people who draw Judge Dredd in the comic *2,000 A.D.* and I had to turn it down, because we thought it would be bad for the image of the League ... I would really like to have done that.

It's being a bit bloody minded not to.

You have to be. It's really difficult to explain ... but doing that kind of thing, it *looks really low class.*

It's that delicate an operation?

Yes. The look is: you have to do it right if you're going to do it at all.

I JUST THINK that as long as we can turn out records as good as The League Unlimited Orchestra then we deserve to be heard in five years' time and we don't deserve to be dropped like, say, Adam Ant's been dropped.

I'M VERY competitive. That's really important. For some reason I am just very competitive. I think a lot of status, *status really bothers me,* and I always work to that status in a strange way, which is something I never thought I would do.

I'm aware of social things and ups and downs and people who respect you and people who don't respect you ... probably too much. I'm very competitive in this business. But it's not anything I wanted to do really. I always wanted to be a painter. I like looking at things and I'm very fond of colour.

WE ALWAYS just wanted to make pop records like Dusty Springfield.

You always say things like that — has it not become just a banal hook?

Yes, you're right, it has. I also don't think it was true for the other members of the group. It certainly was true for me ... I did want to be like Donna Summer. But there was ... *a crazy arrogance* in the old League; the sort of arrogance of people who wished to hell they'd gone to university, and hated students because really they wanted to have a degree somewhere. And that operated quite powerfully in that old League. It didn't with me. I wasn't bothered.

Were you uncomfortable in that League?

Yes, there was a lot of discomfort in that League. There's a lot of discomfort in this League, personality clashes and that.

But now 'it's for real'?

The reason that anyone in The Human League knows anything at all — no, that's not true, the reason that *I* know anything is because since that old League I've learnt so much I cannot believe it. I've learnt an incredible amount in the last five years, it's actually started my brain going. I can feel it going, and *It never was until I was 25* ... which is really strange cos I'm told you lose the capacity to learn at 21. *You learn things from people* ... Ian Burden, Martin Rushent, Jo Callis.

You seem to have a keener mind, you always seemed a little dulled.

I was in a hell of a moral mess in those days. I was married and I was going out with another girl, and I told lies to my wife.

That infected what you were doing with the group?

Absolutely. I was a highly immoral person, and I hated that ... inside I think everyone is a moral person, *and I certainly am.* I was telling a hell of a lot of lies. Everyone in the old Human League knew I was telling those lies. And I imagined that it was working on what they thought of me.

They would occasionally mention things, maybe you ought to sort things out Philip, you're not being very fair on Anthea ... And for what I've said about them and for all I've been nasty about them, they didn't use it against me in any way. I was in a total moral mess.

I've really had to sort out things. And now I don't tell lies. *It's not worth it.*

WE'RE NOT talking to *Smash Hits* now. Ha ha ha ... it's a trivial thing. It came from a trivial thing, and I can't work out why I now find it difficult to take the *Hits* party attitude where everything is a bloody party.

We enjoyed it for a while.

Right. Hasn't the world in reality got harder since *Smash Hits* came true? I know, I read it in *The Face* three months ago. But it is harder times than when The Human League started. When I wrote 'Dare' I was in a terrible financial state, but I remember when I wrote the songs I was not thinking I ought to be commenting on all sorts of social problems, or how I've had a real hard time ...

We're supposed to have an LP written by Christmas. We've done three songs after all this time, largely because of a lyric hold up. I feel that I can't write lyrics anymore. I'm coming out of it. I might be able to get some party lyrics together, but it really struck me at the time of the Lebanese business that *I can't go on writing songs about love action,* about having a girlfriend and being married, because some people have just gone in and *shot* a thousand other people. And there's no one doing anything about this. The whole world is letting it go on and *no one's doing anything.*

It comes up on the news, pictures of babies being shot ... and no one's saying — Israel, don't let this happen.

But didn't you work hard to establish this place where you sang of dreams and quality? You made up this little isolated space.

Well you just can't do it anymore.

Is that where you were when you wrote 'Dare'?

It might have helped that I couldn't afford a TV then. It ended up that *I couldn't afford newspapers.* But now it's we're in a country that votes for Margaret Thatcher and *I cannot understand that.*

Are you disillusioned with 'Dare'?

I was for a little while. I don't think there's anything wrong with doing that, but if you do it all the time, well, *Then you are Smash Hits.*

How is the style and gloss of 'Mirror Man' different from *Smash Hits*?

Oh, it's not, *not at all.*

ARE YOU an entertainer?

I've never considered myself that. I've never really thought about it. I suppose I see myself as a communicator.

Is being an entertainer anything to be ashamed of?

No ... no ... I suppose I think that all entertainment's really good.

All entertainment?

Entertainment as such is good *as opposed to dullness.* Do I really think that? Entertainment's just a service, giving people what they want or need. It's somewhere between the two, wanting and needing ... like the man who brings the bread around isn't doing any harm.

What do you feel about raising standards, confounding expectations?

Well, it would be handy ... *it would be nice.*

I LIKE WATCHING the process work and seeing people in The Human League just get better and better ... looking at people like Su, who's brilliant. She should be *just a silly little girl,* which is what she was. No, it's not what she was when we got them, it's what I thought she was ... just watching people be so professional and rising to meet what are very big challenges.

Ever since The Beatles era people have fallen by the wayside, taken to drugs or booze, *or slept around with people,* and you see Su cope with absolutely everything without a flutter. She has very good parents, which might help. Parents who are really great with her. Both girls have got something special. I don't talk about Joanne much cos she's my girlfriend and I don't feel that I should push her, and *it looks suspicious if I do.* But they're both very, very good.

I HAVE BEEN very lucky. *I am very lucky.* You were probably very safe in that car because me and Joanne were in the front. We're lucky individually, and together we're incredibly lucky. I'm a very lucky person. It is absolutely ludicrous what I'm doing now. Ian and Martin needed someone, Glen happened to be in London, and here I am, and now people take me to Australia. They pay me for it, and take me for a boat ride around Sydney Harbour Bridge.

And you feel you have to give something back?

Yes. We do feel that. I know that me and Burden especially feel that. But that's so we can continue getting things given to us. That's because we've built up and got used to those sort of things. Which maybe we could do without. That's the thing that's maybe going to be a bit harder for the girls, cos they've never really known a life where you don't get taken to Sydney Harbour and driven around in a boat.

Very strange world, really. Sometimes it's like *you're at the centre of the Universe* and everything's moving around you ... and everything seems to be right.

SO — America.

A bad time to ask that. *That number one was worthless.* What's the point of a number one record when you bring out your next record and it doesn't even get into the Top 100?

'Don't You Want Me' was a novelty hit?

Well, they liked the *story.*

CAN YOU keep going?

I don't know. It's a constant struggle to keep going. It's a constant struggle to keep working with the same people you've been working with when they haven't got your brain, they've got a different brain. It's a struggle down to the slightest little detail.

Do you keep going to keep your audience and sustain your comfort, or to perfect the pop ideal that you have?

I don't know why we keep going ... it's a mixture. We're getting a good life, we want to keep that up. The selfish aspect, it's inevitable. I think that things might get very difficult soon,

and I intend to be set up for it.

Are you now set up for life?

Well, *think of one of Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.* It's possible, if you're clever ... if you think about it enough you can end up doing all right. It depends ... I think there might be a nuclear war, in which case I intend to have a nuclear shelter somewhere, stacked up with a lot of food *and a lot of guns and things* ... and I intend to survive that. There's something inside me that wants to keep the race intact. Or especially my particular branch. The Oakeys. The Philip Oakeys, *not any Oakey.*

WE'LL PRETEND that no one has every heard of us ... We'll work from there. And I want to make an LP that's going to be as widespread as *'Dark Side Of The Moon'* ... I want to get to as many people as that and say somthing a bit more stronger than what we said before.

What will you say? Will it still be 'The Human League'?

I'd like to represent the world and point out in simple sentences what's right and what's wrong, and why it's a good idea if people don't drill the knees out of other people because they're a different religion or something. And when a political party says we're putting down interest rates and we're stopping inflation, and that means, in fact, that more voters will vote for them, well, there's three million unemployed who're going to be in real trouble, but it doesn't matter 'cos there's less of them than there are those who are going to do better out of it ...

Someone has to point out somewhere *that that isn't a good idea,* and also get it through to people. I don't think I can do that kind of thing with this album.

I'd also like to make a big march forward like Dexy's did with 'C'mon Eileen' ... that was a step outside, totally fresh and totally daring ... I don't think we'll do that with this LP. I don't see much promise of a change as drastic as that on the horizon.

It's more likely this time round to be an improved version of the ideas on 'Dare': a proper production, proper songs, and a proper group playing rather than a few people working computers. This stuff has got a similarity to the old stuff, although not as much as we think. And, yes, whatever we do it will still be The Human League. *It can't be anything else.*

WHAT WOULD it be like if we just did the pop interview and I asked you questions about the girls, the bike and the Oakey New Year?

It would stand a much better chance of being read.

I'M ALWAYS happy, you know. Really. There's two kinds of people in this world: there's the optimist and there's the pessimist. I'm an optimist. Being alive makes me happy, *just the fact I'm still breathing.* You just are happy, and you're not.

I remember Martyn Ware, with him it was always ... what's the word? ... it was like we were being signed by Virgin and everyone was going, oh, you're going to be huge stars, and Martyn would say, oh God, *we've got to go back to Sheffield* and get on the bus ... But me, say, when Virgin records decided not to release the single we'd worked on for days and days I'd just go, oh well maybe they'll release the next one. For Martyn that would be the end of the world. It's just something you're born with.

I just happen to be lucky that *I'm happy with everything I do.* I can't remember going through a period of abject misery. Looking back things seem terrible ... Like when I had to live at the studio in Sheffield. It looks awful where I am now, but at the time I was probably quite happy. Think of the word that Martyn is and I'm the opposite ... defeatist, or melancholy ... *I'm the opposite.*

I SUPPOSE *I just want to be good* at whatever it is I'm doing. It was important for me to be a good hospital porter. It was very important for me that when I left the hospital the guy there said, any time you want a job here then you've got one.

PHIL OAKEY doesn't think there's anything wrong with being a pop musician.

"I think it's great. I love it."

There's no more room, this week, for contradiction. No more confusion.

Paul Morley/Soaring Performance 1983

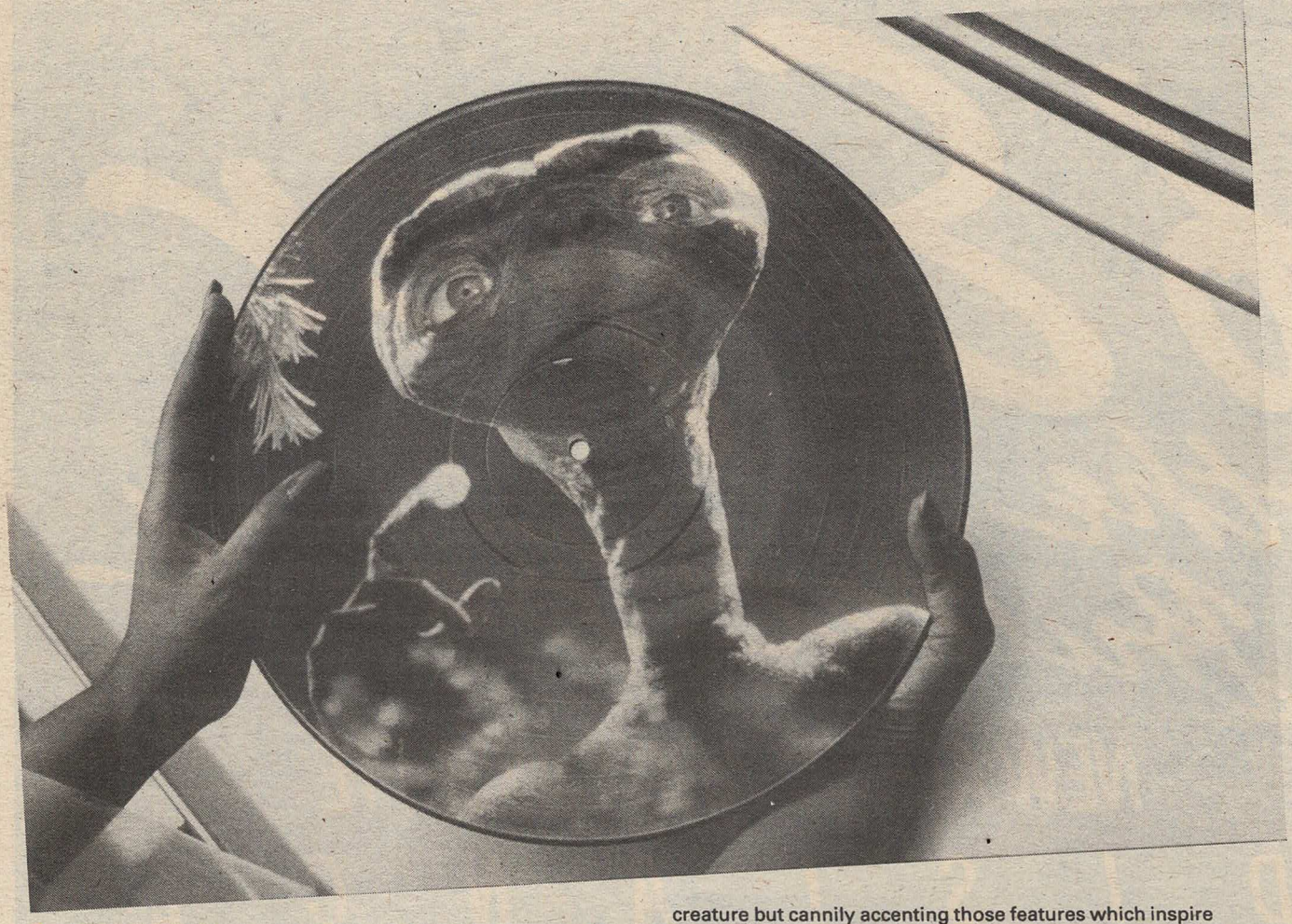
Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

THE DISTANCE

THE DISTANCE — THE LONG AWAITED STUDIO ALBUM FROM BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND

Capitol Records TC/EST 12254



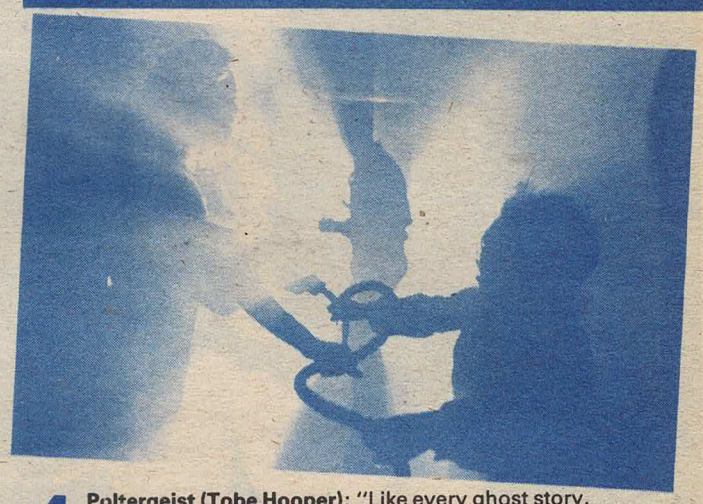
SILVER SCREEN SELECTION

1 E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (Steven Spielberg): "If, as an old friend never tired of telling me, 'all Art aspires to cliche', then Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* may well be Art . . . and entertaining Art at that. Spielberg and his cinematographer Allen Daviau have wrought rare miracles in nearly every scene, including an opening sequence which ranks with *Touch Of Evil*'s, transforming simple woodland into something magical, the haunt of elves and faeries: an enchanted forest lit with mystery and foreboding . . . One-and-a-half million dollars and a lot of thought went into the creation of the E.T. itself, designer Carlo Rambaldi basing it on his earlier *Close Encounters* creature but cannily accenting those features which inspire security in small children: short and podgy, with a waddling gait, big blue eyes and twitchy features, and a breath that comes in soothing, purring ululations. A cuddly toy for every Christmas stocking, and one which works so well that questions of suspension of disbelief just don't crop up. Sure, I love the little thing. Who could resist? . . . With *E.T.*, we simply have the process whereby an Art-work well worthy of that status becomes a cliche — part of the public domain, if you like — speeded up to match the pace of modern times and of the medium it uses . . . Film of the year? Well, it's got to be in the running. Cliche of the year? No contest!" — **Andy Gill (11.12.82).**

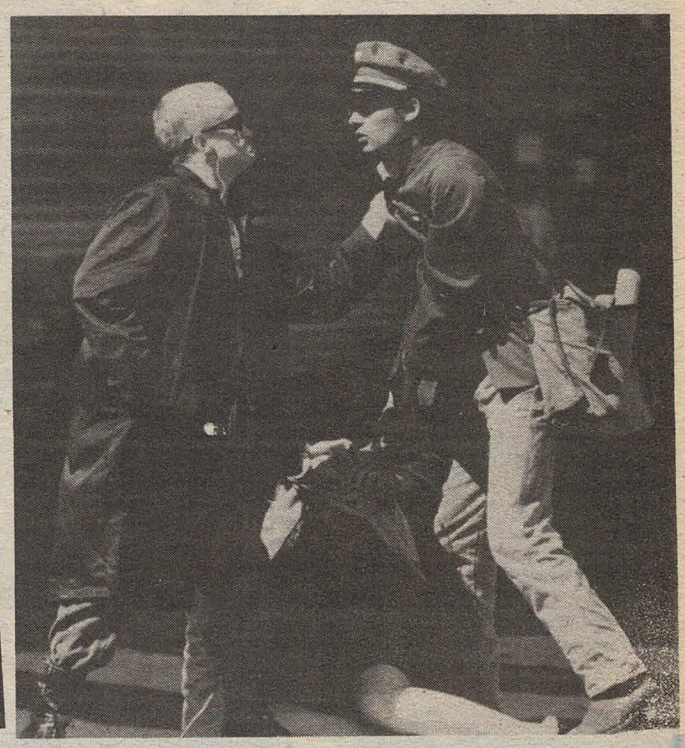
2 Clean Slate (Bertrand Tavernier): "Picture this: you're the police chief in the piffling outpost town of Bourkassa, French West Africa. It's 1938 and everybody's worried about war. You're a fat slob with a truly awful line in tatty safari suits and pink flannel shirts. Your wife's a tarty cow who prefers the attentions of her lodger 'brother', whose fraternal familiarity you begin to suspect. You're pushed around by the local pimps, the military, the town moneybags Vanderbrouck and anyone else who you get in the way of. Your pay's so bad you have to take every bribe offered. What can you do? Lucien Cordier's response is to take up divine vengeance. *Clean Slate* offers endless gambits for analysis — above all it's a great and very funny film — though perhaps its first priority is with the distinctions of authority, responsibility and retribution . . . Even in subtitle form the dialogue explores peppery harangues over the lunchtable and other social fracas with a lazy wit timed perfectly to the pace of Bourkassa's slopbucket society. Besides the wild plot, the script houses a killing comedy of manners." — **Richard Cook (22.5.82).**

3 Cutter's Way (Ivan Passer): "Cutter is one-eyed, one-armed and one-legged, and looks like he might have survived going down with Ahab and the crew of the Pequod. He certainly talks a bit like an old mariner, not so much spinning yarns as spitting out salty bitter phrases. His aggressive verbal antics — not to mention more physical ones, like the way he wields a walking stick or crash-parks a car — are his way of coping with the war that chewed him up. Cutter (played with demon energy by John Heard) believes that his good friend Bone can identify the murderer of a 17-year-old schoolgirl, and so encourages him into collaborative action. Bone, a gigolo and fixture at the local marina, isn't the most promising of detective collaborators; but that's all the better for director Ivan Passer to use Jeff Bridges' excellent character study in mediocrity, passivity and cool, both as a counterpoint to Cutter's obsessiveness and as a way of digging below the surface of everyday life in lower middle-class California." — **Paul Tickell (30.1.82).**

4 Prince Of The City (Sidney Lumet): "Like *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon, Prince* is based on a true story: the events leading up to, and the drastic consequences of, Detective Bob Leuci of NY's Special Investigation Unit going undercover for the Knapp Commission, set up in the early '70s to investigate alleged police corruption . . . Bob Leuci (called Danny Ciello in this film and played with a convincing vulnerability by Treat Williams) is not exactly your typical 'hero'. He's an informer, wired for sound and sinking ever deeper into a labyrinthine nightmare of conflicting loyalties and moral duplicities. In a series of brilliantly sustained episodes, Lumet draws the bleakest possible vision of urban decay and chaos, of a system bloated to bursting point by corrupt officials and venal lawyers, junkie informers and cops on the take, privileged hoods and 'respectable' henchmen; a house of cards long overdue for demolition . . . the system, says *Prince Of The City*, is fucked; it will not work anymore." — **Monty Smith (19.12.81).**



4 Poltergeist (Tobe Hooper): "Like every ghost story, *Poltergeist* makes you wonder about the most ordinary things . . . there are moments when the team engineer upsets to the natural order so vivid it seems the hapless protagonists really are under siege from another world. Exploitation cinema rarely comes this sophisticated. The trouble with *Poltergeist*, though, is one that has always infiltrated Spielberg's pictures: the attempted injection of vast metaphysical resonance into slam-bang matinee heroics . . . despite this, the constant element in both Spielberg's and Hooper's film-making — the wonderment of the tricks you can pull off with cinema — remains intact. There are moments when epic excitement and palpable fear fuse almost transcendentally." — **Richard Cook (18.9.82).**

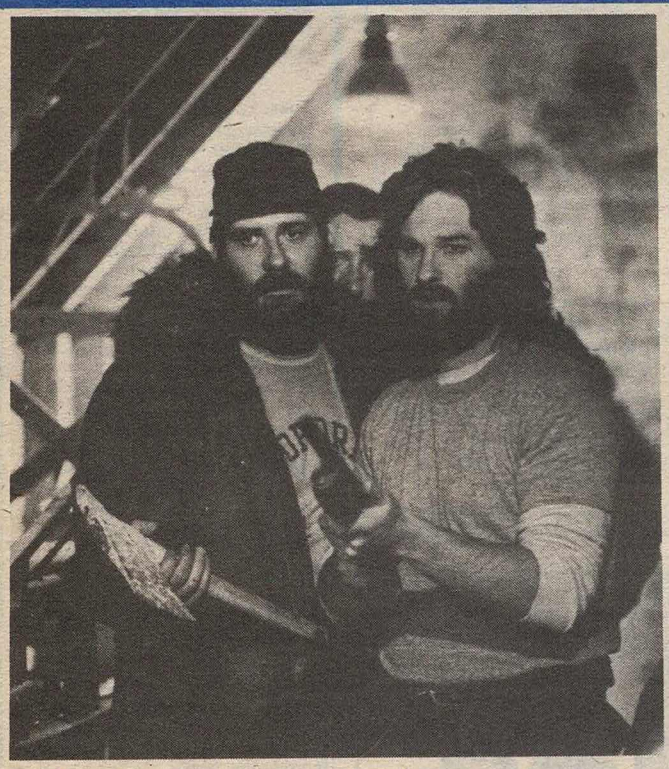


SILVER SCREEN FILMS OF THE YEAR

1 **E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial** (Directed by Steven Spielberg)
2 **Clean Slate** (Bertrand Tavernier)
3 **Cutter's Way** (Ivan Passer)
4 **Prince Of The City** (Sidney Lumet)
Poltergeist (Tobe Hooper)
6 **Diva** (Jean-Jacques Beineix)
7 **The Thing** (John Carpenter)
8 **Mad Max 2** (George Miller)
9 **Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid** (Carl Reiner)
Cat People (Paul Schrader)
Lola (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)
12 **Hammett** (Wim Wenders)
Angel (Neil Jordan)
14 **Pennies From Heaven** (Herbert Ross)
15 **Christ Stopped At Eboli** (Francesco Rosi)
Moonlighting (Jerzy Skolimowski)

Also mentioned: **Victor Victoria** (Blake Edwards), **Diner** (Barry Levinson), **Fitzcarraldo** (Werner Herzog), **Rocky III** (Sylvester Stallone), **The Draughtsman's Contract** (Peter Greenaway), **Missing** (Costa-Gavras), **Body Heat** (Lawrence Kasdan), **The German Sisters** (Margaretha Von Trotta), **Annie** (John Huston), **Creepshow** (George Romero) and **Sharky's Machine** (Burt Reynolds).

Chart compiled from lists by Chris Bohn, Richard Cook, Andy Gill, Ian Penman, Paul Rambali, Monty Smith, Neil Spencer and Tony Stewart.



6 Diva (Jean-Jacques Beineix): "A wild and boundlessly energetic cocktail of satirical fancy and slurred melodrama, *Diva's* breathless stuffing of its conventions somehow holds course while threatening to fall apart at any moment . . . Director Beineix makes his film as much about a fluorescent Paris after dark as anything. There's a smart chase through the Metro, lingering glances at the streetwalkers on Rue St Denis, and dawn breaks through L'Arc de Triomphe. Beside this he splices shots of fraught pinball houses and the boy's industrial slum apartment, bare except for a fabulous stereo system. Like Paris, the film clasps the hands of cheap poetry and urban sleaze . . . its giddy mix of American thriller and Bunuelesque socio-fantasy shows no marked character as yet . . . It looks inescapably like a debut film and that actually works to its advantage: only someone in the first flush of direction could shake this bag of tricks so excitedly." — **Richard Cook (4.9.82).**

7 The Thing (John Carpenter): "The Thing is a creature capable of changing its shape and taking over the minds and bodies of the bickering team that man the (Antarctic research) station — but how many of the dozen men have been subsumed? . . . Nothing I could say would do justice to the special effects: no film has made a metamorphic monster so frighteningly believable . . . Using seemingly austere black and white outposts as a set, (Carpenter's) photographed a film of sometimes iridescent colours; from a plot that many would stumble through in a rush to the climactic moments he's fashioned a taut, stinging web of suspicions and animosity that shows men retreating into their basest instincts of self-preservation . . . You'll see few films this year made with this intelligence — and none so shamelessly exciting." — **Richard Cook (4.9.82).**

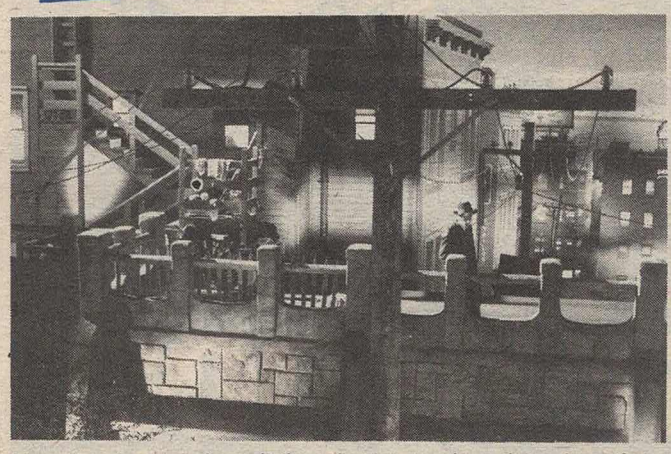
8 Mad Max 2 (George Miller): "Another unseemly ballet of shattered bodies and twisted metal, *Mad Max 2* reduces the sledgehammer point of its predecessor to a pulpy zero . . . Its purpose is to stage ever more fanciful pile-ups, again and again until the arena is cleared of vehicles, the senses of reaction. *Mad Max 2* fails as a futurist western because there is no shoot-out tension, just an endless crash-crash of gradually deadening impact." — **Richard Cook (13.3.82).**

9 Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (Carl Reiner): "It's probably a minor miracle that (Steve) Martin, Reiner and their co-author have managed to pull it *all* off. The film is art-directed, lit, costumed and designed to an eerie perfection: the transitions from new material to archive are startlingly seamless. Martin delivers his lines with the crispness and conviction of someone talking to someone else (rather than a tape), and the story . . . the story . . . well, it makes even less sense than *The Big Sleep* (who *did* kill the Sternwoods' chauffeur anyway?) *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* succeeds on the highest level of all, though. It is incredibly funny, a barrel full of Giant yoks." — **Charles Shaar Murray (27.11.82).**

12 Hammett (Wim Wenders): "*Hammett* has the fussiness of a painting and is similarly static. It is stained a gloomy brown as if, like the walls of Hammett's impoverished few room walk-up, it has been discoloured by tobacco smoke and, paradoxically, years of neglect. The soundtrack is the only thing about *Hammett* that moves, relating these too perfect images to events through the clatter of Hammett's ancient typewriter keys, racing to keep up with the spieled aloud memoirs that give shape to his hardboiled detective fiction. . ." — **Chris Bohn (9.10.82).**

9 Cat People (Paul Schrader): "Schrader's movie, like its characters, travels back to a time 'before realism and didacticism took over'. . . This is a bold, brimming new style for Schrader — his subjects inscribed in fluidity, tempo, surface, and as much humour as damnation . . . Schrader's vision and Kinski's embodiment manage to restore both the danger and grace to sexuality, in an era where explicit representation and exhaustive enquiry have just about robbed us of the violence, mystery and privacy of sex. There are moments here that touch right to the mortal dimension of desire — concentrating not on areas of the body but how the body acts, presents itself or delays its motion. The pleasure it needs is deadly, its shadow is silence." — **Ian Penman (10.7.82).**

9 Lola (Rainer Werner Fassbinder): "*Lola* juggles alternately with shards of shrewd corruption and sexual / social climbing. Capitalism is critiqued in all its miniature forms, and the necessarily unstated parallel posits the oldest profession in the world as the first example of free enterprise. But Fassbinder knows how to turn a trick or two himself, and *Lola*'s resonances swim out from a luxurious piece of movie making. He trails his vision tenderly, slowly over surfaces, rolling gently against the different positions pinned around a single scene." — **Ian Penman (3.4.82).**



14 Pennies From Heaven (Herbert Ross): "Potter has rescripted *Pennies* for an hour and 47 minutes of Hollywood. It reveres but secretly reverses the Musical ethic — when his characters steal into the beauty of a nostalgic image repertoire the ultimate echo is tragic, for it is a refuge from speaking their *own* piece. Arthur pins too much on the redemption of fantastic daydreams, and you only have to consider the possible ironies embedded in the title alone — one word grounded in cheap social order, the other in paradise — to get somewhere near Potter's blue distended vision. It is one from which all sentimentality has been scoured." — **Ian Penman (15.5.82)**

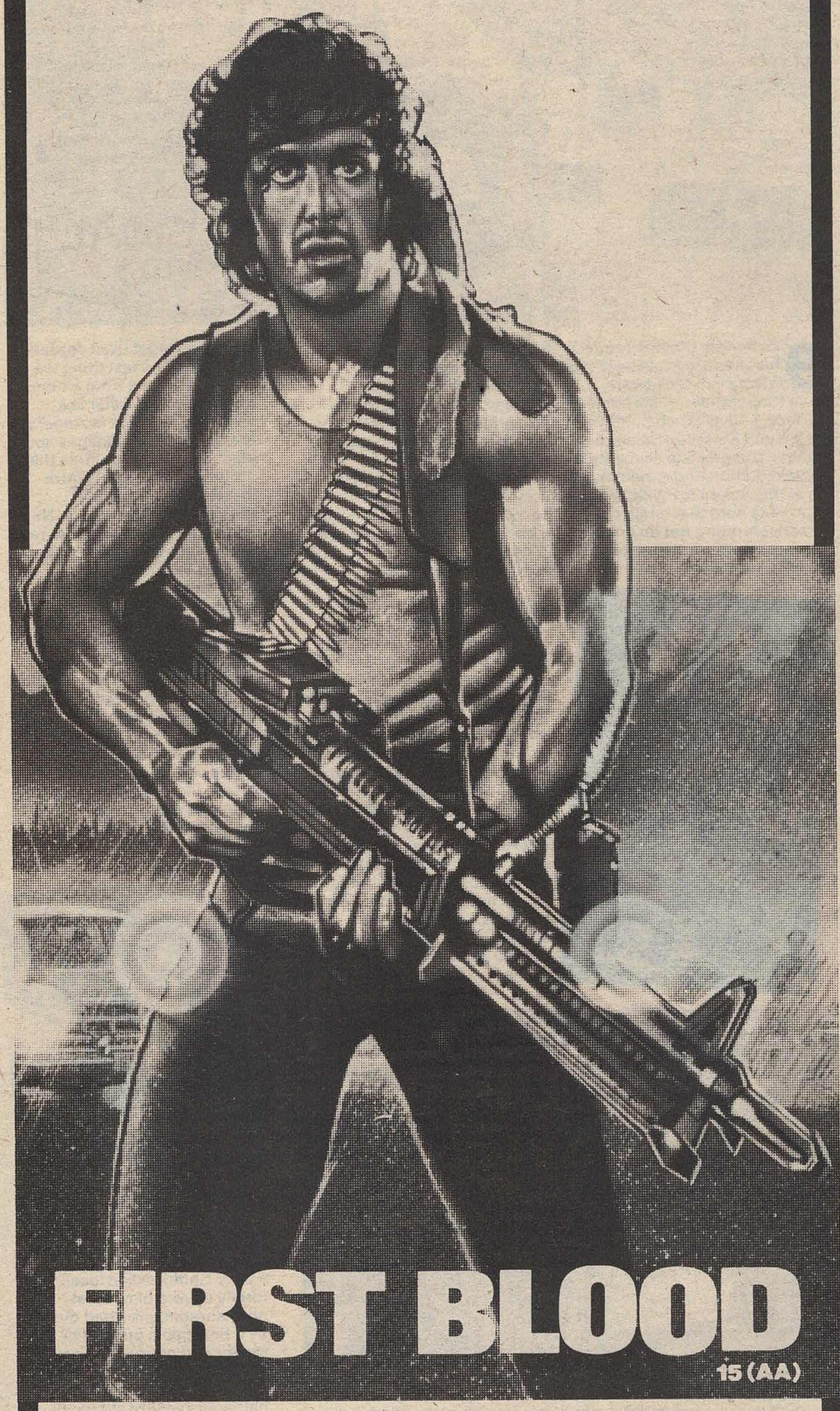
12 Angel (Neil Jordan): "The last thing we expect from cinema this side of the water is a visionary film, but in *Angel* we are being shown images and ideas of such magnitude that 'visionary' is the only term that will do justice to a spellbinding experience. Neil Jordan's movie has the aura and weight of an authentic masterpiece. It is this very fascination with image that makes *Angel* so uniquely cinematic and free from the ponderous reliance on commonplace narrative tension that the contemporary thriller is wont to fall prey to. Jordan's claim that it 'stemmed from a gun, a saxophone and a dance hall' places responsibility with the imagination and results in atmospheres at once truthful and fantastic." — **Richard Cook (13.11.82).**

15 Christ Stopped At Eboli (Francesco Rosi): "The title conveys (Carlo) Levi's first impressions that the village is a truly Godforsaken locale; totally devoid of cultural nourishment, presided over by a bourgeois puffball of a mayor and peopled by souls of blank simplicity. Little 'happens' over the two and a half hours we are shown of Levi's stay, yet by the end we're gradually converted — as he is — to the slumbering wisdom that touches the little town . . . For me this has more of the real qualities of an epic, achieved by a blend of understatement and resilience, than an obvious blockbuster like *Reds* . . ." — **Richard Cook (29.5.82).**

15 Moonlighting (Jerzy Skolimowski): "Four Polish workers, sent to Britain to renovate their boss's holiday house, are wrongfooted by the military coup that stomped out Solidarity last Christmas. Only their English-speaking party leader hears the news and he imposes a blackout on the others so as to prevent worry and outrage interfering with their work . . . The value and brilliance of *Moonlighting* lies in its understanding of the little man turned petty tyrant by force of circumstances, which speaks far more than blind, spluttering condemnation of cruel regimes." — **Chris Bohn (18.9.82).**

STALLONE

This time he's fighting for his life.



FIRST BLOOD

15 (AA)

MARIO KASSAR and ANDREW VAJNA Present
A TED KOTCHEFF Film

SYLVESTER STALLONE FIRST BLOOD RICHARD CRENNA

Starring BRIAN DENNEHY · Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH · Director of Photography ANDREW LASZLO

Executive Producers MARIO KASSAR and ANDREW VAJNA · Co-Executive Producer HERB NANAS

Produced by BUZZ FEITSHANS · Screenplay by MICHAEL KOZOLL & WILLIAM SACKHEIM and SYLVESTER STALLONE

Based on novel by DAVID MORRELL · Directed by TED KOTCHEFF

DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES

Song "IT'S A LONG ROAD", Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH, Sung by DAN HILL, Lyrics by HAL SHAPER

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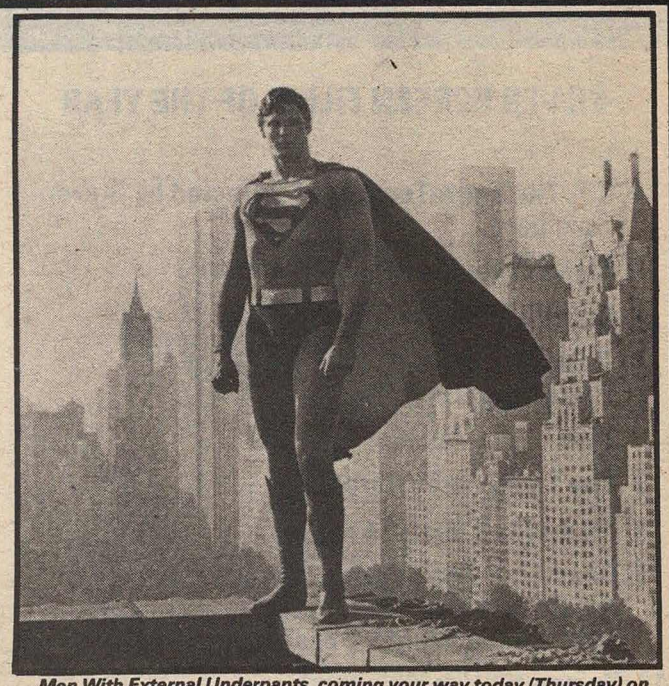

Men With External Underpants, coming your way today (Thursday) on ITV.

Thursday January 6

Superman (Directed by Richard Donner 1978). The comic strip presents . . . problems galore to film makers foolish enough to attempt converting superhero fantasies into anything other than paper tigers. *Superman,* however, gets the balance right. That is, it takes itself seriously enough to convince aficionados, while nodding the wink to knowing adults with a couple of tongue in cheek jokes — the best of which features Clark Kent rushing to a telephone booth to change into Superman, only to find it's been replaced by a modern open plan shelter that provides no cover. There, now I've spoilt it for you. Gene Hackman's silly Lex Luthor almost spoilt it for me, otherwise it's fine, even if the money would've been better spent on *Spiderman.* Brando, as usual, pulled off the only real superhuman feat in demanding $3m for his ten minute stint as Superman's extraterrestial Dad. *He just copped another $15m in royalties for it, too — Business-minded Ed).* **(ITV network).**

Five Easy Pieces (Bob Rafelson 1970). Starring Jack Nicholson as The Jerk, who dumps on his pregnant working class girlfriend and his upper class family of musicians and cripples. But he's got a good excuse: he's a middle class existentialist. Actually, I'm being unfair. *Five Easy Pieces* is a classic of a restless sort and it ought to be watched for Nicholson's pre "Hold-On — I'm-just-having one-of-my-turns" performance. **(BBC2).**

Friday January 7

My Name Is Julia Ross (Joseph H. Lewis 1945). The biggest danger with a modest little thriller such as this is overpraising it to the point where everybody wonders what all the fuss is about. Then, Lewis did make *Gun Crazy,* which was a masterpiece of its genre *(film noir,* dear) and what's more . . . (cont. *Sunday Times Colour Supplement TV Guide)* **(Channel 4).**

The Killing Of A Chinese Bookie (John Cassavetes 1977). Nobody suffers male menopause as well as Ben Gazzara, Hollywood's most likeable non-star (ie. actor, remember them?), apart from John Cassavetes, who also does a nice psychopath (see *Dirty Dozen).* Here, director Cassavetes tries to persuade Gazzara to accommodate both sets of characteristics in his portrayal of a small time clipjoint runner forced to kill a Chinese bookie to pay off a debt. The vaguely absurd plot and Gazzara's fretful presence make this the last good freewheeling Cassavetes picture. **(BBC1).**

Saturday January 8

Stella Dallas (King Vidor 1937). Barbara Stanwyck as the mother who sacrifices everything for her daughter — including her daughter and her husband. How we cried. **(C4).**

Ice Station Zebra (John Sturges 1968). Cold War theatrics fought in North Pole theatre. Patrick McGoohan in Alistair Maclean drabma. **(BBC1).**

The Blue Dahlia (George Marshall 1946). Great, sharp thriller starring Alan Ladd as an ex-serviceman endeavouring to clear himself of his unfaithful wife's murder. It could be the first film to feature the "my head hurts" gag, a running one spoken by Ladd's forces' buddy Bill Bendix, as it pre-dates Cagney's headaches of *White Heat* by three years and Monty Python's by at least 20. Possibly Raymond Chandler's best movie script. **(C4).**

The Tenant (Roman Polanski) Not as funny as *Dance Of The Vampires.* In fact it's downright miserable, but that's never put you off before. **(BBC2).**

Sunday January 9

Jaws 2 (Jeannot Szwarc 1978). Flogging a dead shark. **(ITV Network).**

Thunderbolt And Lightfoot (Michael Cimino 1974). Made when they used to trust Michael *Heaven's Gate* Cimino with a budget. A variant on the unlikely buddy-buddy routine, starring Clint Eastwood as a runaway redneck con and Jeff Bridges as the young drifter he teams up with. The film plots how to discover true love and remain resolutely hetero. Personally I prefered Hackman and Pacino in Schwartzberg's *Scarecrow.* **(BBC2).**

Tuesday January 11

Invasion Of The Body Snatchers (Don Siegel 1956). Encore le cold war. Read this as a silly red scare movie if you want. Some weird thing's clamping conformity on peoples' minds, interfering with the American smalltown mentality. I mean: what if individuality's sacrificed and nobody notices? Kaufman's '78 remake puts up a better argument on Western man's behalf by dropping the hysterical McCarthyite overtones and playing it as straight science fiction. **(BBC2).**

Hotel Paradiso (Peter Glenville 1966). Alec Guiness wasted, Gina Lollabrigida stretched to her limit in a dumb version of a dumb Georges Feydeau farce. **(C4).**

Wednesday January 12

The Homecoming (Peter Hall 1973). What is it about Harold Pinter plays that reminds one of *Steptoe And Son?* Probably their shared obsession with grime and a mealy mouthed grasping out of poverty. The difference is that *S&S* are funny. **(C4).**

Chris Bohn

Stalker (Andrei Tarkovsky 1979). Long (nearly three hours), slow (the open tracking-shot seems to last an eternity) and utterly absorbing transposition of one of the finest SF books of recent years, Arkady and Boris Strugatsky's *Roadside Picnic.* Tarkovsky, whose *Solaris* was shown recently on Channel 4, shies away from typical western hi-tech hardware in favour of the more philosophical speculations of New Wave SF; he also has a way with colour unparalleled by any director, Russian, western, or otherwise. **(C4)**

Congratulations to Channel 4 for screening *Stalker* in glorious black and white. If they'd read their *NME Xmas Selection Box* (above) like the rest of us, they might have realised there was more to the film than meets the monochrome eye. . .

Together they are going to make the day pay off... all night long!

NIGHT SHIFT

15(AA)

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Executive Producer DON KRANZE · Written by LOWELL GANZ and BABALOO MANDEL

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Produced by BRIAN GRAZER · Directed by RON HOWARD

Original Songs by QUARTER FLASH, AL JARREAU and ROD STEWART

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+ THE JERK 3.30, 7.10
Saturday 8th
Golden Turkey Foursome
TEST TUBE BABIES 5.20, 9.40
+ GLEN OR GLENDA 4.15, 8.35
+ REEFER MADNESS 3.00, 7.20
+ RED NIGHTMARE 2.05, 6.25
Monday 10th
Pasolini Double
THEOREM 3.30, 7.15
+ SALO 1.30, 5.15, 9.00
Tuesday 11th
Cary Grant Double
I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE 3.40, 7.10
+ MONKEY BUSINESS 2.00, 5.30, 9.00

ALL NIGHT Saturday 8th
ALL NIGHT PUNK
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SINGLES

Barney Hoskyns takes a new year's view through the classical section of the singles releases

SINGLE OF THE "CHRISTMAS RUSH"

Dipping into this New Year's singles hamper has not, I should make clear from the outset, proved the happiest task of my life.

To start with, I was puzzled by a recurring sequence of names and titles that rang eerie bells through the corridors of my mind: Toy Dolls . . . 'Nunk' . . . . A Popular History Of Signs . . . why did I know them, and why did they all give me the same odd feeling? Then suddenly it clicked. The last adventure in this space of one D. Baker. U/V Pop . . . The Killjoys . . . Death In June . . . it all came flooding back. They'd none of them been terribly good, had they? Something like that.

I think what Dr Dan didn't fully appreciate was that at this festive time of year all the really bad groups release the records they've so painstakingly worked on for months hoping that in the "Christmas rush" they might be bought almost by mistake and become huge independent hits.

But if Dan was clearly quite thrown by his ordeal at the hands of these records he retained enough of his infective sense of mirth and outright prankishness to slip them quietly back into the bag and thus force whoever next opened it to undergo exactly the same trauma.

In fact, what DB really *didn't* know was that in order for records at this time of year to be good you have to go out and buy them. You have to go and seek out painfully obscure 12" dance platters which only about five extremely smooth people on roller skates in one tiny three block area of south-west Philadelphia could possibly have heard of and present them as works at whose very inception and execution you personally were present.

I confess I have not managed to do this, being a bit pushed for time, what with the Christmas rush and all, so I hope no one will take it amiss, or as a sign of the times, that my single of the week is a **Fleetwood Mac** record released approximately three months ago to virtually blanket indifference, but **'Gypsy' *(Warner Bros)*** it is, and I can't for the life of me understand why it *wasn't* a hit (actually, I didn't know it had had a UK release at all, which just goes to show how clued up *I* am about the music business.)

'Gypsy' is one of Stevie Nicks' loveliest, most limpid elegies to her misty pre-Raphaelite past: seldom has so burnt-out a hippie sounded so tragically seductive. *"So I'm back to the Velvet Underground,"* she sings, beckoning us yet deeper into the recesses of a room strung with lace and paper (or is it vapour?) flowers. Which *mise-en-scene* might be a little trying were it not for the exquisite timing of her voice, which as never before sounded so coldly delicate. *"She is dancing away from you now . . ."*, but draped in ex-boyfriend Lindsey Buckingham's most pared-down production to date, she's never been so close, so naked. She's still wearing the red leathers boots she bought in 1973, still has nothing to say to the decrepit English people who make up the rest of her group, and still entrances.

I couldn't allow that Gavin leprechaun to write off **K.C. and the Sunshine Band, '(You Said You'd) Gimme Some More' *(Epic)*** and get away scot (or Mick) free. This staggering record is easily the best foot stop of the moment. Everything about it, from the superb entrance of the horns to the robotic central synth squiggle, is pulversing and mindless as are only few others so simple and pulpy in conception. The mix by John Luongo is just *total*.

When all else fails and everything around you seems to be falling apart, Casey and the boys arrive and remind you there are such things as guiltless pleasures. Witness that epileptic ballad 'Please Don't Go' — while others scoffed and shrugged, I was writhing on the floor.

Declaring not simply war on War but **'War On 45'**, Vancouver's splendid **DOA** return at last with an EP on the ***Alternative Tentacles*** label. I should say a new DOA, since drummer Chuck Biscuits has gone over to the sign of the black flag and bassist Randy Rampage has been converted to metal straight 'n' narrow, leaving only Joey Shithead and Dave Gregg from the original lineup. The new power DOA sees young Shithead reunited with former Skulls cohorts Dimwit (brother of Biscuits) and Wimpy Roy, who was lead singer of the marvellous Subhumans (see 'Slave To My Dick').

The invigorating thing about DOA is primarily the way they kick out the jams and have a good time. 'War On 45' is good because it's wide and loud and not very far from being stupid. For example, they don't try any funny stuff with the Edwin Starr classic (i.e. 'War'), they just turn it into the headbanging monster it could always have been and the result is an incredibly exciting if slightly mirthsome noise.

DOA don't try to fence off any terrain as being theirs by musical rights, they just attack anything. A more motley collection of songs it'd be hard to find: 'War' is heavy metal, 'Unknown' is a daft update of the Pistols' 'Silly Thing', 'War In The East' is a Canadian 'Police & Thieves' co-written with one "Ranking Trevor", 'Let's Fuck' is Chris Montez with a tryst, sorry twist, while 'Rich Bitch' and 'I Hate You', like Shithead's singing in general, are pure Dolls.

All great fun. Best moments besides 'War', though, are the opening 'America The Beautiful', a truly scorching volley of vitriol, and the closing version of the Dils classic 'Class War', which is probably as close as any American band has come to the spirit of the first Clash LP.

I wouldn't ask even Chris Bohn to subject himself to **Der Durstige Mann *(Wasted Vinyl)***, fellow champion of disease though I take him to be. Beyond Abwarts ('The West Is Lonely'), beyond Vomit Visions ('Punks Are The Old Farts Of Today') this dirty screech is ugly to the max but still worthy to accompany such *meisterwerks* of Europunk as Warum Joe as a banner at the Boycotting of the Day Of Judgement.

Six semi-songs exposed like wounds, whacked out on hi-distort *gittaren* as sheer and blurred as East Bay Ray's production of Social Unrest but about a tenth as competent. 'Der Durstige Mann' is a filthy sound far removed from our own punk rock, which is extremely conservative, hedged behind allotments of slogans, etc. 'Liebe' sounds like some terrible youth club band trying to play 'Around And Around' on acid, while 'Ein Bier' is a sort of shredded 'White Riot'.

I don't think the thirsty men even got as far as a garage with this one, it sounds as if it was recorded in a garbage drum. Two of them are skins, slouching outside public lavs, the other two wallies linger in front of boutiques in grotesque young-mens-wear modelling poses. I guess this makes them kind of the Cheap Trick of Frankfurt punk. M. Monoton (sing) and E. Hysteric (guitar) say: *"Ich pfeif auf London and LA,"* and they are right.

The SOS Band are an Atlantan crew who had a funtantric gigantic hit thing with 1980's sublime 'Take Your Time', when the gorgeous voice of Mary Davis, riding on the hornpower of no less than Fred Wesley and Maeo Parker, prompted a nationwide chorus of the streets: *"Baby we can do it!"* Producer Sigidi reworked it at least thrice, most notably with 'Do It Now' (1981), but in essence is was an unrepeatable formula. Now jettisoning the whole slick "crew" motif— and with it Sigidi — the group's fate has been entrusted to the quasi-dynastic Sylvers family of SoLosAngelesRecords. With Big Leon performing a merely executive function, however, it's *Ricky* S who is responsible for the considerable fleshing out of a sound which in its early days was a sort of bridge between Chic and Van McCoy.

'High Hopes' *(Tabu)* is the first single to emerge and while Sylvers may have smoothed out the engaging kinks in 'Take' or 'Do' he's given the sound a new kind of intensity. Two basses struggle against each other like trapped animals, then bump down through the chorus; a synth pops overhead like a playful tease; the voices soar upwards, branching away then forming clusters. 'High Hopes' drives the dominant Kashif/Evelyn King sound of the times into another dimension. It has the sense of fatality, of ecstatic dread, which draws the great ballads to the point of implosion.

Also bursting at its seams with SOLID ATTACK is **Gwen McCrae, 'Keep The Fire Burning' *(Atlantic)***. It's fast and — you saw it coming — hot. Ingredients: solid (no thumbs) driving bass, staccato clavinet, hint of sustain on electric piano, some strings way out back, above all McCrae's extremely sensual voice. This one really works the juices. Coupled with the title track from 1981's mostly unremarkable 'Funky Sensation' album, the best of Kenton Nix's attempts to apply the formula of Taana Gardner's 'Heartbeat' to other singers. The bridge passage is particularly stunning.

Last year **The Peech Boys** gave us 'Don't Make Me Wait' and **Stone** gave us 'Time'. Both start this one on a bum note. Where the magnificent 'Wait' fused dub with an erotic plangency reminiscent of Sylvester's 'I Need Somebody To Love Tonight', the Boys' **'Life Is Something Special' *(Island/Garage, import)*** is a really distressingly ordinary record which demonstrates yet again that upful sentiments invariably result in tedious music. The beat is typical Larry Levan, he of the 'Heartbeat' mix and DJ at NY's Paradise Garage, but apart from the very Sylvesterish opening bars, the eight minutes of exhortations and incidental sound effects are unenlivened by any variations in mood or texture and the record just becomes a workout soundtrack, a monotonous club chant. As with 'Wait', a "special edition" comes in tow — this one straight instrumental — which I marginally prefer its ticking guitar and more imaginative percussion, and there's also a further four-minute dub acapella!

Stone's **'Girl I Like The Way That You Move' *(West End, import)*** is similarly undistinguished. Its tune, bass line, etc are so routine you scarcely notice them. If it's the gimmick, vibes, you're going for, try the Vince Montana Sextet. This is a very dreary piece of work. 'Time' may have been a bit blatant but Tee Scott's Mix at least turned it into something big and bold.

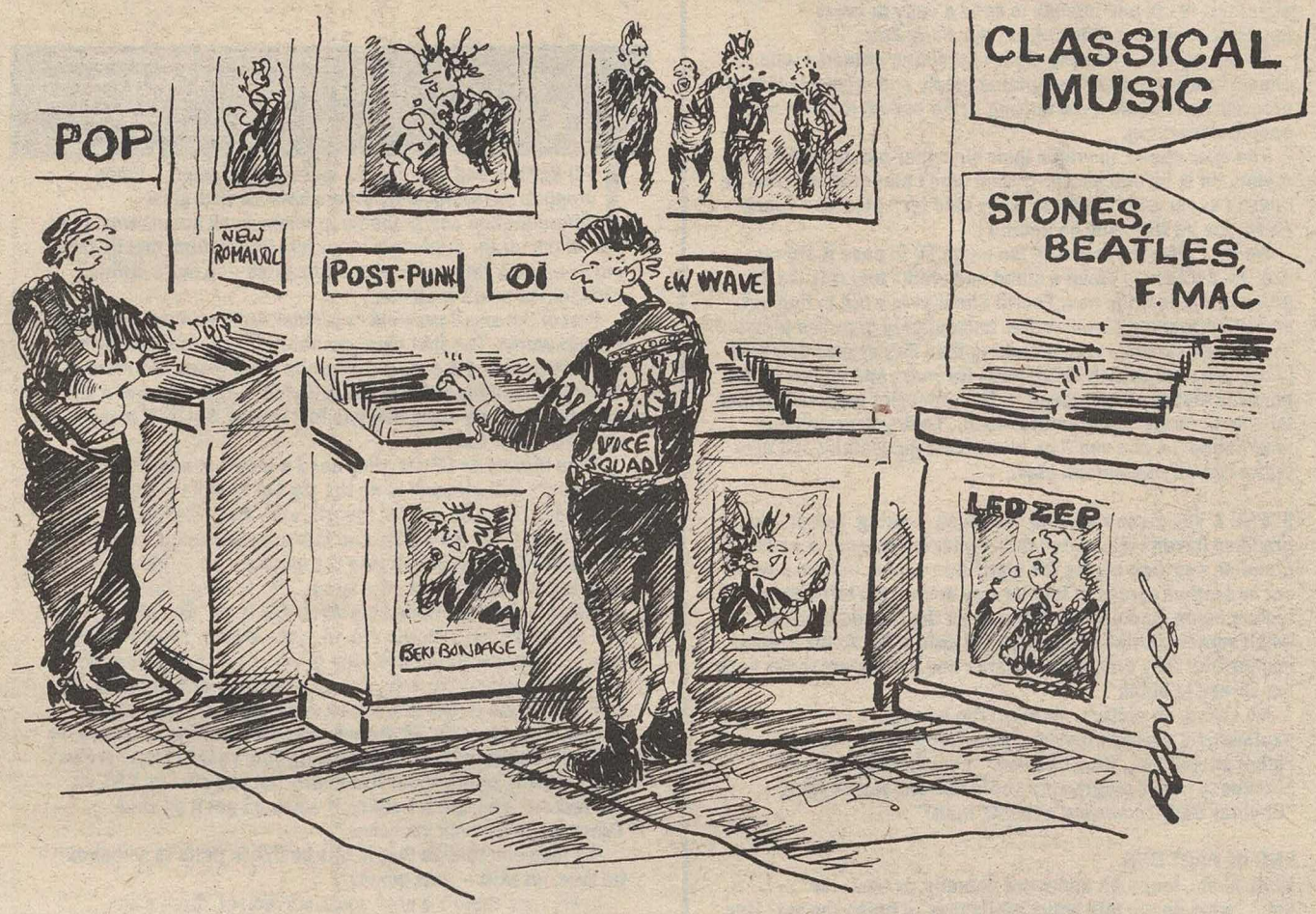
Gary Bushell thought **The Expelled** from Leeds might be the new Vice Squad but in its own angry way **'Government Policy' *(Riot City)*** is a more potent anthem of discontent than Beki Bondage has ever written. A searing sound, an incredibly strong song with a mighty hiccough of a chorus . . . what more could you ask? By comparison, **The Fits, 'The Last Laugh' *(Rondelet)*** is very old soiled hat.

Everyone hates **The Belle Stars** because they wanted to make a bit of easy money but on **'Sign Of The Times' *(Stiff)***, an original composition, they have a nice guitar figure cribbed from some place in 'Love Child' or 'You Keep Me Hanging On' (why not indeed?), a bit of Abba and a syndrum and it all works rather well. *"Sign of the times — time to be alone"* — good advice, too.

After The Cookies I half-expected the Belles to tackle, say, 'I Love How You Love Me', or go the way of the pioneering **Dolly Dots,** a Dutch troupe who had their first hit, 'Boys', ten years before The Bodysnatchers even formed and now resuscitate **'Do Wah Diddy Diddy' *(WEA)*** to irresistibly vacuous effect. But no: *"A little bit of soap will always wash away the tears attendant upon poor credibility,"* as The Exciters surmised at another point in their wild topsy-turvy career.

Last mention to **The Last,** who along with The Neats and The Embarrassment are one of the few neo-garage American groups who can do the job without getting sentimental or tongue-in-chic about it. **'Up In The Air' *(Warfrat)*** is nicely frazzled, though the two on the flipside rather pall in contrast, opting instead for a comfy Yachts sound instead of the necessary headache. Next week perhaps more good alternative American records.

Finally, since everyone else does it, some records wot I like. All of these are so good that each in its own special way has made me quite ill with pleasure.



BARNEY AND HIS FIRST PLAYLIST AGED TWO

Teena Marie.....**I Need Your Lovin' (Tamla Motown)**
U2.....**I Will Follow (Island)**
Rolling Stones.....**If I Was A Dancer (Dance Pt.2) (Rolling Stones)**
McKinley Mitchell.....**End Of The Rainbow (Chimneyville)**
Social Unrest.General Enemy (from 'Rats In A Maze' — Libertine Records)
Yoko Ono.....**Listen The Snow Is Falling (Apple)**
Cliff Richard.....**We Don't Talk Anymore (EMI)**
Wagner.....**Parsifal, Act 1 (Solti, Decca)**
Augustus Pablo.....**The Way (Top Ranking)**
United States Of America.....**Garden Of Earthly Delights (from 'Psychedelic Dreams' — CBS)**
Neville Brothers.....**Mona Lisa (Atlantic)**
George Jones.....**He Stopped Loving Her Today (Epic)**
Joy Division.....**The Only Mistake (Factory)**
The Band.....**Whispering Pines (Capitol)**
Kim Carnes.....**More Love (Atlantic)**

BACK BY POPULAR REQUEST!

Due to overwhelming public demand, NME's unique look at the past year, 1982 IN ITS OWN WORDS has been brought back to these pages for one final appearance! Or more to the point, because many of the guest stars featured in our Christmas issue wrote about twice as much as we'd asked them for, we were forced to leave three pieces out. However, as they're all really excellent articles, we've decided to run them together here as a kind of extended encore to the main event. Just consider it food for thought for '83 . . .

1·9·8·2
IN ITS OWN WORDS
(slight return)

NO SOUND, NO PICTURE . . TOMORROW'S WORLD, INNIT?

SCENE 1. The living room of average family, present day. Father sits in chair nearest fire and telly, newspaper open in lap at telly page. Father likes only the news and westerns. Wishes the news was read by cowboys, preferably reports of indians being killed.

Mother sits to his left on the sofa writing busily having just gotten round to penning her I don't pay my licence to watch people dying of asbestos poisoning letter. She feels strongly about this issue and intends to send a copy to every newspaper she can think of, i.e. the *Daily Star.*

To her right is a rocking chair containing grandma who is almost totally deaf and complains loudly and regularly that all programmes should have writing at the bottom to show what people are saying.

The door opens, in walks their nine-year-old son who is crying. He is an outcast: his friend won't play with him cos he doesn't know who Yosser is. They said let's play *The Young Ones*, you be Neil, and he couldn't.

He isn't allowed to watch too much TV in case it affects him. He decides to make a stand and walks towards the TV, presses the exciting new Fourth Channel in a bid to find out what's happening screen-wise. Immediately grandma jumps awake and shouts, I was watching that. Boy argues that here is the first new British TV channel for years and no one in the house is taking advantage of it. The argument reigns till father falls back on the preternatural myth, "Look you watch that new Channel 4 and you'll go blind. Now go upstairs and play with yourself like normal kids . . ."

SCENE 2. The same room the following evening. Father and grandma haven't moved but then father is unemployed and grandma has died during the night. Son comes in from playing out and father agrees to let him stay and watch television history being made. They all await for the first time on the small screen glorious images in full colour 3D. At the crucial moment the telly cracks and sparks and the picture fades until the screen is blank.

No sound, no picture, nothing. The boy offers an explanation, perhaps they've had a "programme change". Father scolds him, "Don't be daft". There's nothing, just blackness. What programme could this be? Boy replies, "Obvious Dad, *Tomorrow's World*, innit?"

END OF PART ONE

Well, ahem, feel a bit awkward actually, er um. . .er um. . .what do we talk about while they're fixing the set? Hey, did you see that programme the other night? Oh, it was good. What's 'is name was in it. I video'd it — *Invasion Of The Zombies*. That's not the film, it's what you call these boring bastards who talk about telly all the time.

Let's be boring then. I don't know if you've noticed, but whether it's just a flash in the pan, or what, TV is in vogue at the moment. People always did watch a lot of telly, but now they're admitting it.

Did you see that Asian Community Arts programme, a slice of blatant tokenism on the part of programme planners? And did you see THE definitive screenage rock magazine show?

Which one?

All of them.

Your TV is a little like that person you know who wants to be everyone's friend, not wanting to stick his neck out too far so as not to offend, but still wanting to prove he cares. TV only really cares about one thing — ratings. If wants you to be tuned into it. TV companies will soon put out an ad — "Even if you're going out but you like to leave the set on to deter burglars, don't just leave it on any old station. No channel deters burglars like ours. . ."

It's simple. TV is huge, a monster if you happen to watch it all the time and take it all in/ TV is nothing, not the smallest of dots if you don't have one and never watch it. Simple isn't it?

SCENE 3. The living room. A few days later. Family sit round anxiously waiting whilst modern-day hero TV engineer messes around with the back off. Anxiety grows and the picture suddenly reappears and the family cheer in unison except grandma. As the hero leaves they stare after him in adulation, then once more turn their attentions to the set. However, unbeknown to them, during the last few days there has been a TV revolution and all channels have been overtaken by anarchic, sedition-bent entertainers. The programmes begin with a smashing new quiz game: *Dead Celebrities*, recently deceased celebs identified by guest panel.

Sports special, an enthralling half-hour of pro-celebrity bogey-flicking. . .The programmes continue in this vein then father's favourite, the *Late News* comes on. It's read tonight not by a balding middle-aged man or a stunningly attractive middle-aged woman, but by the ugliest bastard ever to be shown on TV. The family gasp in unison, except grandma. The face speaks, "A bomb exploded today killing at least. . ." Ugggh, that face. "The hunt is on for a man who raped . . ." Ugggh, it's horrible.

The news is inconsequential but that face. . .

The station closes down for the evening and the family stare at each other. The new face of British TV — success or failure? When the family catch their breaths we'll let you know (theme music, picture fades).

CLOSE DOWN

— MARK MIWURDZ

Mark Miwurdz is the fast-talking poet/comedian/star of The Tube. We asked him to write about TV in '82 — the year the box got hip.

GRIM DETERMINATION AND GRIMMER BANK STATEMENTS

IT'S BEEN a bad year for the mid-range promoter. Some dropped out altogether; others held on with grim determination and probably grimmer bank statements. Even two of the larger promoters went into liquidation, though they did re-emerge later with new companies — a more difficult trick for the small promoter.

Part of the small promoter's problem is the way the booking system works. The first time you book a group it's usually a support spot, and the manager/group can't thank you enough. Then you headline them in a small club — the manager's still grateful, and very sorry that you lost money, but he'll make it up to you later on.

Then there's an LP out, they need a larger venue. The manager's still pleased to do the gig but wants to know where the "rider" is (food, drinks, towels, etc). Then they have a Top Five hit, an LP in the charts and lots of public acclaim — a guaranteed success! You ring the manager up — he's too busy to speak to you. You ring the agent. "Sorry about that, we decided to promote them ourselves this time." Or, "Well, we had to sell all our dates to Jim Megapromoter. You know how it is . . . but how about this new group we've just taken on?"

It's the same every time. The mid-range promoter builds the groups and the larger promoters or the agents scoop the cream. And when Mr Smalltime runs out of steam or money, or both, the agent says, "I'd like to help you, yeah! I know we've been dealing with you for five years, but you owe us VAT on the last one and, quite frankly, if we don't get it by next Tuesday we'll break your legs."

It's then you realise that in this business there is no honour, no love, no skill — just money!

Every time there's a new youth movement, there's an overwhelming demand to hear more of this new sound. Promoters are needed to bring the crowds in, they realise the need for bigger halls and they expand and make money for a while. Then the wave subsides, attendances drop, clubs close, promoters lose money and disappear. This leaves a creative void: the only halls left in use are colleges and city halls, and only big name bands can play that circuit. There are no more places for the fringe acts to develop, and no promoters interested in promoting them.

The record companies, desperate to find new blood, try to manufacture new trends and groups. At the moment we're going through a new teen-pap phase. If comparisons with the early '70s are anything to go by it looks like the next few years could be pretty turgid.

One of the only ways to combat the lull in the creative side is to promote more multi-group events: a big name attraction on the top of the bill, a quality middle line-up and some promising newcomers to start the day. This was the idea of the Futurama festivals. To an extent they worked, and I'd like to think that some of today's big names might not have made it so fast without the festival and the press exposure it gave them.

This year Futurama lost money — more than I could afford. Did the agents say, "Never mind, we'll give you some strong acts to help you back again?" Actually they didn't!

1982 was the year that honour went out of the window — especially mine. I'm leaving the window open, just in case it flies back — but I'm getting bloody cold!

— JOHN KEENAN

John Keenan promotes the annual Futurama festival, an acknowledged launch-pad for numerous leading bands. We asked him to describe the situation for live rock in an era of video-oriented pop.

THE INDUSTRY BOSSES ARE NOT WORRIED MEN

SPEND SOME TIME talking to a random sample of British industrialists about the problems they face and you'd expect to do a lot of listening. Not so with the record business, it seems. Having spent some time talking to financial directors in the British record industry, what struck me was that these were not worried men. Not complacent, but not losing much sleep either. What is surprising is how well the market seems to have held up in the current recession.

Figures for the total sales of albums, singles and pre-recorded cassettes since 1975 show that with the exception of the disco boom of 1978-9 the trend has been fairly flat. The problem for the industry has been that, while the money value of sales has increased steadily, their value in real terms has declined. Only single prices have kept pace with inflation.

So it's not high prices that are killing the record industry — if anything is.

BPI figures for pre-tax profits of a sample representing 70 percent of the industry show profits of around the £20 million mark in the mid-'70s falling to £1.5 million in '79, followed by net losses of £3.9 million in 1980, the last year for which industry-wide figures are available. Since then there has been some improvement: "Anyone still making losses would be closing the gates by now," a BPI statistician told me.

The disco boom concealed the trend for a while, but since then there has been a familiar round of cost-cutting measures — reductions in staffing levels to 2/3 of their 1978 level, fewer extravagant receptions and so on. One EMI executive told me that it's because this process has just begun in the US that the industry in the States is in difficulty.

But of course, what is true for the industry may be far from true for individual companies. Looking at album sales, for instance, firms such as Virgin, A&M and Chrysalis, each taking around 4 percent of the market at the end of last year, are much more dependent on the output of individual artists than are market leaders such as EMI, CBS and WEA.

If a large part of your turnover is accounted for by one major artist, such as Blondie in Chrysalis's case, and the new album doesn't reach the shops until after the end of your financial year, you've had a bad year, at least on paper. If people stop liking Blondie you've got real problems. And signing a major artist can significantly affect your market share. As Tony Clark at A&M put it, "It's all down to the search for another Human League."

Looking at sales by category, in the last few years since the disco boom sales of singles have held up well, sales of albums have fallen inexorably and sales of pre-recorded cassettes have continued to rise — the only real growth area.

The BPI suggests that the new wave is sustaining the singles market, although it looks like it's the *diversity* of product that's responsible, since as Chrysalis's Nigel Butterfield points out, three or four years ago he would expect sales of one million or so for a major hit, whereas today sales would be around 300-400,000.

As far as pre-recorded cassettes are concerned, the word that usually crops up is 'versatility'. You can't play albums in the car, you can't throw them around, they're bulky and you can't tape over them.

Albums remain the industry's big worry. The BPI has no doubts that "LP sales have gradually declined due mainly to the effect of home taping." Lost revenue is currently estimated at £300 million per year. But even if this figure is valid (which many experts question), should the consumer be deprived of the benefit of cheap taped music, and should manufacturers of blank cassettes be penalised by a levy on their product?

The BPI prefers the word 'royalty' as levy "is an emotive word suggesting as it does a tax" — and they argue that falling royalties means fewer recordings in future.

So who should decide whether the consumer wants cheap taped music or a wider selection of recordings, assuming this is true? No prizes for guessing what the BPI thinks. And in case you didn't know what's in store: "Independent analysis shows that even if £1.50 to £2.00 were added to the price of a C90 blank audio tape, there would be a negligible impact on blank cassette sales. This royalty would be fully justified." (BPI pamphlet on home taping).

In fact several of the company executives I spoke to were sceptical of the BPI thesis. Neither was there much agreement as to the effect of youth unemployment on sales.

Inevitably video software, earmarked as the main growth area in the leisure market through the late '80s, will compete with records and tapes. But while sales may not increase, there is plenty of room for competition over shares in an unpredictable market. As Tony Clark of A&M put it, "The secret is to have more hits."

— ROGER BURGESS

Roger Burgess is a researcher on a City of London financial magazine. We asked him to investigate the state of the record industry.

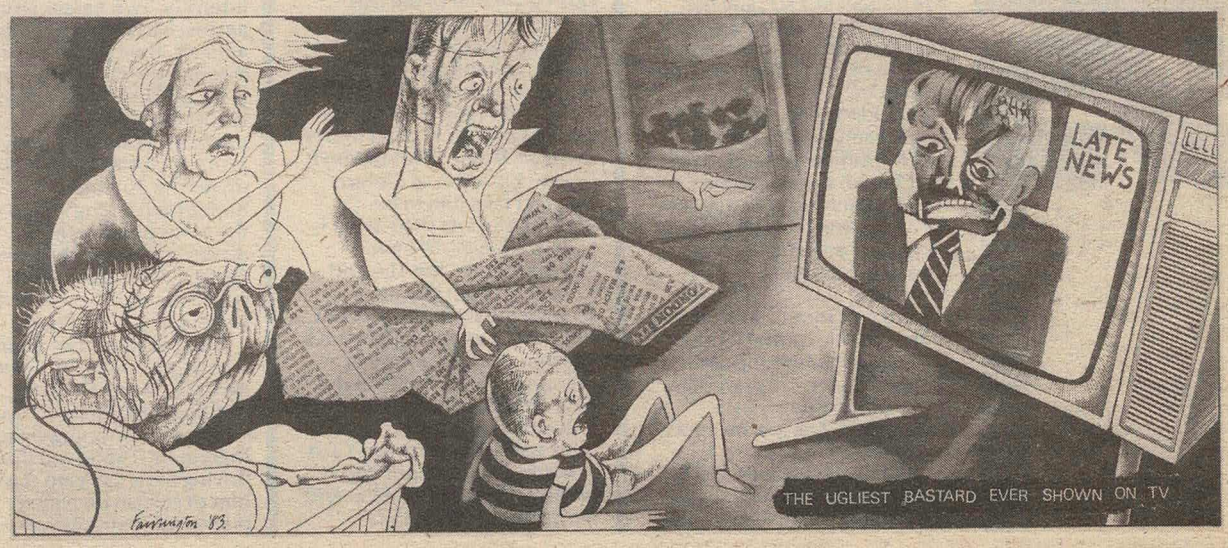


Illustration: Mark Fairington.

ARIES

Diana Ross
Billy McKenzie
Al Green
Billy Fury
Holger Czukay

Ariens will certainly be able to breathe more easily in 1983 than 1982, due not so much to a snort of nasal spray as to the fact that Jupiter and Saturn have moved out of your opposite sign. Only Pluto remains — and then only for part of the year, so you'll find your usual vitality and self-confidence flooding back to you. Just don't allow your pioneering and independent spirit to make you too pig-headed.

Both February and March promise a lot of constructive support from others if you share your plans with them, rather than thinking you can do everything on your own. 1982 may have been a turbulent time for your love-life but in the first four months of '83 Venus and Mars should be refreshing the parts other planets haven't been able to reach. With Saturn now in Scorpio, avoid buying on credit, especially in April.

The bulk of your achievement will be in the first half of the year — but bask too long in the fruits of your labour from mid-year onwards and the fruit could go rotten!

If Arien Marvin Gaye can keep on winning then you can certainly maintain the stamina through the year. At least keep your grip and avoid the danger from September onwards that others will undo much of what you have done earlier. Altogether a more cheerful and fun-loving year when your sheer strength of character should carry you through.

TAURUS

Peter Gabriel
Iggy Pop
Toyah Wilcox
Ian Dury
Brian Eno

Taureans are renowned for their love of money, and with the lucky planet Jupiter together with Neptune and Uranus in a financially orientated area of your chart you shouldn't be hard up for a bob or two this year. Particularly fortunate times are mid-February, mid-May and the last week in September. You won't have time to rest on your laurels though — 1983 looks to be a hard-working year for Taureans, even if not for the rest of Britain's workforce. Allow sufficient relaxation time and 'do-nothing' holidays. Your only real health worry this year is over-tiredness.

Make sure your energies are properly directed. Spring looks like decision-time — after a period of uncertainty you'll make a choice, probably near your birthday, which should set you off in the right direction for the rest of the year. July will be about your busiest time socially, and from August when Saturn re-enters Scorpio you could become unusually serious about your other half. Not perhaps the most carefree of years, but prepare to take full advantage of Jupiter's transit of Capricorn in 1984 when significant personal success and prestige will be within grasp.

GEMINI

Steve Strange
Siouxsie Sioux
Paul Weller
Miles Davis
Prince Buster

If at first you don't succeed, forget it and try something else! 1983 will be well-suited to the Gemini temperament, when you should keep all options open rather than doggedly pursuing one goal. You could leave yourself open to disappointment over one plan in particular by placing too much reliance on vague promises, so don't keep all your eggs in one basket, or the contents could end up in a yukky mess all over your face. A partner will be especially supportive and constructive early in the year. Don't be too proud to accept advice and help. Extra income is indicated in April and May, perhaps from unusual sources.

There's a dynamic period May-June as Mars transits your own sign and the Solar Eclipse of the 11th could be a high-point for you, but in your enthusiasm ensure you've appreciated all the ramifications of a new commitment. A surprise family celebration could be enjoyable in September and October should be particularly bright and bubbly. Passionate liaisons are likely November-December when Mars and Venus move into Libra, but probably fun but short-lived encounters only. Word of warning for '83 generally: avoid taking sides — even your gift of the gab won't save you from ending up the loser in important disputes!

CANCER

Leee John
Vince Clark
Mick Jones
Jim Kerr
Pete Murphy

For the first six weeks of 1983 Mercury will be whizzing erratically backwards and forwards in your opposing sign making for a generally chaotic time. Plans have to be postponed and you'll believe postie is still on Christmas holiday as you wait for important mail that never shows. Even your working routine is disrupted in some way outside your control, so you'd be best advised to sit back till mid-February rather than banging your head against a brick wall. Cancerians are generally reckoned to be quite lucky money-wise but with Saturn and Pluto in Scorpio, this is not the year for gambling (not even on the Australian stock-market, otherwise the best 1983 astrological tip for investors).

Best period by far will be April-August, the most likely time for Cancerian Debbie Harry to make a comeback. High-profile is advised then — pay particularly attention to your image and general appearance. By August you should feel your talents are finally being appreciated!

Domestic problems should ease after August and the year will end on a flirtatious note when come November you'll again be flavour of the month romantically. 1984 looks a lean year financially so resist extravagance generally this year, in preparation.

LEO

Kate Bush
Kirk Brandon
Feargal Sharkey
Joe Strummer
Lynval Golding

You may have found the 'peace and goodwill' theme slightly lacking this Christmas, and with Mars in your opening sign, a tense and argumentative atmosphere could prevail for most of January. Avoid relying on others mid February-March — it seems empty promises will be flying around. Superiors to you (are there any?!) should recognise April-May that they underestimated you and some ego-massaging flattery could come your way. Leo Joe Jackson could be due for a little limelight then, after a period of undeserved obscurity.

The year finally gets going in June when friends will be particularly co-operative and you may be involved in organising a major social event. Between June and September Venus will be in your sign, making you far happier with life than at present, and also indicates a run of luck financially. When Mars joins Venus in August you'll notice a definite boost to your athletic prowess — which should please your partner as well as your team! The only sparkle in boring November will be on Firework night, but you'll be in a seductive mood again come December when Venus enters Scorpio.

VIRGO

Michael Jackson
John Peel
Rusty Egan
Van Morrison
Glenn Tilbrook

Ever tried playing Russian Roulette with a sawn-off shotgun? You might feel tempted in the first couple of months of this year. Somehow others will find fault or stir up arguments with almost everything you do — hard to take when you're such a perfectionist! March looks distinctly aimless; double-check on any news or gossip you hear. Emphasis is abroad in May — maybe a visitor from afar or an invite overseas. In any case, social vibes take a turn for the better, particularly within your partner's circle of friends. The second six months are far better than the first. This is the time we should see Virgo Lenny Henry, happily ticking away now as a radio DJ, reappear on our screens — most likely solo or at the forefront than as part of a Three Of A Kind-style team. And prospects for Virgos to branch out into a freelance or self-employed situation are excellent between August and November, especially during October when Mars will be motivating you with intense drive and ambition. August and October are also key-months for your love-life, a new relationship looks like blossoming then which should rouse even the Virgo cool emotions! If you can hang loose for the first half of 1983 you'll find the second half worth waiting for.

LIBRA

Bruce Springsteen
Joan Jett
Phil Oakey
Richard Jobson
Peter Tosh

Whatever else the past couple of years have been, boring they weren't. Jupiter and Saturn have been battling it out in your sign, and Mars in Libra for an unusual seven-month stretch in 1982 has only added to the turbulence and confusion — a lot of highs but a lot of lows too. With only Pluto remaining in your Sign for 1983, life should finally start getting more smooth and relaxed. This at least should give Libran Mari Wilson a chance to catch her breath and fix her hair — before embarking on a major tour in the second half of '83?

Librans generally will become more mobile from August onwards — a good period for passing driving tests or getting a new set of wheels. Avoid long distance travel May-June if possible — bad aspects between Mars, Jupiter and Uranus will make trips hazardous then. You'll need your most tactful approach in March when a close relationship could come under stress. Saturn may have caused intermittent health problems and lowered vitality in the past two years, and there could be a recurrence in June-July when Saturn briefly returns to your sign (not a good time personally for Libran Margaret Thatcher to go to the country — even if she does want to take advantage of a likely major union challenge in May).

From August onwards you should feel increasingly fit and energetic. Your peak period is November-December when Pluto leaves your Sign after a ten-year stay.

SCORPIO

Annabella Lu Win
Andy Partridge
Neil Young
Joni Mitchell
Chris Difford

If you thought 1982 was bad, you'd better fasten your seat-belts for 1983! Benevolent Jupiter has been hanging around in your Sign throughout last year giving you every chance to move forward, especially in work and money areas. A Scorpio Annabella certainly hasn't been slow to cash in on her success, for example. But she, like every Scorpio, is going to have a tough time hitting the heights in '83 — and all because as Jupiter moves out of Scorpio, sour old Saturn moves in for a three-year stay. Unfortunately, hard work and single-minded commitment will be needed, but particularly in the last four months, you should find it pays off, and you'll understand why a change of direction was unavoidable.

Turbulent time March-May (early April especially, when relationships look fragile) don't be too trusting of others' advice either. Avoid getting over-ambitious financially late May early June. Scorpios are renowned for shrewd money-sense, but a badly aspected Mars will be doing its best to pull the wool over your eyes then. Interesting job opportunities should arise August-September — probably quite different to what you would look for now.

SAGITTARIUS

Carmel
Randy Newman
Frank Sinatra
Rick Buckler
Tina Turner

If you're a Sagittarian, you'll be pleased you started reading this (if not go and read your own prediction — you'll only get jealous otherwise) because Sagittarians really get the astrological honours for 1983. Even famous Sagittarian 'orrible Ozzie Osbourne should be able to make it back into the headlines, though probably more so in the States than over here. The big plus factor is the arrival of Jupiter in your own sign on Christmas Day '82. Apart from being about the most benevolent of all planets, associated with enterprise, expression, freedom and plain good luck, it also happens to be your ruling planet, making it even more effective in this position.

So particularly in February, May and September when Jupiter conjoins the 'action-planet' Uranus, be sure to set your sights as high as possible. You chances of success in any test/interview situation are excellent.

High profile recommended from February — you'll find it easy to meet useful people then who'll be impressed by your infectious self-confidence and charisma. An especially memorable holiday is on the cards July-August (but steer clear of package trips to Poland! Stability there looks even worse by June '83 than now). This will also be a good period for the love 'n' lust area of your life. Overall a year for aiming high, taking risks — and enjoying yourself.

CAPRICORN

Lemmy
David Bowie
Captain Beefheart
Jimmy Page
Riuchi Sakamoto

The middle of 1983 could be rather disappointing and lacking in substance — not unlike a British Rail sandwich. The year should start on quite an optimistic note, as your ruling planet Saturn, which for so long has been making an uphill struggle of your work and money-earning areas, moves out of Libra. And apart from a brief return mid-year, you'll now find that progress can be made and obstacles overcome in half the time.

You're likely to be unusually gregarious, romantically and socially, January-March (you may even condescend to speak to people you don't know at parties!) and this will be a good period for the odd weekend 'get away from it all' trip. Avoid becoming too perfectionist in April, and don't bite off more than you can chew, especially if you're helping others. With a concentration of planets in your mystical Twelfth House, don't be afraid to follow hunches.

Capricorn Yoko Ono, herself a keen astrologer and now getting over malefic Saturn's stay in Libra (Lennon's birth-Sign) will doubtless be looking to February, May and late September as Capricorn key-points for sudden flashes of inspiration, problems unexpectedly solved, and perhaps even paranormal experiences. These are certainly your most intuitively creative times. Your worst month is June, particularly around the solar eclipse of the 11th, when you might feel others aren't pulling their weight. But 1983 will end well, especially after October when the tide of luck will once more flow in your favour.

AQUARIUS

Malcolm McLaren
John Lydon
Dave Wakeling
Jools Holland
Smokey Robinson

Sparkling start to the year in January and February when romantic Venus and passionate Mars will be bringing by far the best period of the year for new conquests in your love-life. It is also the best time to map out the rest of 1983. Take the initiative whenever possible, and if you have any new enterprises in mind waste no time in getting them under way. So if John Lydon wants to consolidate his entry into the film world, he'll do his public image no harm touting for new parts before spring.

April looks tedious, but June will put you in a more light-hearted mood and some spontaneous gambling should pay off better than expected. Avoid acting impulsively August-September when Mars will be in your opposing Sign — you might regret quick decisions. And watch out for rivals — someone could try and stick the knife in (no sweat for Aquarian Ronald Reagan though, regarding the 20-year Presidential jinx! He survived the last dangerous Sun-square-Uranus progression in March 1981 — the next danger point won't be until 1984). Make or break time for romantic interests is late September. An increasingly tense, perhaps claustrophobic relationship could either be dissolved or given a new lease of life when Venus conjoins Mars on the 19th. Smooth end to the year October onwards — work matters will progress especially well, to gear you up for a successful Spring 1984 . . .

PISCES

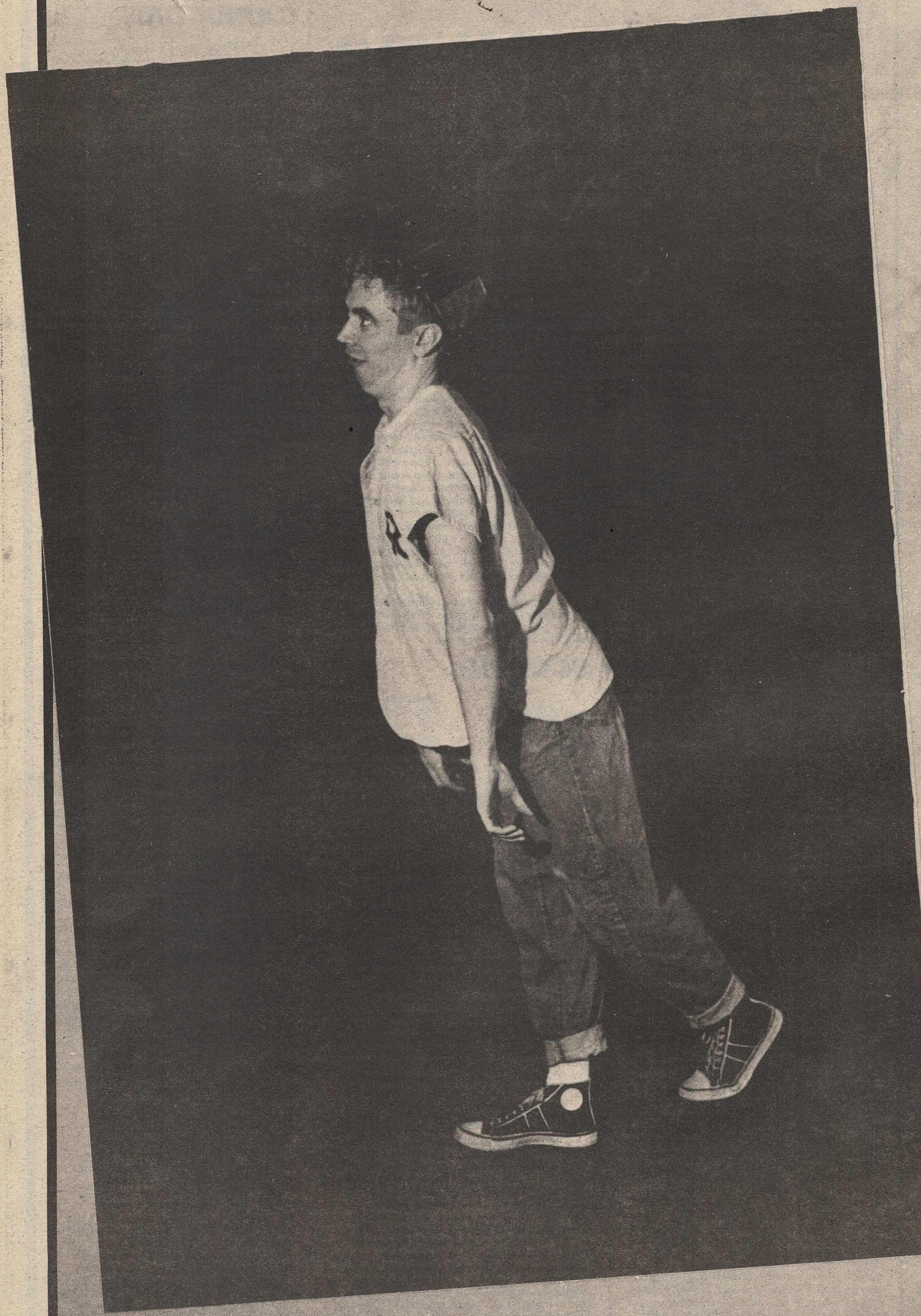
Ranking Roger
Clare Grogan
Martin Fry
Terry Hall
Lou Reed

If you like an exciting and active start to a New Year then 1983 sure is going to be disappointing! Nothing really bad . . . just quiet. With Mars, Venus and Mercury all making transits of your Twelfth House you'll be doing a lot of daydreaming and deep thinking.

You will need to knock ideas about with others though, to put your thoughts into perspective. Even ultra-original comic Piscean Rik Mayall needs to sound out other people with new lines — and he'll have to do a lot of thinking to top *The Young Ones*. Every chance he'll succeed though, since, as a Piscean, he has lucky Jupiter, inventive Ruling Planet Neptune and galvanising Uranus all crammed into his house of career and status.

All Pisceans will have opportunities for self-advancement, especially in February, May and late September, but more in self-created situations than along established lines. February will also give a major boost to your love-life while March will be busy and varied, but don't be rash with cash in April, however good the Budget (and it promises to be good). Late summer could bring an unexpected drain on your resources so you'll need to have something in hand.

The going gets tougher through autumn as obstacles and others' resistance slow you down, but if you lay solid foundations earlier in the year, you should be able to triumph ultimately.



Jerry Dammers has sp
following the split of t
with the controversial
Specials AKA. In this e
split, his music and hi

INTERVIEW: NEIL SPENC

IF JERRY DAMMERS has any New Year resolutions, writ large among them will be to spend a lot less of his time in recording studios and more of it onstage.

After all, he has just spent all of 1982 in the studio: Practically every waking minute, locked in with the mixing desk, the baffle boards, the boomirg playback speakers and its airless, time-warping atmosphere. The whole year long . . . at least, that's how it *feels* to him.

For a man who claims to "really dislike studios" it must have been an uncomfortable 12 months.

"Music should reflect your life," he says. "When it *becomes* your life, it's a problem. You can end up making records about records, singing songs about the bleedin' mixing desk . . ."

Dammers had first dived into the retreat of the studios at the tail-end of '81 as a response to the crack-up of The Specials and the grand exit of the Fun Boy Three.

While the vocal trio strode stylishly into the New Year to the promising fanfare of 'Lunatics' and thereafter straight onto the TV screens and radio playlists, their former partner stayed determinedly underground — literally — dug in with The Specials duo of John 'Brad' Bradbury and Horace Gentleman on drums and bass respectively, the latter having since departed in a less than amicable split.

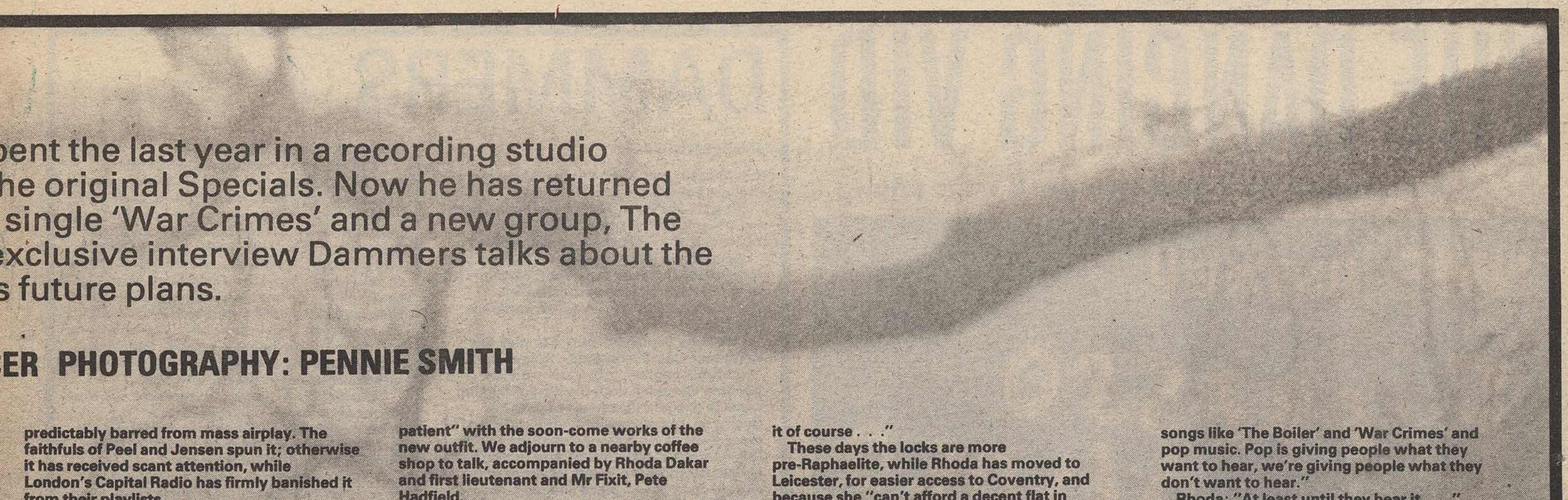
"The idea was that we would carry on the musical ideas of the group working as a rhythm section and see what turned up vocally. We put down 12 rhythm tracks but putting on the vocals has been a lot more difficult than we anticipated. It's been a difficult year to complete things."

Despite the difficulties, the year wound up sandwiched by a pair of Special AKA releases that bit harder and deeper than most of what had arrived in between their respective release dates. The very first week of the year saw Rhoda Dakar's powerful anti-rape song, 'The Boiler' set a raw end in the nation's nervous system ajangle, its appearance coinciding uncannily with a media flap over rape and the way victims were treated by police and beaks alike.

The disc wasn't actually *played* much on radio, but Radio One had phone-in debates based round its howls of anguish and Rhoda herself "became an expert on the subject overnight", as she puts it.

Special silence wasn't to be broken again until December when Dammers finally settled on a mix of 'War Crimes' long enough for it to become the first release of The Special AKA. Again, it was a chilling comment on a delicate social and political issue, an uncompromising indictment of the decisions that led to the massacre of hundreds of Palestinian refugees in war-torn Beirut, and again, it was

the invisible



pent the last year in a recording studio
he original Specials. Now he has returned
single 'War Crimes' and a new group, The
exclusive interview Dammers talks about the
s future plans.

ER PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH

predictably barred from mass airplay. The faithfuls of Peel and Jensen spun it; otherwise it has received scant attention, while London's Capital Radio has firmly banished it from their playlists.

IN THE WAKE of 'War Crimes' and the announcement of the new look Special AKA, Dammers is now busy re-adjusting his public profile from low-to-invisible to high-enough-to-let-them-know-we're here.

He's clearly finding it an exacting business.

Where others in his position would be bursting with loud declarations of intent, and running every which way to ensure the world knew of their plans, Dammers seems content to let the new-style group grow at its own pace. Perhaps he's not even that sure himself of the way in which they should unfold themself to the public, or maybe it's just a distrust of the music business and its machinations that comes from watching one of the finest bands in the land fall asunder at the very pinnacle of their commercial and artistic success.

"The trouble with The Specials breaking up when they did," he says, "is that we didn't follow through what we'd done with 'Ghost Town'. I feel we should have carried on, you have to follow something like that through . . ."

Dammers is, in fact, adamant that the new group will "continue where The Specials left off . . ." and though the group is made up of predominantly fresh faces, it seems that only legal complications with the name prevented the combo going out as The Specials.

"It's built on the same principles," he tells me, "of a multi-racial line-up mixing together different styles of music."

There are, in fact, major differences between the old and new groups, and even to talk about Dammers in the central role of Special AKA is to court misunderstanding: "Part of the reason for The Specials' split was the amount of attention that was paid to me, and the other three resented it. I can understand why, it was Jerry this and Jerry that — even now, if I produce a group like The Apollinaires I get dragged into the headlines, when I actually did nothing except stand there in the studio . . ."

Not only is Dammers determined that Special AKA will pursue a more egalitarian and democratic course, he has also abandoned the idea of any fixed line-up for the new group.

"It will be a lot more fluid, it's a bit like Rip Rig & Panic in that respect, though not musically. It won't always be the same people doing lead vocals, there'll be plenty of guest musicians, though it will be based round me, Brad, John, Gary and Rhoda."

Dammers certainly doesn't behave like any group mastermind; in fact he often seems reluctant to take any credit at all, or to respond to questions pitched in his direction. He has, he later admits, been in a state of nervous apprehension at the thought of his first interview in the 15 months or so since the Specials' split. Even now he's only consenting to talk to *NME* on this occasion "to promote the record . . . well, let's face it, the music press is basically only advertising sheets for the record companies."

WE MEET AT the West End offices of Chrysalis Records — who continue to handle the still intact 2-Tone label and whom Dammers credits as having been "very patient" with the soon-come works of the new outfit. We adjourn to a nearby coffee shop to talk, accompanied by Rhoda Dakar and first lieutenant and Mr Fixit, Pete Hadfield.

Prior to this meeting I'd encountered Dammers only briefly on a couple of his sporadic forays into London's niteries and at last summer's WOMAD fest (which, incidentally, he thought was "just like America" to my complete bafflement).

He'd struck me as a fellow of refreshingly direct, if not downright dour, approach, the bluntness of his manner being matched only by the outspokeness of his sartorial style, which tended to mix gentle English checks and dogtooths with loud shirts of tropical hue. Recent pictures had shown him sporting a giraffe pattern beaver hat of generous proportions, and today he was similarly on form with a drab car coat offset by a garish orange shirt and trousers cut at a severe halfmast.

He also wears the slightly fuddled, faintly bemused air of a Jerry Lewis style nutty professor, called in from his laboratory to explain his latest experiments. As he studies a particularly goofy portrait of himself he flashes one of those zany, gap-toothed grins and giggles.

"That's my trouble," he says. "I read too many *Mad* magazines when I was young. Look at that — pure Alfred E Newman."

The open-ended, fluid nature of the new line-up is mirrored by the way in which Dammers' own residency ebbs backwards and forwards between Coventry and London. He's still nominally based in Coventry, but admits he spends more than half his time these days in the capital, having so far baulked at actually moving to London full time — "I don't really know anyone down here." The new line-up also reflects the division, being drawn from both cities.

Guitarist John Shipley, described by Dammers as "one of the best things about the new group, the best guitarist in the world," and by Rhoda as "the only guitarist who can play a solo and not make you feel sick" — is an old friend from Coventry.

Stan Campbell, one of the group's three vocalists, is also a Coventry musician whom Dammers met in the noted nosherie of Noel's Cafe after a friend had asked him "who's the Grace Jones lookalike". The Midlands connection also supplied bassist Gary McManus who had joined local group The Defendants after a spell at Warwick University.

Rhoda herself became involved with Dammers via The Bodysnatchers, the all-girl 2-Tone signing that was subsequently to mutate into The Belle Stars, albeit without the young Dakar. Tall, slim, and haughty and friendly by turns, Rhoda comes from South London, one of a musical family (her father was a singer), and dates her entrance into showbusiness from the age of ten when she performed at Madame Yandi's School Of Dance, though Dammers chucklingly recalls the very first Bodysnatchers' concert in Camden Town.

"Rhoda had a beehive at the time and she said 'I'm the rudest of all rude girls because I've got the tallest hair."

Rhoda blanches at the memory. "I used to like The Rezillos," she says, "so on my eighteenth birthday I went out and dressed like Fay Fife. Then it caught up with me and became fashionable, so I had to keep on doing it of course . . ."

These days the locks are more pre-Raphaelite, while Rhoda has moved to Leicester, for easier access to Coventry, and because she "can't afford a decent flat in Brixton, even though I'd much rather live there. London is so sophisticated and so wonderful that maybe you have to rough it for a while to appreciate it."

It was Rhoda who introduced Ejiddio Newton, another South Londoner, into the current line-up. The two had met when teenage Bowie fans, both camping on the doorstep of David's London homestead. Ejiddio had sung with several local bands before joining Animal Nightlife, only to exit a few months later and gain a free transfer into the Special AKA on backing vocals.

Others on the fringes of the outfit include violinist Nick Parker — who actually played on 'War Crimes' — and Johnny Taylor, who is seen playing violin on the video thereof, and who may well play with the group on future sessions.

So how self-conscious was the decision to draft women into the new group, it being only a fortnight since Rhoda wrote in the *NME* round-up of '82 that "women in the music business have become less representative and more a parody of themselves"?

Jerry: "It definitely gives more balance, just gets the group away from that macho thing."

Rhoda: "It just seems sensible, though personally it seems funny to be in a group with a load of blokes. I never thought I'd miss female company but I do. Everyone starts hiding in the corner of the changing rooms. I'd never realised before how shy men are."

"WAR CRIMES' serves powerful notice of the new group's intent, providing welcome assurance that Dammers has lost neither his musical inventiveness or his willingness and ability to tackle social and political subjects.

"Bombs to settle arguments, the order of the boot

Can you hear them crying in the rubble of Beirut

I can still see people dying, now who takes the blame

The numbers are different, the crime is still the same . . ."

After such a long delay it was surely a surprising choice of song for a comeback single, with its unorthodox, offbeat rhythm and a set of lyrics to see it banished from the airwaves.

"To be honest," says Dammers, "I find it hard to write unless there's something that makes me angry . . . it was more topical but it got delayed. I actually wrote the rhythm a year ago and recorded the rhythm track nine months back, but the lyrics obviously only got written three months ago.

"The fact that it's not going to get played is not a reason for not releasing it, although a lot of groups would feel there's no point releasing something that wouldn't get the exposure necessary to get it into the charts.

"The idea musically was to do something based on reggae with a 5/4 rhythm, five beats to the bar instead of four, and it has a heartbeat rhythm to it as well. There's an Arabic feel to it — I actually got the idea when I visited Cairo and saw them dancing to 5/4. It may sound odd when you first hear it, but in fact it's great to dance to because there's more going on.

"I suppose there's a conflict there between songs like 'The Boiler' and 'War Crimes' and pop music. Pop is giving people what they want to hear, we're giving people what they don't want to hear."

Rhoda: "At least until they hear it . . ."

Jerry: "A lot of people don't want to hear about rape or Beirut I know; It's the same thing with the Fun Boys' new one — people don't want to hear about Northern Ireland. In that sense it isn't pop music."

What other songs do you have finished for the LP?

"I'm not even sure it's gonna be an LP yet! Ummm . . . there's one about places like the Camden Palace, where the people are so posey they're not actually getting on with each other really. I think there are a lot of very isolated people there, nobody seems to be actually talking to each other. I dunno, I go and stand there and stare at the disco and go home. Everyone just watches each other.

"It was quite funny — there were all these disco people there at the end, swirling round with medallions on . . ."

Rhoda: "I don't mind it there, you couldn't take it seriously but you could go down there with some friends and have a laugh."

Jerry: "I agree with what that bloke said about it — it's like bringing a Birmingham wine bar to London. *(Laughs.)*

So what kind of music does Dammers listen to these days?

"Not much actually. I don't get the chance, I'm in the studio all the time."

So you don't hear the new stuff, modern groups?

"No. Any group that holds down a chord on a synthesiser for more than a quarter of a second I refuse to listen to on principle. That wipes most groups out doesn't it? *(Shouts of "Luddite" from Rhoda)* It's that horrible orchestral sound that's meant to sound like strings *(He drones in a suitably offputting pitch.)* I like some of the synthesisers on funk, where they use it as a percussive sound."

WE ENTER A ramble about the state of the musical art in the '80s, with Dammers protesting ignorance about affairs into his coffee inbetween cracks about those he has witnessed. Had we seen the glasses of the bass player in A Flock Of Seagulls — very reminiscent of The Sweet in their later clothes. Rhoda mentions Grandmother Flash. Dammers perks up. "They really *do* wear The Sweet's old clothes, don't they?" he guffaws.

"I like listening to African music," he continues. "although I don't know what any of the names are."

Does this mean we can expect to hear, um, African influences on The Special AKA album?

"A *slight* African influence maybe — those 'Ay-ohs' on 'War Crimes' are a bit African I suppose. It might be an influence on the *next* LP," he laughs. "Some of these rhythm tracks have been around so long there's a danger that . . . well, we ought to get 'em finished."

Do you still listen to a lot of reggae. It seems to be at an all-time low at the moment.

"Well, Greg Isaacs. He's something of a hero. When you see him live it's great because he's singing from the heart, singing love songs from the heart; you know he means what he's singing about. Whereas you go and see ABC or a lot of English bands and you

CONTINUES OVER

profile shapes up

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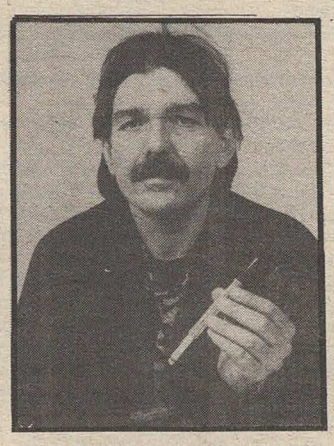

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DAMMERS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

don't know how much they're taking the piss and just being sarcastic.

"Reggae isn't trendy at the moment, but I don't suppose that bothers most reggae musicians, they just carry on regardless."

Hopefully the new line-up will not be too long in making their live debut; certainly the long lay-off from stage work has left Dammers hungry to play for an audience again.

"It would have been better to play live before making the records," opines Rhoda.

Dammers agrees. "Too many bands become obsessed with the idea of making records once they're involved with the business, whereas recordings should just be recordings of what the group plays live. I've fallen into that trap myself, you're thinking in terms of what's produced, whereas what you should do is go in a place and play. The majority of bands I see today, say like ABC, are very involved with making records, and make great records, but when they go and play the live it doesn't work, it's like watching a disco. They're not really in touch with an audience."

Do you miss that live experience then?

"Yeah I do. Unfortunately in The Specials we overdid it and so it became like work. That's one thing I'll never forgive our management for because the greatest thing about that group was the live shows. It became like, Oh no, we haven't got to play again ... whereas that was the whole point when we started. I think records are a bit outdated."

But what else can you do except make records?

"You don't really get anything out of a record, you don't see people dancing, don't see their faces. You're not really communicating. The only real boost is to actually see people reacting to your music. You're removed from the listener. The only comeback I've had on 'War Crimes' is a couple of reviews. Very nice reviews, but it's not the same as doing it live.

"What happens is that the business removes musicians from an audience, they end up trying to sell you as a piece of plastic, or as the cover of a magazine. It's hard to explain but it dehumanises you and turns you into product that people buy or sell. And I resent that."

Did you find that The Specials' American tours knocked it out of you?

"Yes, especially the first one was ridiculous. I've only just gotten over it now, that period. We did six nights, two shows a night at the Whiskey A Go Go. It was all *way* before time; probably if we were going there now it would be about right. In fact, we lost fortunes going to America, it was a financial disaster, on top of which it caused such great strain.

"There was another US tour planned that I just refused to go on. Eventually it was the issue of whether we went to America that broke up the band."

Is America a false goal then?

"I don't particularly like it. If you're English it's misleading, because you think because they speak English it's like England, but the whole culture's different. Probably France is nearer to England in cultural terms."

Rhoda: "I thought it was a horrible place. I couldn't figure out why they couldn't understand anything I said. I'll never forget that gig in Canada ..."

"Oh, the one with The Police," says Dammers taking up the tale. "The stage alone was the size of Wembley. They had golf buggies and minibuses to take you from the dressing room to the stage. If you're playing to an audience that size they might as well be watching a video because all they see is like one inch high matchstick men with very loud voices ..."

YOU OBVIOUSLY still have an enormous amount of affection for the Specials days, despite all the pressures of the American tours and the bad feeling that surrounded the bust-up. Do you think that the group achieved what they set out to?

Dammers curls inwards and looks thoughtful for an uncomfortable length of time.

"I really don't know to what extent we were successful," he says at last. "I think the 2-Tone business just got on top of everyone in the end, we just got caught up in fashion, and even fascism with the skinhead thing, which we set out to subvert originally, to sort of infiltrate it. It's hard to know what the final effect was.

"As I said I do think we should have followed through 'Ghost Town', but you can't repeat it. I suppose we could rewrite 'Ghost Town' but now you have to look at things on a more international level, which is what we're trying to do with the new one ...

"The Fun Boy Three seem to be getting back into it with their new record. Funnily enough Lynval came up and said, Any time you want any singing done, me and Terry'll do it. And I thought, Oh no ... *(laughs)*.

"I blame the manager for the split-up of The Specials. It wasn't so much a split-up as a carve-up, he knew I didn't want to work with him ..."

So what have been the most depressing moments for you, as a musician?

"The most depressing was when this Pakistani bloke got stabbed to death a couple of streets away from where I live in Coventry.

"Another was when we played the Stardust Ballroom in Dublin and there were no risers for the drum kit so we couldn't allow the kids on stage because it was too dangerous. Then the audience started saying how come we let the English kids onstage and we wouldn't let the Irish kids? And they started fighting with the bouncers. That was horrific. The bouncers had these rubber hoses lined with lead shot, that was the worst night of my life. The whole place burned down a week after that.

"The stabbing brought home to me the true horror of racism. If kids think that's something to do with being a skinhead then I just don't want anything to do with it. It was quite an identity crisis at the time.

"I think the thing about the working class image that The Specials had when they started ... well, I'm not working class (Dammers' father is a vicar), and neither is Horace. We were trying to fit into something and eventually it became really tense."

Are you reluctant to be famous Jerry?

Another long pause.

"It depends what I'm famous for, as simple as that. As long as you're a musician you're alright, it's when people become distracted into 'stardom' that the problems start."

Rhoda: "The myth of how wonderful it is to be in a band should be broken down."

"Jerry: "It's like that video of Duran Duran in Rio de Janeiro and they've obviously paid these models vast amounts to hang out with them. It makes you wonder how much they pay their girlfriends to go out with them (a touch of bitterness there).

"That was what was so good about punk when it came out, there were so many local bands it was more like a folk music. Gradually the technology has taken over, that and the way people have ended up obsessed with chart positions. Then you lose the reason why you're were working in the first place."

THE TALK drifts back to Coventry, to ghost towns, to unemployment.

"Coventry is a very sad place," says Pete Hadfield. "There are lots of people that used to be the highest earners in the country who have dropped from the top of the working class pay league to below the bottom and they just can't understand why; they're just doing nothing and they can't cope with it."

"There ought to be more pressure for the unemployed to get a decent wage," says Jerry. "If the political system requires that they are unemployed then they should be paid, because they're still contributing to society. And people could then choose if they worked or not. But the only people who can help are those with jobs, and they're all scared of losing them. The unemployed don't even have the right to strike, all they can do is protest. It all comes down to unity. That's still what I believe in and what The Special AKA are all about, unity."

It's still too early to say just how Jerry Dammers' new experiment in modern music will work out; the fluid line-up, the incessant hours in the studio that will make up the group's first LP.

What is certain is that Dammers still commands a deep and enduring respect, both for his ever inventive musicianship, and the way he is prepared to fly in the face of the fashionable wisdoms of the moment and hold out for something a little more demanding, a little more human, in his work. The man's humour, his fascination for the kitschy freaky excess of supermarket muzak, his desire to work on film soundtracks, these too will not be lost. He's just that bit Special.

Sign of the Times

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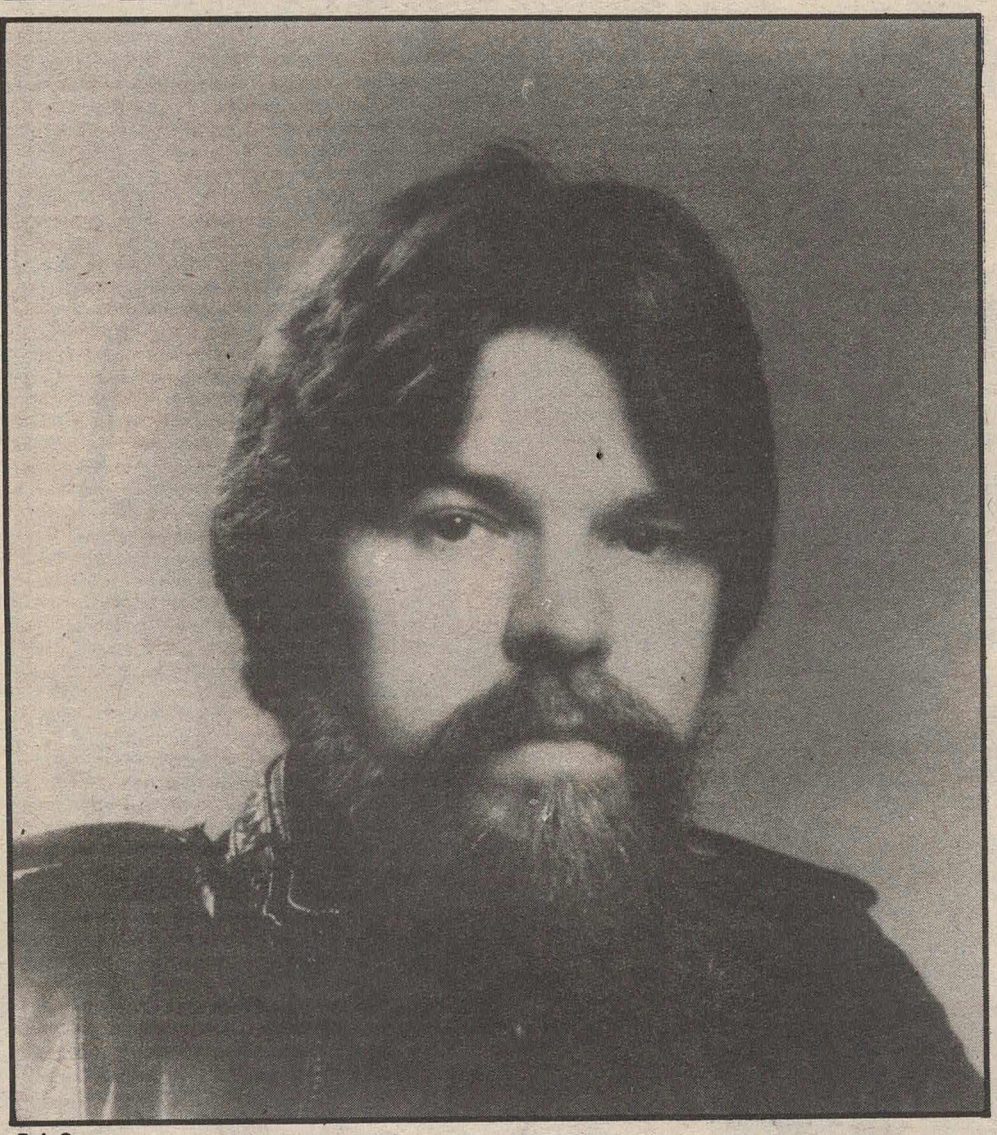

Bob Seger

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND

The Distance (Capitol)

THE RECENT US chart successes of Springsteen, Geils and relative newcomer John Cougar demonstrates that American worship of the great god Raaack'n'Rawl continues undiminished.

And now the Big Daddy of the early '70s wave challenges us to go 'The Distance'.

Assisted by a few good ol' boys and a host of session heavyweights, 'The Distance' shows Bob returning to his old form after a somewhat lacklustre spell. And the essence of his "old form" is rough-hewn sentimentality. It's also sentimentality that finds room in my heart (though seldom on my turntable) for this big beat of a man who has kept the faith for so long. In the same way, I'll applaud Jerry Lee Lewis or Ronnie Hawkins without actually feeling the need to listen to their recent output. I'm just glad they're still around.

The album is well-paced and evenly balanced between rockers and weepies. 'Even Now' kicks off magnificently, an epic paean to the girl who's keepin' Bob straight and strong. With a mighty Spectoresque backbeat and the East Street Band's Roy Bittan playing stirring piano, you can shut your eyes and almost hear the Boss himself. Side two's 'Roll Me Away' is similarly Springsteenian, and adds another mile to Bob's endless road.

On Rodney Crowell's 'Shame On The Moon', Seger contemplates the ineffable mysteries of Love whilst crying into his Jack Daniels, but goes cringingly over the top on 'Love's The Last To Know', which is so schmaltzy as to rot your teeth.

The gung-ho 'Makin' Thunderbirds' boogies down memory lane to his Detroit background. But compare it to another song with a similar theme — Captain Beefheart singing Jack Nitzsche and Ry Cooder's 'Hard Workin' Man' from Paul Schrader's movie *Blue Collar* — and Seger's soft centre is revealed. Too often he slips into the sugary homespun wisdom of a country hack, unrelieved by that genuinely exhilarating R&B treatment as favoured by, say, Johnnie Taylor in his Stax days.

Fortunately the lows are outnumbered by the highs, Seger deals with cliches, but with great gusto and not a little invention, such as inspires one of the album's best tracks, 'House Behind A House'. Powered by Russ Kunkel's consistently excellent drumming, Bob's breast-beating voice and keening harmonies counterpoint a grunting guitar riff to create a sense of mounting excitement, and saxophonist Alto Reed's fruity King Curtis/Junior Walker retread solos ice the cake of old-fashioned rock'n'roll celebration.

Hidebound for sure, but its heart beats loud and proud.

Mat Snow

THE SHOES

Boomerang (Elektra)

SO SUFFUSED with the glow of innocence just crossing the border into knowledge and disillusion, so steeped in classic pop virtues, The Shoes are an American version of what The Undertones at least started out as: explorers of the adolescent psyche. They chronicle the sweet hurts and first stirrings of love, and impart in vivid terms what a mammoth adventure the first rounds of girl or boy chasing seem to us to be.

Their debut album, 'Black Vinyl Shoes', recorded in brothers Jeff and John Murphey's small-town Illinois living room and released on PVC in 1978, was an absolutely classic evocation of sexual and social awakening. It was a distinctive record, marked by a unique sound and blessed with delicious melodies that stood out and demanded notice.

After signing with Elektra the group got saddled with producers (whether by the company's design or their own I don't know) and the partnerships did not allow the personality of The Shoes to come through. Their first two albums for Elektra failed to capture their charm.

With 'Boomerang' The Shoes are once again producing themselves, and once again they sound like themselves.

No one song stands out here in the way 'Boys Don't Lie' and 'Capitol Gains' did on the debut. But days after my first playing of this I was humming one snatch of melody from 'Curiosity' and fondly remembering the haunting sound of 'Tested Charms', a shadowy interplay of soft edges and blurred lines of memory, the sound of the sadness of growing up.

But the pleasures of 'Boomerang' aren't so much in its individual songs as in the appreciation of a work that is of a piece, an album of stylistic cohesion and melodic gift and singular vision. This is not an album to set the mind racing or the heart on fire. It's for quiet admiration, not passionate absorption. But its skill and accomplishment give a rare, easily accepted kind of pleasure.

The Shoes are growing up, and getting more sophisticated. The viewpoint of the songs is shifting from adolescent puzzlement to adult knowing. Even when double-dealing girlfriends are still the main topic, The Shoes never couch their complaints in the vain misogynist terms that are the lowest common denominator of rock and roll swagger. Theirs is a pointed but sensitive — even touching — lyricism hymning love and friendship, gain and loss.

And theirs is also a crystal clear distillation of pop spirits, harmonies and chords. They are classicists, not innovators, but their goods songs (most of this album) sound completely fresh.

Check out the way, in 'Curiosity', they rephrase the old dilemmas of coming to grips with people's insincerity in terms that are so recognisably honest and open. Or check out the really magic richness of emotion and texture they fashion (in 'The Summer Rain') out of jangly guitars, dreamy vocals and a catchy chorus.

For all its beauties, this is an unassuming record, and The Shoes will probably remain a commercially marginal proposition until they make a record that shouts its quality less quietly. But I'd never urge them to change. I just hope that one of those gems of a melody they carry in them will take the leap into life as a hit single. Meanwhile 'Boomerang' is a temperate but satisfying pleasure.

Richard Grabel

RINGING OUT THE OLD, SINGING IN THE NEW

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON

Blast! (A&M)

EVER SINCE their launch in 1976 as axe-toting funk mercenaries trained in the Quincy Jones school of hard licks, George and Louis Johnson have run a slick, superficial operation. Yet somehow, along the way they've managed to come up with the occasional pearl . . . about six, in fact. And they're all here.

Whether the Bros couldn't manage to come up with an entire ten-track hits LP, or whether they couldn't muster sufficient material for a new set, the fact is 'Blast!' is a curious but compelling hybrid of old and new.

Running backwards chronologically from four new tracks via Johnson hits, it finishes with its finest moment, their beautifully understated pop-soul debut, 'I'll Be Good To You'. En route you get a clutch of neat funk gems — Ain't We Funkin' Now', 'Get The Funk Out Ma Face' and the irresistible 'Stomp!', built around an abrupt riff not unadjacent to Shalamar's 'Friends' — plus. the driving Isleys-ish swing of 'The Real Thing' and the Brothers' supremely sly interpretation of Shuggie Otis's masterpiece, 'Strawberry Letter 23'.

But the real good news is the four new songs. Far from padding, they almost match up to the rest — particularly George Johnson's haunting but hard-edged 'The Awaking'. When the Johnsons do their *real* greatest hits, that'll definitely be there. The only odd thing about these four tracks is that George and Louis only actually appear *together* on one of them. Whereas George used to guitar and Louis used to bass, now they each demonstrate equal sharpness at both, in turns. No love lost here . . .

These days Christmas seems to bring a couple of invaluable sets a year from people whose albums you wouldn't normally bother with. Last year there was The Doobie Brothers' elegant 'Best Of . . . Vol II' and the long, narrow perspective of 'The Best Of Dave Edmunds'. This time, the metallic pop of Foreigner's 'Records' collection and now the crafty, crafted funk of The Brothers Johnson. A six-year career with all the boring bits edited out — what more could you ask?

Phil McNeill

The Brothers Johnson

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Pillows And Prayers (Cherry Red 1982-1983)

A RELATIVELY frequent occurrence in the affluent '70s, this kind of ultra-cheap sampler phenomenon has been all but interred these last few years thanks to the dreaded scourge of the poverty-stricken phonographic industry — rising costs.

The 'Cash Cows' compilation, released by Virgin two years ago, was the last such offering; and in comparison to 'Cash Cows', a tacky assemblage featuring an incongruous pairing of 'name' bands like Gillan and Japan, 'Pillows And Prayers' comes across as positively essential.

From the cream-tea politico politeness of The Monochrome Set's 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauens' — a masterly recording originally released as a single on Rough Trade — to the coy electronic bravado of 'XOYO' by The Passage, from 'Don't Blink', another testimony to The Nightingales' peculiar brand of dirt-track pop trucking, to the spiralling psychedelia and barely suppressed hysterical guitars of The Misunderstood and their 'I Unseen', 'Pillows And Prayers' presents a dizzy collection of highlights from a gaggle of vastly underrated talents.

So it goes, through the velvet touch of Felt and 'My Face Is On Fire' and Kevin Coyne's urbane drawl through the melancholy waters of 'Love In Your Heart', until it becomes icreasingly apparent that 'Pillows And Prayers' is an important showcase in its own right — regardless of the price.

Of course, there are a few disaster areas and plain old fillers. . .but what do you expect from a down-to-earth 17 track album? The obligatory Indie trash — an entire population of which was recklessly contracted during the post-punk Independents' day — finds its dog-eared way onto 'Pillows And Prayers' in the shapes and deformities of Five Or Six and Joe Crow.

But ultimately even the direst of roughshed invective that Atilla serves up — the Stockbroker sneaks in his own eat-to-the-beat style saucy jibe in 'A Band And A Wimpey' from his 'Rough, Raw 'n' Ranting' thing — blends in with the wallpaper in deference to the all-pervading pastel romanticism of the Marine Girls/Tracey Thorn/Everything But The Girl/Ben Watt collective. Contributing a song apiece, these four place 'Pillows And Prayers' yards ahead of any compilation this year.

Amrik Rai

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Birth Of The Y (Y Records)

ANY FAN of the compilation album will know that too often time drags between favourites. Tracks can be included with the sole purpose of carrying the listener, as unobtrusively as possible, to the hole in the middle. Not so here.

Y have brought together samplers from their various acts, many of which are the result of a particular project rather than anything as pedestrian as 'a band' — take for example Disconnection, an anonymous group of people who'd rather stay that way. You could do a lot worse with your time than listen to their rendition of Rodgers & Hammerstein's 'Bali Ha'i'.

So too with the other tracks, if Y didn't release them, no one else would. Each is a word in your ear to disorientate and derange — and does so deliciously.

There's Shriekback's 'Despite Dense Weed', 'Searching For A Feeling' from Maximum Joy, and 'Ungawa Pt 2' from New York all-girl band Pulsallama. Hovering

Anthony Braxton *Illustration: Ian Wright*

OUT OF THE CLINIC

ANTHONY BRAXTON

Open Aspects '82 (hat ART)

THIS IS an important record, for besides featuring some of Anthony Braxton's most committed and tantalising saxophone playing in a long time it positions synthesisers — played here by Richard Teitelbaum, Braxton's sole partner on all four sides — in a genuine improvising context: a rare feat indeed.

Teitelbaum has recorded in tandem with the reedman before (on Arista's 'Time Zones') and he contributed the hallucinatory overtones to George Lewis' splendid 'Homage To Charles Parker'; but this beautifully recorded set is the clearest idea of a properly combative acoustic / electric pairing. Sonic collages of impressionist character colonise the aural space as frequently as the bug-swarm flourish that Teitelbaum summons to choke and splinter the oft-trodden course of the synth hack. A status of intelligence and provocation is granted to an instrument usually treated as trick-box.

Braxton, as if freed from his increasingly clinical group music of recent years, sounds refreshed and stretched to tougher form by the context. On 'Number 2' he travels the distance of a lyric variation with great thought and tenderness, yet is elsewhere challenged to the kind of tempestuous violence that reminds us of the player who stunned everybody 15 years ago with 'For Alto'. It's mostly alto again here, although there are a few entries on the shrill pippin tones of the sopranino. 'Number 3' gives that elfin reed the identity of a furious sprite, imprisoned by the stamp and glisten of the electric tones.

Pastel and crayon replace print-out: delicate fluting and true passion co-exist. In 'Number 1.1' and 'Number 1.2' the argument of improvisation speaks with exceptional strength, and the queer elegance of the sax-synth sound has its own special fascination. I repeat: an important record.

Richard Cook

around the periphery of general acceptability are the Promenaders who specialise in appearing at places like Brighton beach (where their track 'Stranger On The Shore' was recorded), Tymon Dogg who hasn't been heard on vinyl for some six years, until Y that is. There's also the bewildering wailing of Mouth — rarities all. Among others there's an excerpt from avant garde jazz genius Sun Ra's 'Strange Celestial Road'.

This album won't have you bopping 'til you drop, or boogieing all night long, but I'm sure you will smile, at least once.

Regine Moylett

THE HAPPY FAMILY

The Man On Your Street (4AD)

IF YOU demand that your music pursues a single line, you'd be better to steer clear of The Happy Family — this is not the easiest album with which to achieve a state of peaceful coexistence.

'The Man On Your Street' plays a constant cerebral game with the listener — and The Happy Family change the rules with each diverse, eclectic instalment in the album's pseudo-story.

The album invites you to chase after its meaning, only to turn around and laugh in your face at the end.

It's presented ostensibly as a latter-day concept album, outlining the career of a twisted political careerist known as Dictator Hall. But in the end the 'concept' dissolves in a sneering snatch of laughter.

This is simply a very funny album.

Containing the rhythm section of the late and sadly unlamented Joseph K this band seem to have fallen heir to the black humour that seeped from the best of K.

The opening scenario of 'The Salesman' sets a happy sing-song mood of quirky Englishness drawing a cunning comparison between door-to-door detergent pushing and crusading evangelism.

The surrealistic twist is turned with 'Letter From Hall' into the malicious eccentricity of 'The Luckiest Citizen' which insidious melody climaxes with the glorious verbosity of the final lines: *"it's only commonsensical magnetic magic menstrual/my Mata Hari meritocracy"*. Lyrical slapstick par excellence.

At its worst the album loses its momentum in a flat sound that borders on dullness; at its best it barbs your brain with a bristle of deadly hooks — its theatrical flourish underpinned with a sharp jazzy dislocation dance.

A parody of near perfection for anyone who finds the promise of Joseph K conspicuously lacking in the solo work of Paul Haig.

Don Watson

THE (HYPOTHETICAL) PROPHETS

Around The World With The Prophets (Hypothetical)

A WORLDLY pair of rather intellectual jesters, these Prophets. They make repetitive electronic music (lots of drone, tape-loop effects, 'found-noises') and it's something sinister and intriguing, other times just vaguely amusing and less than essential. On the whole, sad to say, this first album sounds better on paper than it does on a record-player.

Songs include "the harmonic manifesto of the Anti Lead Legislation Lobby", "an anthem to the meteorological service of the BBC" and *Time Out's* Lonely Hearts column put to music. Well fair enough, but only the duo's two singles ('Wallenberg' and 'Back To The Burner', both included here) capture a chilly mood that's more compelling than sophisticated whimsy.

Paul Du Noyer

"THE JOINT IS JUMPING!"
TIME OUT

"OUTSTANDING GLORIOUS...TRULY ELECTRIC"
Financial Times

"Smart chicks — cool cats — the boys are played by the McGann brothers born with enough talent for a whole generation"
Daily Express

"THE DARTS—TOP CLASS"
Financial Times

"Hot strong and Loud"

"MANNA FROM HEAVEN"
City Limits

"Splendid show-stopping climaxes"
Time Out

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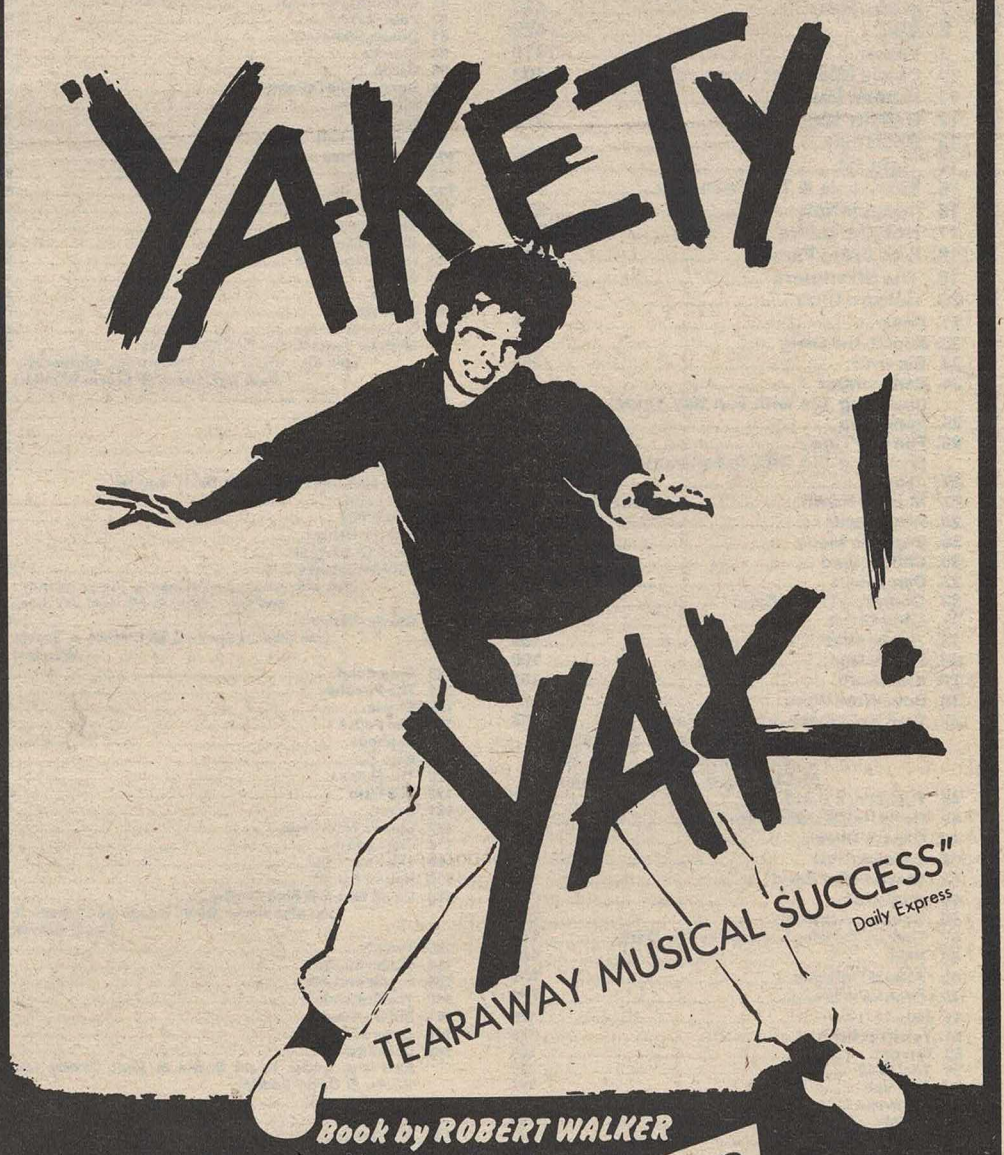

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Singles artists

MADNESS HAVE emerged once again as the country's most consistent hitmakers, topping our annual table of chart singles for the second time in three years.

The nutty boys of North London secured their winning total of 580 points by virtue of five different singles — 'It Must Be Love', 'Cardiac Arrest', 'House Of Fun', 'Driving In My Car' and the current 'Our House' hit. In pipping last year's winner Adam Ant for the number one spot, the band underline their stature as the most successful singles act of the early '80s — they topped this list at the end of 1980 and managed fourth place last year.

The one band who might have given them a run for their money were The Jam. Weller's Woking Wonders released three singles before the big split, all of which reached the number one spot, and they would certainly have improved on their final position of joint third place had they been more prolific.

Although the top three of Madness, Adam and The Jam have all been around for a year or two, the list is full of new names. Of the more successful new acts, many are the product of the intense clubland activity of 1981 — the funk and electro influenced grooves of Duran Duran, Soft Cell, ABC, Yazoo, Haircut, Imagination and Culture Club all make the top twenty.

Lower down the ladder, some of the big names of yesteryear would seem to have lost some of their lustre. Who would have thought, a couple of years ago, that the likes of Earth Wind And Fire, UB40, The Boomtown Rats, Kate Bush and Elvis Costello would be less successful hitmakers than the Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Final Squad?

A total of 206 different acts appeared in the *NME* chart this year, easily beating last year's 190, the lowest total ever, while the actual number of singles, 336, is the highest since our chart service began in the dim and distant past.

Madness: top singles sellers again

1982 CHART POINTS

1. MADNESS 580
2. ADAM ANT 496
   (including 108 by Adam & The Ants and 59 by The Original Adam & The Ants)
3. DURAN DURAN 468
3. SOFT CELL 468
3. THE JAM 468
6. Shakin' Stevens 449
7. Bucks Fizz 438
8. ABC 429
9. Yazoo 410
10. Dexys Midnight Runners 402
11. Human League 397
12. Haircut 100 392
13. Shalamar 382
14. Tight Fit 380
15. Kid Creole & The Coconuts 352
16. Imagination 322
17. Hot Chocolate 317
18. Kids From Fame 316
18. The Stranglers 316
20. Culture Club 314
21. Dollar 302
22. Kool & The Gang 290
23. Survivor 258
24. Bananarama 257
    (including 124 with Fun Boy Three)
25. Irene Cara 251
26. Fun Boy Three 242
    (including 144 with Babanarama)
27. Japan 299
28. Musical Youth 220
29. Roxy Music 211
30. Depeche Mode 210
30. Cliff Richard 210
32. Diana Ross 209
33. Goombay Dance Band 193
33. Eddy Grant 193
33. The Beatles 193
36. Status Quo 190
37. Kraftwerk 185
38. Bow Wow Wow 184
39. Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder 182
    (Both Artists also appear separately; additionally, see under Paul McCartney & Michael Jackson)
40. Fat Larry's Band 181
41. Daryl Hall & John Oates 180
42. Chas & Dave 178
42. Julio Iglesias 178
42. Steve Miller Band 178
45. Shakatak 176
46. Rockers Revenge 171
47. Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark 170
48. PhD 169
49. Altered Images 167
49. Dionne Warwick 167
51. Abba 165
51. Tears For Fears 165
53. Odyssey 161
54. Toni Basil 159
55. Charlene 157
57. Ultravox 156
58. Junior 148
59. Jon & Vangelis 147
60. Christopher Cross 146
61. J. Geils Band 145
62. Chicago 144
63. Joan Jett & The Blackhearts 139
63. Spandau Ballet 139
65. Evelyn King 138
66. Dire Straits 136
66. Visage 136
66. Wham! 136
69. Meatloaf 135
70. Nicole 131
71. Simple Minds 129
72. England World Cup Squad 128
72. Iron Maiden 128
74. Modern Romance 125
75. Foreigner 124
76. Boystown Gang 121
76. Barry Manilow 121
78. Renee & Renato 120
79. Scottish World Cup Squad 119
79. Trio 119
81. Carly Simon 116
82. Marvin Gaye 115
83. Blancmange 113
83. Pig Bag 113
85. Adrian Gurvitz 112
86. Lionel Richie 108
86. Leo Sayer 108
88. Toto Coelo 107
89. Captain Sensible 106
90. The Mobiles 105
91. Grandmaster Flash 102
91. Patrice Rushen 102
91. Donna Summer 102
94. Blondie 101
95. Bardo 100
96. Derek & The Dominoes 98
97. Midge Ure 97
98. Natasha 96
99. David Christie 92
100. Gary Numan 91
100. Mari Wilson 91
102. David Essex 89
103. Bad Manners 88
104. The Belle Stars 87
105. Elton John 85
106. Haysi Fantayzee 83
106. XTC 83
108. Genesis 82
109. Clannad 80
109. Godley & Creme 80
109. Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney 80
    (see also under Paul McCartney, additionally Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder)
112. AC/DC 78
113. Rod Stewart 77
114. The Animals 75
115. Talk Talk 73
116. Queen 72
    (see also under Queen & David Bowie)
116. Monsoon 72
118. Kim Wilde 71
119. George Benson 68
119. Flock Of Seagulls 68
119. Paul McCartney 68
    (see also under McCartney & Stevie Wonder and McCartney & Michael Jackson)
122. Stevie Wonder 65
    (see also under Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder)
123. Starsound 64
124. The Piranhas 58
125. Cherie 57
126. The Police 56
127. Bauhaus 55
127. Blue Zoo 55
129. The Nolans 53
130. The Firm 52
131. Sting 51
132. Classix Nouveaux 50
133. Phil Lynott 48
134. The Four Tops 47
135. Robert Palmer 45
136. David Bowie & Bing Crosby 44
    (see also under David Bowie and Queen & David Bowie)
136. Tweets 44
138. Melba Moore 43
138. Foster and Allen 43
140. The Pretenders 42
141. Brown Sauce 38
141. Lynyrd Skynyrd 38
143. David Bowie 37
    (see also under David Bowie & Bing Crosby and Queen & David Bowie)
143. Alton Edwards 37
145. Elkie Brooks 36
145. Phil Collins 36
145. Sharon Redd 36
145. The Pinkees 36
149. Echo & The Bunnymen 35
149. Siouxsie & The Banshees 35
151. Rocky Sharpe & The Replays 34
152. The Clash 32
153. Pluto 31
154. The Rolling Stones 30
154. The Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Team 30
157. Earth Wind & Fire 29
157. Wavelength 29
159. Toyah 28
160. The Brat 26
160. UB40 26
162. The Snowmen 24
163. Tom Tom Club 23
164. Raw Silk 22
166. Queen & David Bowie 21
    (Both acts also appear separately; see also under David Bowie & Bing Crosby)
167. The Boomtown Rats 19
168. Electric Light orchestra 18
169. Jets 15
170. John Cougar 14
170. Supertramp 14
172. Gillan 12
172. Jennifer Holliday 12
172. Mike Post & Larry 12
176. Olivia Newton-John 11
176. Elvis Presley 11
178. Willie Nelson 10
179. Motorhead 9
180. Barbra Streisand 8
180. John Williams 8
182. Rhoda & The Specials AKA 7
182. The Beat 7
184. Sylvain and Sakamoto 6
184. The Cure 6
186. Dennis Brown 5
186. D Train 5
186. Rainbow 5
186. Santa Claus & The Christmas Trees 5
186. Squeeze 5
191. Brideshead Revisited Theme Original Soundtrack 4
191. Thomas Dolby 4
191. Killing Joke 4
191. John Lennon 4
195. Keith Harris & Orville 3
195. Sylvester 3
197. Kate Bush 2
197. Lindsay Buckingham 2
197. Fashion 2
197. The Psychedelic Furs 2
197. Slade 2
197. Stutz Bearcats 2
197. Theatre Of Hate 2
197. U2 2
205. Elvis Costello 1
205. Pink Floyd 1

Compilation notes

WHEN artists appear in the charts in more than one capacity, their entries are normally shown as separate listings. For instance, **David Bowie** appears three times — as a soloist, and then in company with both **Queen** and **Bing Crosby**. Similarly, there are three **Paul McCartney** entries — solo, as well as with both **Stevie Wonder** and **Michael Jackson**. This is our normal policy because, if these entries were not shown separately, points would be duplicated.

However, we have lumped together the combined points of **Adam Ant, Adam & The Ants** and **The Original Adam & Ants**, because obviously Adam himself is the central figure and the sole reason why those records were hits. It will also be noted that **Bananarama's** total includes one record on which **Fun Boy Three** played a supporting role — and when the roles were reversed, with the girls supporting the boys, those points are attributed to **Fun Boy Three**.

The Jam: six weeks at the top

THE CHART POINTS TABLES are compiled from the singles and albums Top Thirty charts published weekly by *NME*. Every week throughout the year, points are awarded on the basis of 30 for a No.1 placing, 29 for a No. 2 — and so on, down to one point for a No. 30 position. The resulting lists are a guide to chart consistency and popularity during the year — although, of course, they don't necessarily reflect actual sales figures.

Albums

The album chart throws up a few different names — Elkie Brooks, for instance, makes little impact on the singles list — but most of the faces are the same as those behind the hit singles.

Once again, the race was a close one, with all of the Top Ten entries notching over 400 points and 'Complete Madness' only being overtaken at the top by both 'The Kids From Fame' and 'Rio' in the final few weeks of the year.

Compilations, of course, figure strongly in the final list, making up no less than 17 per cent of all the entries, while the actual number of LPs that made the chart — 284 — is once again the highest ever.

1. THE KIDS FROM FAME (Various) 591
2. RIO (Duran Duran) 571
3. THE COMPLETE MADNESS (Madness) 558
4. Love Songs (Barbra Streisand) 537
5. Tropical Gangsters (Kid Creole & The Coconuts) 489
6. Lexicon Of Love (ABC) 485
7. Pearls (Elkie Brooks) 474
8. Pelican West (Haircut 100) 455
9. Dare (Human League) 451
10. Avalon (Roxy Music) 426
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33s Chart-toppers

The Kids From Fame (Various) ... 8 weeks
Dare (Human League) ... 6 weeks
Love Songs (Barbra Streisand) ... 5 weeks
The Complete Madness; Avalon (Roxy Music); Love Over Gold (Dire Straits) ... 4 weeks
Lexicon Of Love (ABC); Pelican West (Haircut 100); The Singles — The First Ten Years (Abba) ... 3 weeks
The Gift (The Jam); Too-Rye-Ay (Dexys Midnight Runners) ... 2 weeks
The Visitors (Abba); The Number Of The Beast (Iron Maiden); Tug Of War (Paul McCartney); Upstairs At Eric's (Yazoo); The Kids From Game Again (Various); Heartbreaker (Dionne Warwick); Live In Britain (Barry Manilow); The John Lennon Collection ... 1 week

Singles

Tighter than ever at the top here, with only seven points separating the first three acts, and more than the odd surprise in the final positions.

Survivor finish top, just pipping Dexys despite only having spent three weeks at number one. Haircut 100's 'Love Plus One' makes the top ten despite only having reached number three in the weekly chart. And Musical Youth's 'Dutchie' manages only number 26 on points, despite — or maybe *because* — it was the year's fastest selling single.

Despite the diversity and sheer weight of records in this year's singles list, the winning total of 258 points is the highest for several years — last term's winner, 'Vienna' by Ultravox, managed only 237 points.

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45s Chart-toppers

The Jam ... 6 weeks
Dexys Midnight Runners; Bucks Fizz; Culture Club ... 4 weeks
Kraftwerk; Tight Fit; Survivor; Adam Ant ... 3 weeks
Goombay Dance Band; Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder; Madness; Irene Cara; Human League; Eddy Grant; Musical Youth ... 2 weeks
Abba; PhD; Nicole; Charlene; Captain Sensible; Steve Miller Band; Dionne Warwick; Dire Straits ... 1 week

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nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 6th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Gladiators**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Nobodies (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chesterfield White Swan: **Haze**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Syndicate**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Emergency Exit**
Hayle The Penmare: **Reflections**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The High Tide**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Thompson Twins / Amazulu**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cavern**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Sun**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Remipeds / Flying Colours**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **The Exploited / The Dancing Did**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Samson**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Brian Deo / Brian Lemon (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Ore**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Moonshine**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Rosie Gibb / Pink Dress Show / Joolz / The Guilty Innocents**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Gerry Richardson Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Kokomo**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (NME night): **The Box / Benjamin Zephaniah / Little Brother / Pauline Melville / The Chevalier Brothers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Naughty Thoughts / Five Men**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Musica Pop**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Illusionz**
Northampton Black Lion: **Down All The Days**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Stockton Dovecott Arts Centre: **Talk Dark**
Truro New Folk Cottage Club: **John Bidwell**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 7th

Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt / Alfie Noakes**
Bletchley Gladiators: **Dagaband**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **Thin Air**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Reptiles/Spittin' Blood**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Gladiators**
Liverpool The Left Bank: **D Notes**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Milkshakes**
London Brixton Garage Club at the Frontline Theatre: **The Changelings / The Commuters**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Rosie Gibb / Pink Dress Show / Joolz / The Guest Stars**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice / The B.B.'s**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellycoil Blues Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Turville / Stan Greig Swing Band**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Trilogy**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours / Ghost**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Gymslips**
London Marquee Club: **Doll By Doll / Trauma Unit**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Cliff Whelan / Coolwater**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jeff Dunn-Ronnie Johnson Group**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **John Dankworth Quintet / The Breakfast Band** (also Saturday)
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John Barnes Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Hot Quisine / Medium Wave Band / La Famille**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **Pure Thought**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle Trio**

saturday 8th

Altrincham Shopping Precinct (Oxfam charity gig): **The Organisation**
Cambrone Lowenac Hotel: **Billy Pryor**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Colne Franc's Club: **Sex Gang Children**
Frensham Mariners Club: **Static**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Ipswich Royal William: **Emergency Exit**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Escalators**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Ffuts**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice R & B Revue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Monty Babson Orchestra**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Only After Dark/Fear Of Falling**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ricky Cool**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Staggering Monkeys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Bigger Splash/Nantuck Five/New Direction**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Geoff Dunn-Ronnie Johnson Group**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **The Gladiators/Michael Prophet/Primitive Society**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Macondo**
London Marquee Club: **Solstice/Pendragon**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Stu Hamer Band with Karen**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Rosie Gibb/Pink Dress Show/Joolz/The Guest Stars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Sims' Dixie Kings/Lord Arsenal's Jazzmen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alan Elsdon Sextet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Orchestre Jazira/The Impossible Dreamers/Design For Living**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Mark Miwurdz/Benjamin Zephaniah/Alev/The Missing Airmen**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Agitation**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **De Stijl**
Malvern Nags Head: **Soldier**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Doll By Doll**
Peterlee White House Community Centre: **Uproar**
Reading Target Club: **Larry Miller Band**
Romford Wykeham Hall: **Tamarisk**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Schellshock**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

sunday 9th

Birmingham The Mermaid: **Soldier**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **Bill Mitchell**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tony Allen/Capt. J.J. Waller/The Christmas From Outer Space/John Hagley**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Objet D'Art/Visual Aids**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Salamander (evening)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Rosie Gibb/Pink Dress Show/Joolz/The Guest Stars**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Keith Nicholls Tribute To Fats Waller**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ian Woods/Kevin Seisay**
Sheffield Leadmill (lunchtime): **Spot The Zebra**
Wokingham Angie's: **Twelfth Night**

monday 10th

Dunstable Saracen's Head: **Down All The Days**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Treatment**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Camden Dingwall: **The Helicopters/The Test Pilots/Love Tunnel**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Dynamite Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Staggering Monkeys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **James Moody / Colin Purbrook Trio (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Distinction**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Larry Miller Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Icicle Works / Judi & The Shades**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bad Detective / The Coyotes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Kevin Coyne / Milton**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dorothy Donegan (for three weeks, except Sundays)**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Trevor Watts Drum Orchestra / Harry Beckett Trio**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Mainsqueeze / Ronnie Scott Quintet (for a week)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London W.1 (Dean St)Gossips: **Gas's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Roulette**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Joe Jackson Band**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Shakatak (for a week)**

tuesday 11th

Derby Stitchers: **Fault**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place (3pm): **Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matumbi/Dennis Bovell & The Dub Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Glen Tilbrook hosts *The Yow! Club***
London Fulham Greyhound: **Egosigo/The Wetfish Millionaires**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joe Jackson Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Sun**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Planetarium: **Helden laster show (Warren Cann & Hans Zimmer)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Primary**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Terrain**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 12th

Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Gary Moore Band / Stampede**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **New Jubilee Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Le Mat**
Leamington Spa Hintons: **Hot Snacks**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The London Apaches**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Souls Valiant**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matumbi / Dennis Bovell & The Dub Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Actifed / The Solicitors**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Groenwich The Mitre: **English Rogues**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (3 pm): **Spartacus R**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pat Smythe Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lobo**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Stan Arnold**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Rules Of Croquet**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Florida Snowshifters**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **Tony Coe Quartet**

Joe's jumpin' again

A VERY thin and uninspiring week on the gig circuit, as is usual for early January. Most bands are still recuperating from the Christmas-New Year holiday, while many agents and venue managers are so hung over that they haven't bothered to submit details of their bookings. But the situation starts to improve next week, as the business begins to stir itself from its lethargy and the colleges start to re-open — and things should be back to near normal by a little later in the month.

The only new tour to set out this week is by JOE JACKSON, who commences a mini-outing at Nottingham (Monday) and London Hammersmith (Tuesday). He's recently been taking America by storm, with Top Ten hits in both the singles and album charts, and he's just back from a triumphant Stateside tour. Together with his band, he'll be playing the full show, with no support act.

THE GLADIATORS, who've been touring here over the holiday period, come to the end of the road at Bradford (Thursday), Hitchin (Friday) and London (Saturday), the latter in company with MICHAEL PROPHET. Also ending their tour are WHITESNAKE, who round off at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday. And following the holiday break, the GARY MOORE BAND pick up the second leg of their debut tour in Edinburgh on Wednesday.

In London, ICA's commendable "Press Gang" Rock Week continues until Saturday, with *NME's* night forming the main attraction *(well, we think so, anyway)* this Thursday, when THE BOX and BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH are among acts taking part — and remaining headliners are HOT QUISINE (Friday) and ORCHESTRE JAZIRA (Saturday). Zephaniah is also in action on Tuesday, when Lambeth Council begins its 1983 season of free afternoon gigs for the unemployed — and all credit to the much-maligned Lambeth team for coming up with that idea.

Also in the capital, THE THOMPSON TWINS are in action at Brixton on Thursday, and the same evening sees the first New Year gig at Hammersmith's Klub foot with THE EXPLOITED topping the bill. And on Tuesday and Wednesday, there's an excellent reggae package at Camden Dingwalls co-headlined by MATUMBI and DENNIS BOVELL. Elsewhere in the country SHAKATAK play a week at Watford starting on Monday, and DOLL BY DOLL begin a new series of one-nighters. And that just about wraps up the principal names on view this week.

tour NEWS

Echo, Ultravox extras

10cc's spring shuffle

10CC set out on another nationwide trek during March, the opening date of this year's jaunt being at Aberdeen Capitol on March 1. The band then play Edinburgh Playhouse (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Brighton Centre (10), Southampton Gaumont (12), Croydon Fairfield Hall (13), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), London Hammersmith Odeon (16 and 17), Bristol Hippodrome (18 and 19), Poole Arts Centre (20), St Austell Coliseum (21), Oxford Apollo (23), Preston Guildhall (24), Harrogate Centre (25), Manchester Apollo (27 and 28) and Birmingham Odeon (29 and 30). Tickets go on sale Friday January 7 and are priced £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 except at Croydon and Poole where they're £6.00 and £5.00 only.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have lined up an extra date at London's Hammersmith Palais on January 31. An additional Liverpool date is expected to be announced next week. In the meantime, the Bunnymen's forthcoming album, originally titled 'The Happy Loss' has suffered a change of identity and is now known as 'Porcupine'.

ULTRAVOX, who recently completed their British tour, play three extra dates before embarking on their European trip. The new gigs are Glasgow Apollo (January 12), Nottingham Royal Centre (13) and Cardiff St David's Hall (15).

ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE's appearance on Channel 4's *The Tube* has been postponed until February. In the meantime, the band have been booked to appear on another Channel 4 show, *Whatever You Want*, which is to be filmed at the Brixton Ace on January 13. Supporting ANL at this gig will be The Meteors, whose latest single 'Johnny Remember Me' has just been released by ID Records. Tickets are priced £2.50.

DAVID ESSEX begins his 'Winter Tour' at Ipswich Gaumont on January 15 and then plays Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (16), Plymouth Theatre Royal (23), London Theatre Royal Drury Lane (February 6) and Cardiff St David's Hall (13). Tickets for all dates are £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00, except at Plymouth, where the seats are all £7.50 and at the London Theatre Royal gig, where tickets are £7.00, £6.00 and £5.00.

SAXON, who begin an extensive world tour in Europe at the beginning of February, warm up for their lengthy travels by playing two UK concerts later this month — at Cardiff St David's Hall (January 24) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (25). These are their only British dates scheduled at this time, and the band will be featuring material from their upcoming album 'Power And The Glory', due for release in late February. Either or both of these shows will be filmed and subsequently made available as a video cassette. Tickets for both venues are £4.50, £4.00 and £3.50, and are on sale now — there's also coach travel available for the Cardiff concert from Swansea, Bristol and the West Country through the South West Concert Club (02372 6219).

JOHN MARTYN and his band will be undertaking a British tour in the spring, and dates are currently being pencilled in. This will be somewhat different from their previous tours, in that they'll be playing a full two and a half hour show without any support act, and including a solo set by Martyn. In the immediate future, they're off to Australia on January 19 to play a series of concerts, then fly on to New Zealand to appear in the Sweetwaters Festival on January 29 with The Talking Heads and UB40.

MADNESS, whose late winter UK tour was announced exclusively by *NME* three weeks ago, have switched their London dates — and they now play one show at the Lyceum Ballroom on March 1, followed by two at the Dominion Theatre on March 2 and 3. They were originally to have played just one at the Dominion on March 1, and two at the Lyceum (2 and 3.)

People who have already bought tickets for the Lyceum should take them back to the point of purchase, where they will be given a cash refund and can then — if they wish — buy tickets for the revised date. Tickets already bought for the original Dominion date will now be valid for the March 2 gig at that theatre. Tickets for the March 3 concert at the Dominion go on sale tomorrow (Friday), priced £4.50 and £4.00.

THE SUN — the newly-formed band featuring Tony Poole and Iain Whitmore, both formerly with Starry Eyed And Laughing, and ex-Tom Robinson Band drummer Nick Trevisick — begin live appearances in London at Fulham Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), Kentish Town Bull & Gate (January 11), Battersea The Latchmere (13) and Kensington Ad-Lib (18). Further gigs are being lined up.

HANOI ROCKS, currently touring their native Scandinavia, return to London to play a one-off gig prior to leaving for the Far East and America. It's at Klub Foot in Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel on Thursday, January 13, and advance tickets are £2.50.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN and RICK KEMP play a reunion gig at London Norwood's Nettlefold Hall on Friday, January 21. Kemp was a regular member of Chapman's band during the guitarist's days with the Harvest label, later splitting to join Steeleye Span. The concert is being presented by the Borough of Lambeth Amenity Services.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE appears in a special one-off show at the London School of Economics on Saturday, January 29. Doors open 7.30pm and tickets are £3.00 (on the door).

John Cooper Clarke. *Pic Pennie Smith*

Randy Newman. *Pic Pennie Smith*

Randy Newman ● Van Halen ● Gil Scott-Heron ● Rickie Lee Jones

US INVASION LOOMS

RANDY NEWMAN is to play three UK concerts to promote his forthcoming Warner Brothers album 'Trouble In Paradise', due out on January 21. The concerts, presented by Barry Dickens for ITB, take place at the London Dominion on February 11 and 12 and at Edinburgh Playhouse on February 13, tickets for the London shows being set at £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50, while those at Edinburgh are priced £5.00, £4.00 and £3.00. Though the album is a star-studded affair, featuring guest appearances by Paul Simon, Bob Seger, Don Henley, Rickie Lee Jones, Linda Ronstadt, Christine McVie and Lindsey Buckingham, the UK concerts will be pure solo dates, Newman performing without the aid of any backing band or orchestra.

RICKIE LEE JONES, who logged a UK hit with 'Chuck E's In Love' back in '79, will play some British dates during February. Dates so far arranged are at Edinburgh Playhouse (February 7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10), tickets for the Scottish date being set at £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00, while seats at Hammersmith are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. The singer's next album will be a live set, details of which will be available shortly.

VAN HALEN, one of America's slickest heavy outfits, have lined up five British dates for early '83, these being at Leicester De Montfort Hall (February 28), Manchester Apollo (March 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Birmingham Odeon (4) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5). Tickets for the Manchester, Newcastle and Birmingham shows are priced £4.50, £4.00 and £3.50. The Leicester show is a one price affair, all tickets being £4.50, while the London show could set you back either £5.00, £4.50 or £4.00. To coincide with the tour — Van Halen's first UK visit for four years — Warner Brothers are to release a new single and picture disc, details of which will follow shortly.

GIL SCOTT-HERON appears in Britain during April to play two dates at London's Commonwealth Institute. The gigs are set for April 15 and 16 and tickets are priced at £5.00.

RANDY CRAWFORD and LINDA RONSTADT are both being lined up for British visits in March and they'll be preceded next month by WARREN ZEVON.

record NEWS

● Edsel Records continue their series of classic reissues with two more albums. 'Working' by **The Mojos** comprises both sides of their six singles, plus an EP. And 'Cavern Stomp' by **The Big Three** features everything the Liverpool group ever recorded, including some live tracks cut at the city's famous Cavern venue. Edsel is part of the Demon Records group.

● London's State Records label (distributed by IDS) has signed Liverpool four-piece **The Blackstuff Lads**, who take their name from Alan Bleasedale's recent BBC2 series *Boys From The Black Stuff*. The debut single, out this week, is called 'Gis A Job' and it concerns the play's central character Yosser Hughes.

● CNT Productions of Leeds (with distribution by Rough Trade) release a new single by **The Three Johns** on January 17. It's a double A-sider featuring 'Lucy In The Rain' and 'Pink Headed Bug', reworkings of two songs from their recent John Peel session.

● **Central Line** revive the standard 'Nature Boy', previously associated with Nat King Cole and George Benson, for their new single. It's released through Phonogram this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats, and the B-side is 'Goodbye'.

● **Blue Zoo** follow their recent chart success 'Cry Boy Cry' with a new single issued by Magnet this weekend — titled 'Loved One's An Angel', it's a foretaste of their upcoming album, due for release in early March. The B-side of the single 'These Days' is not on the LP. The band are fronted by Andy 'O' — who's been tipped in some quarters, including *The Star* newspaper, as "The Face Of 1983" — and they're at present in the process of being lined up for a major UK tour.

Southern Death Cult. *Pic Peter Anderson*

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT'S debut single 'Fatman'/'Moya', which has already figured in the indie charts, is to be made available by Beggars Banquet in 12-inch form from next week — and it will contain an extra track titled 'The Girl'.

BAUHAUS, recently returned from an extensive North American tour, will have their new single 'Lagartija Nick' released by Beggars Banquet on January 14. The company has also concluded a deal for the release of the band's product in America on the A&M label.

DIRE STRAITS break new ground this week with the release of a three-track dance EP, on which the up-beat rock'n'roll material is in complete contrast to the introspection of 'Love Over Gold'. Main title is 'Twisting By The Pool', and it's coupled with 'Two Young Lovers' and 'If I Had You'. Mark Knopfler produced, and the group is joined by guest saxist Mel Collins. It's on the Vertigo label, available as a 33 rpm seven-inch or a 45 rpm 12-inch.

DONALD FAGEN, former Steely Dan vocalist/keyboardist has a new single released by Warner Brothers on January 14. Titled 'New Frontier', it's taken from his recent solo debut album 'The Nightfly' and features Fagen plus a cast of session musicians including guitarist Larry Carlton and trumpetman Michael Brecker.

PETE TOWNSHEND will have a double album of rare demos issued through WEA Records later this month. Also upcoming through WEA are new albums by TALKING HEADS, THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, ZZ TOP, LEE RITENOUR and CHRISTOPHER CROSS — plus the latest LP fron PRINCE, coinciding with his Hammersmith Odeon concert on January 26, reported by *NME* two weeks ago.

TODD RUNDGREN has a new solo album, 'The Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect' out on Bearsville Records in early January. The record, produced and engineered by Rundgren, contains a cover version of The Small Faces 'Tin Soldier'.

● **Edwin Starr** has signed to Avatar Records, and has his first single for the label 'I Wanna Take You Home' out this week in both 7" and 12" formats. It will be followed shortly by an album titled 'For Sale', coinciding with a short UK promotional tour by Starr in mid-January.

● **Glen Matlock**, of Sex Pistols and Rich Kids fame, has joined The London Cowboys as their permanent bass player. The band, who've already released three singles, will have their debut album 'Animal Pleasure' issued in the spring — though the bassist for this recording was Tony James, formerly of Gen X.

● **The Gymslips**, who recently had an indie chart hit with their debut single '48 Crash', release the follow-up on January 14. The A-side is 'Big Sister (It's Probably Better)', coupled with 'Yo Ho' and 'Pie And Mash', the latter being a tribute to George's pie stall in Canning Town. All three were penned by the girls, and it's on Abstract Records with distribution by Pinnacle.

● **The Polecats** are back after a lengthy absence with a new single titled 'Make A Circuit With Me', released this weekend through Phonogram and coupled with 'Juvenile Delinquents (From A Planet Near Mars)'. There's also a 12-inch format featuring a special "rock-mix" of the A-side, and a bonus track — produced by Dave Edmunds — called 'Red Ready Amber'.

● **Clock DVA** are busy at work on their new album 'The Advantage', scheduled for March release by Polydor, to be preceded by a single in February. To coincide with this vinyl activity, they'll be playing a series of selected UK dates in late winter, including a London theatre showcase — details to follow shortly.

● **Blitz** release their fourth single on January 14 on No Future Records. It's called 'New Age', and they're scheduled to be performing it on Channel 4's *The Tube* this month.

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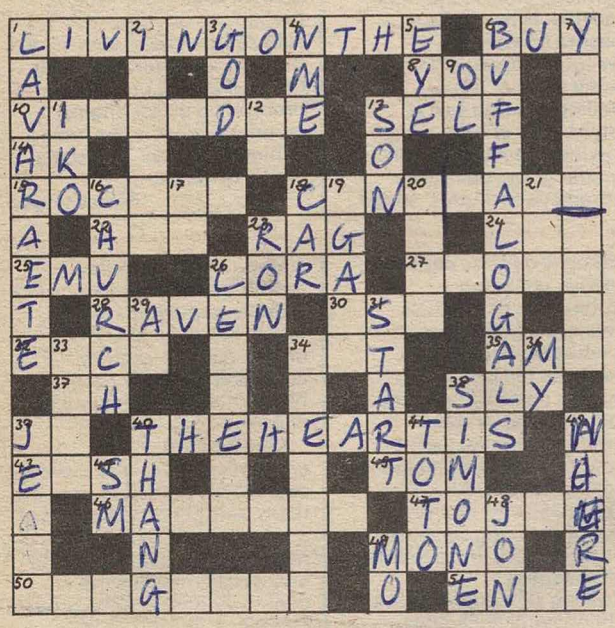

CLUES ACROSS

1. The ceiling gets its just desserts (6,2,3)
6. Purchase the Contortions (3)
8. See 2 Down.
10. The state of Discharge (8)
13. See 36 Down
14. Initials of one-time (too many?) Beatles manager (1,1)
15. Elton John's Man, 46 Across' vehicle (6)
18. One of Iggy's Party numbers (4,4)
22. Triple this and Blue (3)
23. Students' Week (3)
24. His show had to go on, but it didn't really (3)
25. Rod Hull's bird (3)
26. Oral logic? (4)
27. What this Norwegian bird has done (5)
28. The last bird. This time courtesy of the Stranglers (5)
30. Suffix, usually meaning participant of a movement. (Hea-vy.) (3)
32. To ACR, an album (4)
34. Dynamite (1,1,1)
35. Mornings? (3)
37. *Pennies From Heaven, Long Good Friday* chap, initials (1,1)
38. Cunning Family Stone man (3)
39. Oldfield's best-seller, initially sounds like a disease (1,1)
40. See 42 Down
43. 'Car ----', film/song (4)
45. A petty heartbreaker. Now *that* was easy (3)
46. There's a sore man in this band (7)
47. See 2 Down
48. When the moon is in stereo a speaker will break down (4)
50. See 51 Across
51. & 50A. Another skeleton in Warhol's cupboard (4,8)

CLUES DOWN

1. This is no dirty weekend (2,7)
2. & 47A. & 8A. & 19A. ACR pressing for a date (2,4,2,3,3,5)
3. *"Our only defence is together as an army, I hold you like a ---"*, Pop Group (3)
4. This very publication (1,1,1)
5. Private, the Spy has eight and they go without in Gaza (3)
6. McLaren blazing the trail again (7,4)
7. A-May-Zing comedy, but who can tell? (5,4)
9. The Gang are K.O but something is amiss (2)
11. Talking of, the Belle Stars knocked out this old Dixie Cups song, but you only have to know half the title (3)
12. Lewis/Gas (1,1)
13. European offspring (3)
16. Apparently there's a new one, and it's got Lords. (This has nothing to do with Thee Tempel.) (6)
17. Interbreeding of a single and an album (1,1)
18. *"My set is amazing, it even smells like a street, there's a --- at the end," Bowie (3)*
19. See 2 Down
20. What Reed reckons he is to the women of this world.(Ha) (4)
21. Clear Days/Values/and good old Order (3)
23. And talking of order, Mael (3)
26. Heaven 17 try to leave (3,2,2)
29. Woody Allen film, initials (1,1)
31. The Jam have just finished, but not in this clue (5)
33. Celebrating the first ten years. Is it only ten? (4)
34. Steve Martin's first major film, the one in which he gets rhythm (3,4)
36. & 33A. 'Me, -- ----, I', Armatrading tune (2-4)
38. Nina, whose baby only cares for her (6)
39. Wearing garlands and singing lullabies, tres Cocteau (5)
40. 26 Down mob once sang of a fascist groove item (5)
41. Dorothy's dog/band (4)
42. & 40A. Soft Cell locate the pump (5,3,5,2)
44. He sang 'Tears Of A Clown' with The Miracles, initials (1,1)
48. Is Lydon a lazy one? (3)
49. The Velvets' drummer is somewhere in this room (2)

Compiled by Michele Noach

ANSWERS

December 18 issue

ACROSS: 1 Are Friends Electric, 10 In The Flat Field, 13 Give (Me Fire), 14 Straighten (Out), 15 Klan, 17 Klux, 20 The Maverick Years, 23 My (Life), 24 Ever, 25 Ian, 26 Life, 28 Let (It Be), 30 Jah, 31 Sake, 32 North, 33 Ha, 34 LSO, 35 Numan, 37 End (Games), 38 Fire, 40 Otis, 41 Way Down, 43 Ku (Klux Klan), 44 Dreamhouse, 45 SOS.

DOWN: 1 A Kiss In The (Dreamhouse), 2 Enter K, 3 Reelin', 4 Eel, 5 Dat, 6 EMI, 7 Eileen, 8 Rezillos, 9 Cure, 11 Art For Arts (Sake), 12 Funky Chicken, 16 Anyone (For Tennis), 18 X Ray, 19 (Ever) Fallen In Love, 21 Mark Hollis, 22 Valley Of (The Dolls), 23 Me, 27 For Tennis, 29 The Dolls, 30 Jam, 36 USA, 39 It Be, 40 Out, 41 Wah, 42 (For) You.

ANSWERS

December 25 issue

ACROSS: 1 I Don't Wanna Dance; 9 + 10D Force The Hand Of Chance; 15 Geoff; 16 Tropical Gangsters; 18 Sch; 20 No; 21 Ash; 22 See 30 Across; 25 Troops; 27 C(octeau) T(wins); 28 From; 30 + 22A Live at the Speakeasy; 31 Int; 32 ET; 33 (H)Ai; 34 Doh; 35 Empire State Human; 40 Carly; 42 IBA; 44 Amin; 45 C(hris) R(ea); 46 End; 47 Corral; 49 + 128D Back On The Chain Gang; 52 Les; 54 Nu; 56 ID; 57 Geil; 60 Roses; 62 Sexual Healing; 68 Kiss Me; 69 Thirst; 71 Set; 72 Low; 73 Beg; 74 EEC; 76 Ted; 77 KC; 78 Otis; 81 H(arold) P(inter); 83 Fetish; 86 Twentieth Century Fox; 92 Stevo; 93 Rig; 94 AA; 95 + 96A As. . .By; 96 See Above; 97 R(itchie) B(lackmore); 98 Allen; 99 Burroughs; 101 Devo; 102 Avalon; 104 K(elly) M(onteith); 105 AP(B); 107 Lay; 108 Ya; 109 Contort Yourself; 115 It's Hard; 117 E(laine) S(tritch); 119 Spoof; 120 Liszt; 121 Rocket; 122 Out Of; 124 Cal(man); 126 Bogart; 129 Splash; 131 See 116 Down; 132 Ghana; 133 + 139D + 137D The Girl Is Mine; 136 My Aim; 138 Kicks; 141 Danger; 142 Tone; 143 Mambo; 147 WOMAD; 150 That's What Good Friends Are For; 155 ELO; 156 A(nthony) H(opkins); 157 Thank You; 159 If; 160 Adult; 162 Need; 163 Hat; 164 (C)CS; 165 State Of Independence; 166 Commodores.

DOWN: 1 Into The Abyss; 2 Ono; 3 Tripper; 4 Alan; 5 Night; 6 Anger; 7 Eden; 8 MG's; 9 Fosse; 10 See 9 Across; 11 RFH; 12 Three; 13 And a Third; 14 Daryl Hall & John Oates; 17 Roland; 19 Skidoo; 21 Avengers; 22 Stardust; 23 Phil; 24 Eno; 26 Stein (Chris); 27 Catch; 28 Flesh; 29 Me Mine; 36 MMA (Museum of Modern Art); 37 Pic; 38 Ink; 39 Arena; 41 Anne; 43 BA; 48 Riot; 50 Oral; 51 Igg; 53 Some; 55 Drive My; 58 Ike; 59 Light; 61 See; 63 Eek; 64 XTC; 65 Lover; 66 H(arold) W(ilson); 67 Late; 70 Suis; 73 Bee; 75 Close; 76 The Black Album; 78 Oi; 79 It; 80 Sharks; 82 Push; 84 Stray; 85 Blancmange; 86 Twenty; 87 Night Porter; 88 TG (Throbbing Gristle); 89 Carmel; 90 Neu; 91 Fad; 96 Bold; 100 Sat; 102 Ayer; 103 Zoot; 106 + 111D Psychick Youth; 110 RS (Rod Stewart); 111 See 106 Down; 112 UFO; 113 Lies; 115 It's A; 116 + 131A A Flock Of Seagulls; 118 Songs; 123 Friend Or Foe; 125 Jerk; 126 Bananarama; 127 See 154 Down; 128 See 49 Across; 130 Playground; 134 Entity; 135 L(inda) M(cCartney); 137 See 133 Across; 139 See 133 Across; 140 Coconuts; 143 Marsh; 144 Ad; 145 States; 146 Ashes; 147 We; 148 Of Doom; 149 Mo (Tucker); 151 Way; 152 Drake; 153 Dance; 154 + 127D Radio On; 155 Enter; 158 Off; 161 Tin.

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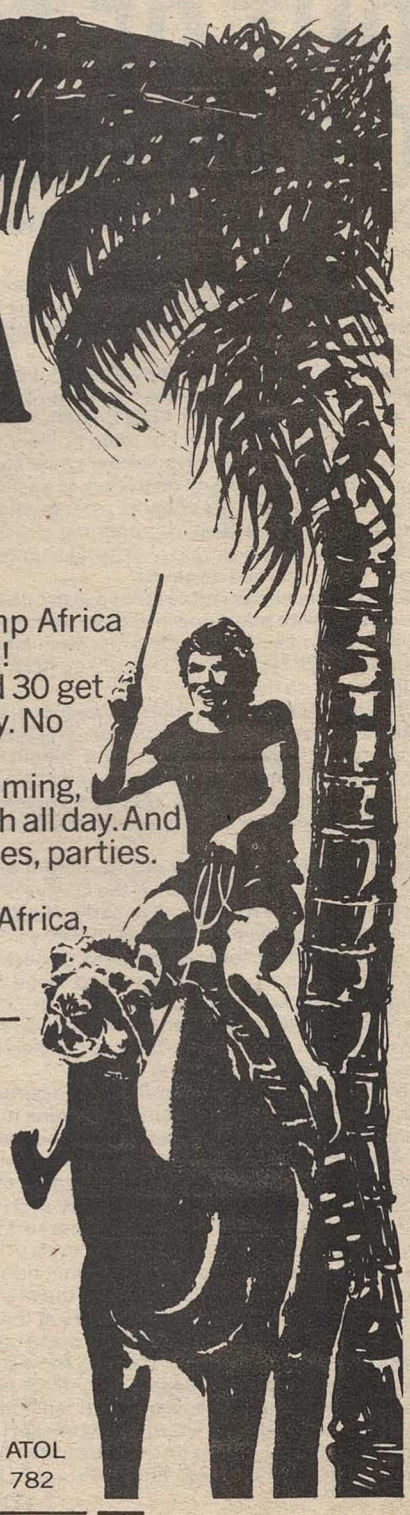


Good news, Elvis! Your new beard and sports jacket have been found on the Lime Street train and may be collected from Lost Property, Euston.

pics: Kevin Cummins.

OUT OF TIME OR IN HIS PRIME?

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Royal Albert Hall

BOXING DAY in the heart of a sleepy city and the pretty things of Knightsbridge have fled to seek their seasonal excitement elsewhere. Apart from a bout of plum derby games for the capital's football hoodlums — and we'll leave the morning's events at Highbury out of this one — London is burning with boredom.

Even at this time of year, however, there is always one concert that is not to be taken casually. While most of our pop heroes would have been content to wash down the Christmas turkey with the usual dollop of festive fun, Elvis Costello opts for a musical marathon, spreading 40 of his finest songs over an exhausting but often brilliant two-and-a-half hour set.

As he intimated in our November cover story, Elvis sees his career at the crossroads. It is a time to plan future strategies and take stock of past triumphs and troubles. In the light of that, it is tempting to look at his Albert Hall show as a personal assessment of his achievements to date. The set is basically a glorified 'best of', spanning all seven of his studio albums with characteristic diversions here and there for a couple of unsung singles, obscure B-sides, a well chosen cover version and a trilogy of unrecorded originals.

Some of the songs run headlong into one another, some are slightly changed and some punctuated with additional fire-power courtesy of the four-piece horn section that once coloured Kevin Rowland's new soul dreams. Such an ambitious set could quite easily degenerate into a shambles. The fact that it all hangs together with cohesion and clarity is an indication of the man's ability to *pace* a live show.

The show falls roughly into four sections, the first being a brief solo spot. Decked out in dinner jacket, Elvis croons his way through 'The Comedians' and 'The World And His Wife' (both unrecorded), 'New Amsterdam' and 'Pidgin English', accompanied only by his own soft strumming.

Into part two and the pace is instantly upped and The Attractions introduced. With a click of the heels and a wave of an arm, they soar forcefully into 'Hand In Hand' and 'Green Shirt', crisp mementoes for a far flung corner of the Costello career. From a whisper to a scream in the space of a minute.

Next up is the rolling 'Shabby Doll' from the last album, followed by a cunning cover of 'Backstabbers', the inclusion of the O'Jays' Philadelphia classic yet another indication of the recent and long-overdue move back to early '70s Stateside soul music for inspiration — check Paul Weller's 'Stoned Out Of My Mind' or Dexys' 'TSOP' for further evidence of such laudable pillage.

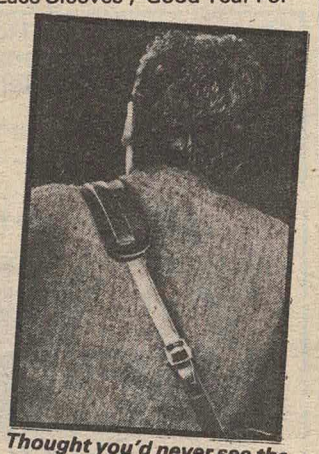
The taut, frenetic tempo continues through 'King Horse', 'And In Every Home', 'Detectives', 'Temptation' and the sadly neglected 'Head To Toe' single before the urgency sags somewhat during the doleful agony column angst of 'Long Honeymoon', 'New Lace Sleeves', 'Good Year For The Roses', 'Almost Blue' and 'Alison' — all songs which work better on record than live — until things begin picking up again with 'Beyond Belief' and 'Clubland'.

The latter part of this second phase is perhaps the only part of the show in which the myopic minstrel begins to try the patience of his audience. We are all still fixed firmly in our seats and when a ripple of mild Vegas-style applause greets the opening bars of 'Roses', the spine shivers slightly at the polite neatness of it all.

Costello, of course, needs no phoney rock-rebel 'toughness' to reinforce the impact of his songs — that sort of bitterness would only detract from the hard, plaintive lyrics of songs like 'Shipbuilding' and 'Oliver's Army'. What he and The Attractions do occasionally lack is the ability to vary the *texture* of their music. For all Steve Nieve's unparalleled wizardry at the keyboard, there is only so much one can do with a four-piece band and the half-time break that follows 'Clubland' couldn't have come at a better point.

When Costello and Nieve return for three songs at the piano, however, there is a renewed sense of tension in the air and by the time the Bruce and Pete Thomas rhythm section have rejoined them the audience are up on their feet. 'Big Tears', an overlooked gem thrown away on the B-side of 'Pump It Up', rolls into 'Big

CONTINUED PAGE 34



Thought you'd never see the back of him?

EROS AND VILLAINS ...

LUDUS

Islington Town Hall

THERE HAVE been various stages in the development of Ludus: could this be the final one? Previous stages — combining varying quantities of jazz, rock and lazy avant garde dozing — always seemed unsatisfactory; a stale smell of Art surrounding the enterprise. Who might have believed that Ludus could become a butterfly?

Much of Ludus' new found grace is a result of the new line up: the music stands up, rather than tediously attempting to play the madman or the worm. The rhythm section is, for a change, accomplished enough to make the jazzy rhythm move, the brass *jumps!* And Dave Formula's keyboards bring Magazine's classic style to the sound.

Linder stands in the middle of all this: is her smile a pleasure taken in the new-found power of Ludus, or merely another mask, revelling in some sort of irony? Ludus still seem too knowing, too interested in manufacturing obvious contradictions. Ludus' songs seem generally aimed at some sort of sexual disruption. At times they achieve it, but they veer too often towards pointless zen pearls *("Is the fucking you get worth the fucking you get?").* These words just do not *hurt.*

In Linder's voice (already an expressive instrument), the spirit of Eros lies dormant, perhaps covered by calculation: she should set it free. Linder reminded me at times of Lydia Lunch — but brought up under English manners. What is she hiding behind her back? This is the power of Ludus.

Marcus Boon

KISSING THE PINK

Leeds Warehouse

THE WAREHOUSE is usually a hive of indifference where bands are greeted by a madcap dash off the dance floor. Kissing The Pink, though, seem to have struck up a strongly physical relationship with the crowd. The band are flinging out a sound of informational overload — nail-meets blackboard saxophone screams, rhythm rushes running close to careering off the rails, vocalists popping up from nowhere and going straight back there, a crazy wild and wonderful cacophony. Kissing The Pink are clearly something rather exceptional.

Fed up with that whole artificial excitement trick of "Let's all find something to hit and pretend we're vaguely enjoying ourselves"? Well, aren't we all? Don't dismiss Kissing The Pink as another in that line though. Danger is what distguishes Kissing The Pink from the herd; there's a manic strain to their set that always threatens to snap the sanity of the proceedings.

From the irate vocalist to the tiny, crazed sax player, they're a lurid dayglo, nerve-tingly phenomena with a vicious streak, lurching off in their own random direction.

Kissing the Pink are an exercise in disorientation; nothing is quite as expected. The ever changing combination of vocalists hover around the edge of the set while the drummer perches in the centre, bursting a human pulse through the synthetic beat. A viola screeches unexpectedly through the sound and then disappears as rapidly. The crazed bash cuts to a single voice of stunning clarity and then skids back into a military beat madness.

'In Awe Of Industry' hits a highlight with its deadpan humour and the final encore of 'The Last Film I Ever Saw' strikes a suitably elating final note.

Kissing The Pink are a leaping confrontation — be contorted.

Don Watson

BLUE ZOO

Heaven, London

TODAY'S CHART boasts the most hideously second-rate set of wares we've witnessed in a long time, and Blue Zoo, along with a host of other bland derivations, are prime movers in this soulless, contrived pop-by-numbers.

Armed with dullard tunes and aiming, by hook or by crook, to hit the fag end of the charts, this pop is not the stuff dreams are made of. Not that those eager under twelves who cluster round the record counter come Saturday morning were in evidence at a scantily populated Heaven, where Blue Zoo kept the undecided and vaguely curious waiting till 1 am before making their dry iced entrance . . .

Blue Zoo are so emphatically average there is actually very little to say about them. Andy O *is* possessed of a voice insofar as he can hit notes, but his overwhelming unsubtlety matches the overall stridency of the group. Their disco-beat rock is no great shakes and there certainly aren't enough tunes to warrant a deeper investigation. And clothes-wise they are *well dodgy*! — their image suggesting a youth club blunder band getting hip to the necessity of fashion, but donning the most ludicrous garments in response.

Perhaps when someone puts the passion back into fashion Blue Zoo and their ilk will find the charts a little harder to breach — let's hope so anyway.

Graham K. Smith

BLACK IT'S IMMATERIAL

Coventry

IT'S IMMATERIAL disappointed me. Their first and only single, 'Gigantic Raft

Blank Blancmange *Pic: Steve Callaghan*

ELECTRONICS ANONYMOUS

BLANCMANGE

Hammersmith Palais

ONE OF the most unremarkable facets of '82 was the pathetic parade of almost totally faceless new pop bands thrown up onto the *Top Of The Pops* dancefloor. From Tears For Fears to A Flock Of Seagulls, the tail end of the year sometimes sounded like one long endless drone of synthesiser-strangled anonymity.

Blancmange, the opaque electronic duo behind the mildly infectious 'Living On The Ceiling' hitlet, stalk the edge of this sad abyss. On record they occasionally possess a crisp, economic electro-raunch at odds with the aforementioned dreary-heads, but on stage they lapse languidly into the dull, one-dimensional new facelessness.

Beyond a bandwagon whose flame is flickering ever more faintly, it is hard to fathom where their appeal will eventually fall, if anywhere. A couple of slick singles aside, they have no songs of note, their set being largely a decrepit electronic dirge that would have passed as progressive rock were it not for the surface modernity of their chosen instrument of torture.

What they are doing with electronics is far from inventive. If you were to compare their blank, mangy efforts with some of the genuinely revolutionary sonic constructions currently coming out of the electro-funk studios of New York, it becomes quite apparent that Blancmange are merely pissing in the wind.

I would be surprised if their profile is still as high this time next year. Moan over . . . and out.

Adrian Thrills

In The Phillipines', which certainly ought to be a hit, had led me to expect a powerful and charming pop sound tinged with slightly reckless bravado. As it was, all they proved was that they are a fairly nice, safe combo with few songs to match the might of 'Gigantic Raft.'

Black used to be three, then they were just Colin Vearncombe; now it's a duo and a tape machine. They came on first to a largely uninterested crowd and still managed to produce one of the most inspired, exciting performances I've seen this year.

Their name suggests a lifeless void; the reality is quite the opposite. Imagine a spacier, spicier Wah-dance, a swinging Bunnygroup, imagine an Associates shorn of self-indulgence . . . imagine Black on *Top Of The Pops*.

Though the new Blackperson provides good backing on guitar and (occasionally) piano, Black *is* Colin. It's his songs, his jerky and slightly self-conscious stage presence, his forceful vocals, which make the group the formidable thing it is. 'It's Easy' and 'Under Wraps' were my favourites in an above average set, showing that the age of the perfect pop song is not yet dead.

Black are destined to be absolutely *massive*. The brightest of hopes for 1983.

Paul Mathur

BATS OF HEAVEN

SPECIMEN

Heaven, Charing Cross

"WE'LL GO to a Berlin nightclub / all the acts are so risque / many people have a motto / boy tomorrow girl today" **sang a young Adam Ant, as a wistful tribute to sensual awakening and honesty, in the crazed and dazed times of 1977. Now, out of the closet and into ... Heaven, where tonight the sleazy Bat Cave club held a garish and gruesome gathering, enacting a fulfilment and realization of Adam's dream.**

Inside, skintight pink plastic catsuits career through the night, rasping against colourful spikey mohawks in a swell of gambolling youthful exhilaration. "These are the times of our lives," whispers one pale be-leathered waif while above him, garnishing the proceedings, a troupe of semi-nude acrobats frolic around on a trapeze. Elsewhere a gargantuan Viking carries out a saga of self-immolation, bloodlessly pushing swords through his own cheeks. And, at the centre of this theatre of the absurd are the resident Bat Cave band — Specimen.

A wild scarlet haired damsel wanders on stage and is passed a strange missive by the guitarist; she reads it and runs off horrified, the band throw themselves into the first number — 'Redhead Your Mother is Dead'. "In time, out of taste" smirks the vocalist afterwards, reflecting my thoughts precisely but then, as one of the three wise men once said, "Good taste is the first refuge of the witless" — he and Specimen are obviously on the same wavelength.

Looking as though they've just stepped out from the set of *The Rocky Horror Show* the group traipse through a glam drenched show that is a veritable drama of the dustbin. They camp it up and mince it down employing a toxic potion made up from the entrails of T Rex, Bauhaus and New York Dolls. With it they send up the grey, dull vision of normality that the great god conformity has thrust upon the world. 'Stand Up, Stand Out' is their anthem, a heavy but heartening number that has the crowd dancing in their glad-rags.

As though one touch of contorted passion would make the whole world sin, the group enthusiastically press home their madness, howling out twisted tales of the human eccentricities that make existence exciting and interesting.

In Heaven, as they say, everything is fine.

Richard North

CAVE WASTRELS GO GODLESS

TRONICS

The Bat Cave, London

AS THE sun goes down, its last rays glint on a desolate house alone amongst unimaginable expanses of swamp and impenetrable forest, just the other side of nowhere. In the basement strumming a fuzz-tone guitar lurks a pallid youth — shunned by his peers, the bastard offspring of disreputable rockabilly. He dreams on.

Meanwhile at the Bat Cave, surrounded now by a gathering of the godless, the figure takes a similar stance. He is introduced as main Tronics protagonist, Ziro Baby.

His frame lanky and contorted, his movements are nervous and convulsive as his hands clutch at an awkward guitar, ripping out strangely familiar melodies, mangled and mutilated into slabs of thrash and distortion. Lurching along the line between assurance and arrogance is a bass line of rockabilly in a world of frippery where Marc Bolan will always be god.

Now stripped down to a three piece; abandoning all organs, saxophones and sundry other musical baggage that coloured earlier Tronics incarnations, they camouflage the missing frilly bits by zipping through it all at a frantic pace — some of the older sensitivity suffering in the resulting tumultuous rush.

Where now is the fragility? No place here as the lonely dreams of a swamp god take human form, don wraparound shades and exact joyous revenge on the sacred rhythms. A shadowy figure is glimpsed amidst the mighty morass, and it is laughing. Oh believers in the wasteland, wastrels at the heart of the beast, it laughs, it laughs.

Tony D

GUNG-HO-HUM

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
THE PASSIONS

Ace Cinema, Brixton

NOSTALGIA CYCLES are getting shorter. Tonight the spirit of Christmas Past, 1979, haunts the proceedings. Those three long years have taken their toll on both groups. And in different ways they present a depressing spectacle.

To The Passions the evening was just another date. Aware that their coupling with SLF was a marriage more of convenience than love, they concentrated on presenting the best profile to C4's cameras. Their careful set differed only in detail from one they would have given during their brief period as media darlings. Thus their old faults remain.

The fragile purity of Barbara Gogan's voice still gets lost in the instrumental crowd, which has recently been swollen by some very churchy organ
playing. All attempts at a resonant, airy plangency are doomed by the plodding rhythm section and, more importantly, uninspired writing. they have never surpassed 'Hunted' and 'German Film Star', the definitive expressions of their wistful, enervated melancholia.

Chants of "fingers" grew in intensity with the glitter-rock stomp over the PA. The fans hushed with anticipation during the Gung-ho overture of '633 Squadron' before erupting in a frenzy of air-punching, gobbing and pogoing as Stiff Little Fingers hit the stage. Forget the tags of 'urgent', 'relevant', etc attached to them with the release of 'Inflammable Material' and the impassioned early singles. Today it's rock-star threads, pro light show, dry ice and a slick performance of empty rock mannerisms. They've copped every trick in The Who and Thin Lizzy's book. Do they *really* want to follow in their footsteps of bombastic degeneration towards the American stadium's lucrative altar?

After an hour's display of ritualistic firepower, they concluded with three songs which summed up their decline. Roy Wood's 'I Wish it Could be Christmas Every Day' was a jolly lads' singalong. 'Fly The Flag' was not so much an ironic protest as a full-blooded manifestation of the Falklands Spirit. And 'Alternative Ulster' was all sound and no fury.

SLF may yet sell out Cincinatti.

Mat Snow

DEPECHE MODE
FAD GADGET

Ace Cinema, Brixton

SOME OF the many moods of Mute were on show tonight. Label mates Depeche Mode and Fad Gadget would appear to be polar opposites, but each revealed aspects which defy the glib brackets of "boppy" or "doomy".

Fad Gadget could be on the verge of breaking out of cultishness and into the wider arena. Their recent LP 'Under The Flag' presents a surprisingly entertaining vision of dingy apocalypse, a 1982 equivalent of Bowie's 1970 'Man Who Sold The World'. Just as surprising is how well Fad's sardonic laments translate to the stage.

Clad in post-industrial black, technocrats David Simmonds and Nicholas Cash lurk in the wings, while stage-centre three girls sing background harmonies. These provide depths and textures which contrast with, hence emphasise, the Gothic engine-room of keyboards and percussion, and Frank Tovey's vocal histrionics. Mastermind Frank runs through the gamut of frontman styles from Bowie to Iggy to Lux Interior. Whether he's lashing himself to a mike stand with his lead or greedily attempting to devour a keyboard during 'Coitus Interruptus', this puny, wild-eyed creature is never less than amusing and commandingly watchable. A natural.

Fad Gadget were something of a revelation. And likewise Depeche Mode.

Basildon is not known for its surf and endless summers, but I can think of no one else at the moment who so evoke the spirit of the Beach Boys. Despite Vince Clarke's departure to form Yazoo, the group are still riding the crest of a wave. Martin Gore has dug his feet firmly in the song writing sandbox. His songs on 'A Broken Frame' compare well with those on the more celebrated 'Upstairs At Eric's'.

Before now I had foolishly categorised Depeche Mode as happy-pappy pop, which is how they can still come over on TV. But live they dramatically fill out into three dimensions. Depeche Mode are not unrelieved fun fun fun. Songs such as 'Satellite', 'Monument' or 'Shouldn't Have Done That' are quirky and troubled, whilst 'Leave In Silence' is as poignant and pointed an epitaph to an affair as I've ever heard.

But the tempo was dictated by the hits. 'New Life', 'I Just Can't Get Enough' and 'See You' were barnstormers. Towards the end Depeche Mode were loving it even more than we were. Their set could do with a bit of pruning, but they finished in fine style and so we reeled into the freezing night, glowing warmly with good vibrations.

Mat Snow

SEX GANG CHILDREN
THE VIBRATORS

The Lyceum, London

EASY-WAY-out revivalist punk, currently dredging up the likes of bad pennies The Vibrators, tonight rubbed its scarcely-concealed desperation up against The Sex Gang Children's *revitalisation* of the precepts and vigour that fuelled the original fury in the first place.

One of the bands who wrested the mantle of 'punk' back from the Oi factions, propelling it once more forward, Sex Gang successfully climaxed an important year with their first Lyceum headliner. The night was a blazing reaffirmation that whatever it is they are attempting to achieve, it is positive, alive — and has little to do with the fetishist necrophilia paraded by support band The Vibrators.

An aggressive cheer and ritual hoe-down by GBH-emblazoned Oi-sters greeted the Vibes' appearance. Obviously oblivious to anything that might threaten the sanctity of their Sid and Nancy, this crowd doesn't expect much now from its groups. The memory still lingers of the Vibes playing plastic rock under the guise of punk. Now they return playing plastic punk under the flag of rock and revival, and believe me I find it offensive. Do people really prefere to accept fourth-rate fare, to look steadfastly back regardless of the sights in the sky?

The Sex Gang take it further, fire-breathing skeletons wielding scythes amid the brittle rhythm of tangled inspiration. They may not be comfortable, but when our music can be compared with old slippers isn't it time to throw it all out? In the forceful challenge of their dark images there is life; in the meaningless nostalgia of The Vibrators there is a complacent death. The risk is yours — jump off the wire.

Tony D

POSSE ROUND-UP

RANKING TREVOR
JAH THOMAS
CAPTAIN SINBAD

Acklam Hall, Notting Hill

THE ONE time 1977 DJ hero Ranking Trevor teamed together with Captain Sinbad and Jah Thomas for a dance entitled Three DJs . . . The Hard Way!

The sound tonight was South London's Saxon International, not too well known in this neck of the woods, but when they appear in their home territory the session is ram! Saxon provided interesting sounds with their various rhythm boxes and emulators, and much assorted hi-fi equipment. They also brought along their own supportive posse, kitted out in ski-ing jackets with their name stencilled in on the back.

At approximately midnight Jah Thomas hit the mike, closely followed by Captain Sinbad. Thomas rapped to Briggie's 'Pain' rhythm, while his diverse lyrical content spanned topics like TV shows, video, and Christmas: *"On the first day of Christmas my true love gave t' me . . . roast fish and ackee . . ."*

As for Ranking Trevor he turned up a little late, but proved he isn't just a relic from the past. The rhythms were all recognisable material, stemming from Studio One dub plates like 'Hi Fashion Dub' and 'Rockers Hop', to the more recent Sugar Minott releases like 'Lovers Race' and Dennis Brown's 'Have You Ever Been In Love' featuring Sly and Robbie. Rhythm style, it was old Studio One tracks that dominated much of the session.

After an hour and a half of toastin', Jah Thomas and co left the show to make way for Saxon's lesser known mike MC, Desi Kojak from Lewisham. As I expected, Sister Nancy/Papa Madoo didn't turn up, and nor did Lui Lepke . . . But what can you expect? To quote David Rodigan: "People never go to reggae shows expecting to see the artists advertised anymore!"

Although the dance was barely full, the compliments of the night have to go to Saxon Hi Fi. And to their posse — who didn't get cramp in the feet when it came to steppin' out!

Dominic Kenny

PAUL YOUNG AND THE FAMILY

The Venue, London

SIXTIES PARTY night. Great soul records, balloons, and an audience who can remember the decade; not as a revival but a real recollection. The group tonight — Paul Young And The Family.

The Q Tips were (and

CONTINUED OVER

Tao Tao kow-tows *Pic: John Stoddart*

NAME-GAME GETS WEIRDER

TAO TAO BAY BEEP

Mr Pickwicks, Liverpool

WOULD YOU take the word of a man who likes The Pale Fountains? Well anyway, this mob are pretty good too. And tonight was only their second gig.

The five young Tao Tao's have been around a bit, seem to know what they're doing, and their music doesn't let them down. It's a similar sort of thing to A Flock Of Seagulls (a few of whom were here to check them out), but don't let that put you off, because it's done much more tastefully, without the contrived *moderne* looks, noises and lyrics.

They're not afraid to show they're rather conventional and what they do best is writing simple, but instantly memorable pop tunes. The best of these is the frothy 'Pictures On My Wall' (no, not the one by Echo And The Junkymen) and the mellow, lovely 'How Long'. Strong vocals are supported by simple rhythmic guitar which alternates with jumpy, tinkly keyboards, while the rhythm section chug along in an inventively funky way.

A convincing, very competent set that tailed off a bit towards the end as they exposed their weaker material and rockist pretensions. If they stick to the short, sweet, sprightly bop, they'll be a lot better off.

Kev Mc

LIVE!

ELVIS COSTELLO

FROM PAGE 32

Sister's Clothes' with 'Shipbuilding' and 'Oliver's Army' providing another compatible couplet.

For the fourth and final part of the set, Costello introduces the four ex-Dexys brass boys and dips grandly into his 'Get Happy' back pages to keep the audience in the aisles.

What impresses most about the show's final instalment is the ease with which the horns are grafted onto the souped-up bar-room swing and swell of The Attractions. On both slow, dramatic ballads like 'Watch Your Step' and 'Clowntime' and snappy, driving blasts like 'High Fidelity' and 'I Can't Stand Up', the horns are an integral part of a surging wall of sound rather than just the icing on the cake — no mean achievement when you consider that hardly any of these songs featured brass in their original recorded form.

'Pump It Up' provides a suitably punchy encore before Elvis, The Attractions and the horns all depart, as brusquely as they first arrived, with barely a word uttered to their audience outside of the songs.

As the house lights are brought slowly up across the six tiers of seating, the impact of the show sinks slowly in. Its ultimate depth and diversity is quite staggering, the extremes of its lyrical moods a marvel and its sheer length a testament to the almost daunting body of work that Costello has assembled over the past six years.

No songwriter of his era has approached Elvis for consistency and class over that period, yet the elusive goal of mass commercial success continues to pass him by. Is he simply too good — truly a man out of time — or was there a winning pop edge to some of his earlier singles that is missing from the latter songs?

Whatever the explanation, it is probably purely academic now as he sits back to ponder his next moves! Costello has freely admitted that a phase of his career has now come to a conclusion of sorts.

The real question still left begging is this . . . whatever next?

Adrian Thrills

FROM PAGE 33

occasionally still are) a fine group, who unfortunately lacked original songs of the quality of the soul standards that dominated their set. Paul Young, singer with The Q Tips, is now having a go on his own. The sharp suits have gone, along with much of the brass. Instead, the Family consist of a mixed bag, including a female backing duo whose suits'n'shades give them a Blues Sisters look. The heart of Paul Young's sound is still the soul of two decades ago. Added to this has been today's synthetic beat, which at times, mixed with drums and Booker T organ, gives an almost indigestible flavour to the music.

Paul Young's great voice adds an interesting dimension to 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'. A brave interpretation of a more recent standard. Brass is introduced for a version of Nicky Thomas' 'Love Of The Common People' and as the synthesizer steps down the tune takes over. Only on the final song 'Body Rhythm', does the cluttered sound really come together, building to a strong climax.

The single Q Tip still seems to be suffering from the collective deficiency: not enough strong original material. Paul Young has a superb voice and hopefully, will someday find the perfect vehicle for it.

Alan Marke

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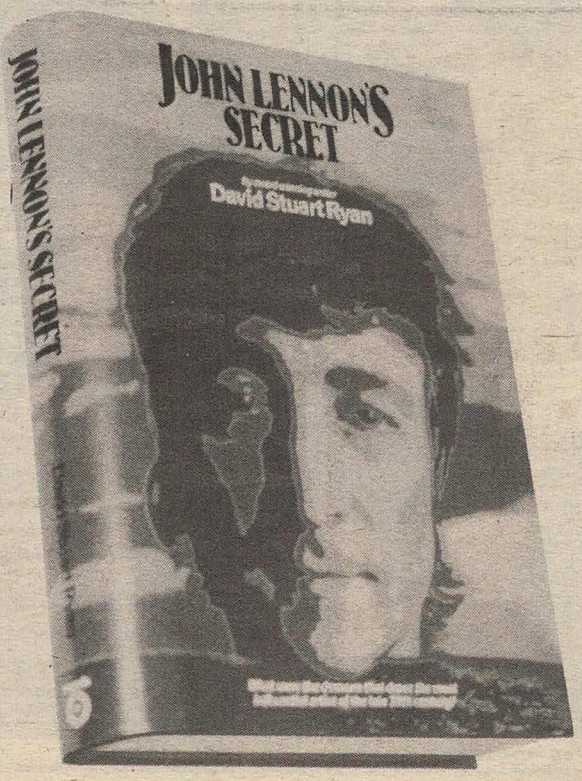

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Gong talk

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Bob Marley

TUFF GONG, the Jamaican record label set up by the late Bob Marley, have issued a posthumous LP of 'Interviews' with the singer, conducted by Neville Willoughby and further illustrated with live and studio recordings throughout its length.

Marley speaks of his music, early career, philosophy and faith to the tune of such as 'One Drop', 'Rat Race', 'Redemption Song', 'Babylon System' and the recurrent theme of 'Natural Mystic'.

Also released by Tuff Gong on the 56 Hope Road discomix imprint is a hitherto unheard Bob Marley and the Wailers song entitled 'Trench Town'.

Sole current UK outlet for the material is Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1. Tel. 01-437 3535.

Pass the pre

AFTER 'Pass The Kutchie', 'Pass The Brim', 'Pass The Knowledge' and 'Pass The Dutchie' now **Tony Tuff** catchcalls 'Pass The Ball' *"make the ball go round, pass the ball, don't stall"* on a new 7" JA pre produced by Niney and issued on Observers.

New titles on JA pre also from **Barrington Levy** with 'The Love Of Jah' (Gorgon); **Jimmy Riley,** 'Black Mother Prays' (Orange); **Edi Fitzroy,** 'Have You Ever' (Musical Ambassador) and **L Smart,** 'Some Way' (Volcano).

Up on Canadian pre via TSOJ (The Sound Of Jamaica) is two from **Lovindeer** with 'Married Life' and 'Disease Connection', the first based on the 'Army Life' theme and the latter more variation on "dem bones", plus a third from the same imprint when **Beeva** takes a backwards look at Sister Nancy for 'One Thing'.

Bob and Rita Marley and family in 'Trench Town'.

Musical initiation

TWO-DAY event this weekend when Ethiopian World Federation Inc celebrate "Ethiopian Crismas" at Seven Sisters Infants School, Roslyn Road, N15 with on Friday "dreda poetry from the dynamic tree" with *Ras Zephiniah, Ras Anum Ayapo* and *Ras Chaka* plus "for your musical initiation No 1 across the nation" *The Mighty Ras Messengers,* and on Saturday from Wolverhampton live and direct *Ujomo* drama and dance plus "one of the great master of roots poetry" *Fredrick Williams* and Ras Zephiniah and The Mighty Ras Messengers.

On Sunday the Ghana Medical Relief Trust Fund invites all friends to a fund raising disco dance at 3 Collingham Gardens, SW5 from 2pm — 10.30pm. Bar and buffet. Admission: £1.

Alton's corner

THE GREAT Alton Ellis interprets eight of his own compositions collectively entitled 'Daydreaming' (SCLP 009) and released on the Silver Camel label.

Recorded at Easy Street and produced by Lacelles James, the LP features at least the fourth rendition of 'Black Man's Pride' by him on wax, plus regurgitation of the ever popular 'Reason In The Sky' and a number of newer compositions including his hit of a year or so 'Earth Needs Love' plus 'Changes', 'Stronger Than Before' and more.

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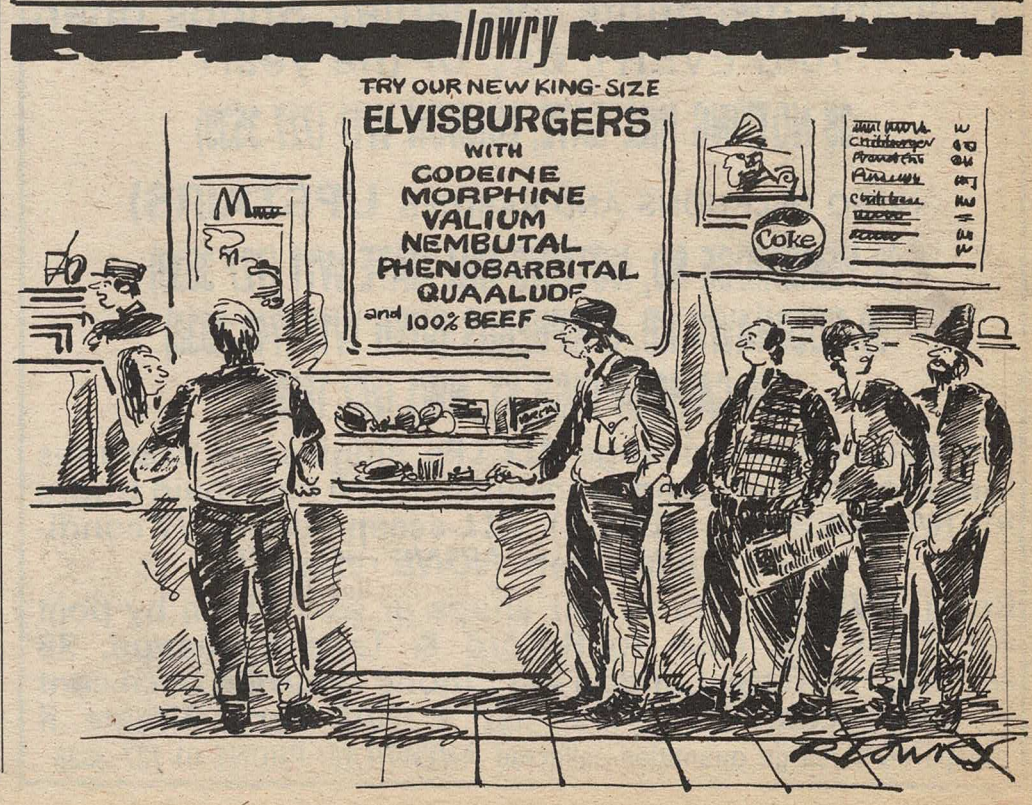

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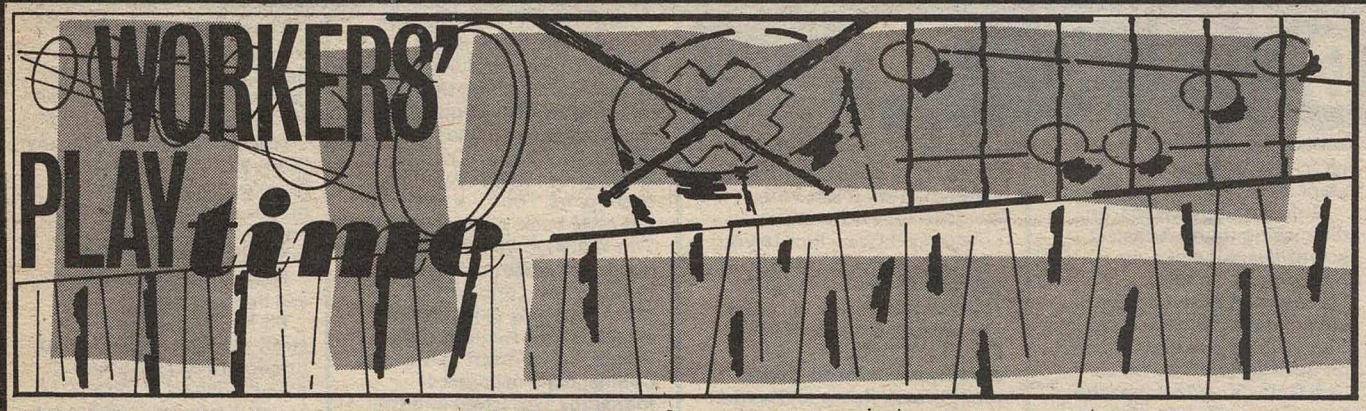

When session trumpet player Guy Barker turns up at the studio he may be faced with anything from a maze of tangled notes and staves to a producer with only a backing track and enthusiasm to offer. Barker's played trumpet for all manner of artistes: Adam And The Ants, Joan Armatrading, The Boomtown Rats, Bucks Fizz, Junior Giscombe and more, as well as lending a brassy hue to countless TV themes and ad soundtracks.

Here, he talks about the trials and tribulations of trumpeting.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

I DON'T think anybody in the studio session business knows exactly how they got into it — the question is how do you *stay* in it? The secret is having the knowledge of the things that the producer and the artist wants to hear — that's if you're doing the sort of pop sessions where there's no arrangements, they're not quite sure what they want and you're working things out in the studio. That's when you have to put yourself into it.

There's other sessions where it's all written out and arranged and that's another problem: you have to sight-read it.

I started playing trumpet in brass bands at school, went on to classical courses, trained at the Royal College of Music, and joined the National Youth Jazz Orchestra, with whom I played for about seven years.

I've found all this aids me, because the work I do now is with loads of different people, from pop to TV work. Everything you do is completely different, and if anyone was thinking of taking up the trumpet I'd say straight away to learn all the different ways. Learn how to *play* the instrument, because there are too many people who only do one particular thing.

I understand if people say do one thing and do it great rather than do a lot of things badly, but what I think is that you should do a lot of things great.

There was a long period when some marvellous brass musicians working here did all the TV shows, the radio shows, the sessions, and accompanied established singers.

At the same time, groups were forming where the guitarist's friend was learning sax or trumpet, say, and would come into the group as they were learning. It was a new sound to them, but because they were only learning they didn't really know how far you could take the instrument.

Guy Barker *Pic. Tony Bacon*

In the States, it's always been that people will have the great brass players on their sessions — for example the Earth Wind & Fire trumpet players, Jerry Hey, Chuck Findley, Gary Grant and people like that. The producer or artist knows straight away that if they want to do something exciting they have to get these trained players who have the technique and ability to play anything.

Over here, the players *exist*, but people have never actually gone to them. Over the past few years that has been changing, but there was this gap when there were no new young brass players coming up.

There are a lot of people I've come across who say OK, someone's playing has got great *feel*, it doesn't matter about technique. That's wrong — the way I look at it, if a musician plays 'Three Blind Mice' but can't play 'Flight Of The Bumble Bee' then I don't think his performance of 'Three Blind Mice' is gonna be all that good.

Some people say technique isn't everything — it *is* everything, the players who have the best feel are those who have the ability to play everything.

The trumpet is physically a painful instrument to play, in terms of your stamina. It's a crazy idea even to want to play it. If you start doing a lot of studio things, sometimes you'll do two or three sessions in a day, and the third one is always the one where they want you to play really high and long!

I work a lot with an American producer and musician called Richard Niles — he went to Berkeley, and produced a few Pat Metheney albums, Leo Sayer and so on — and he told me about this arranging class for brass at Berkeley. The teacher actually came in with a pile of medical reports from very unwell trumpet players who'd suffered because arrangers hadn't taken them into consideration. They'd written all these amazing things thinking how exciting it would be, and by the end of the arrangement these poor trumpet players are all bleeding!

Choosing a trumpet is like the way you choose a car. What's the better car, a Porsche or a Rolls Royce? What's the better trumpet, a Vincent Bach or a Benge? Everybody has their own personal view. When you start it's the best to get an average instrument, there's some marvellous Japanese trumpets — Yamaha seem to be taking over everything.

Some people may disagree, but I don't think it's a good idea to start off on an amazing instrument — you go as far as you can on that and when you get a new one you can feel the easier response, and it's encouraging. If you're buying a first instrument, go to the shop with a professional player, your teacher if you have one.

I use a Benge Claud Gordon trumpet which somebody brought over from New York for me seven or eight years ago. I love it. I've tried a number of other instruments, including a Conn Constellation which I thought was going to be the ultimate instrument and it didn't quite work for me, though I know other players who use them and they think they're the best. I use a Yamaha flugelhorn and a Yamaha piccolo trumpet, but I've never really tried the straight Yamaha Bd trumpet, I've stuck with the Benge.

A lot of the trumpet's sound is probably due to its bore size — there are small bores, large bores, medium-large bores. Symphony players tend to use a medium-large or a large bore trumpet with a fairly large mouthpiece, a Vincent Bach 1 or 1½C, the largest you can get, for size of sound and responsiveness. In the studio, for jazz or pop, to use a mouthpiece and instrument that large would make life so much more difficult because it takes away some of your stamina, and it'd make the muscles in your face ache so much quicker. But the whole thing is down to the player: there are some people who play on tiny little mouthpieces and have a huge sound.

My love is playing modern jazz, and I'm working with a new group, Hubbard's Cubbard, led by an American bass player, Joe Hubbard, with Chris Hunter, Mitch Dalton . . . all session musicians, a sort of Brecker Brothers type band. That's an enjoyment thing — you don't get any money.

I've got a Barcus Berry bug which is good, but I'm interested in the FRAP which Randy Brecker uses. I feed the bug through a graphic equaliser and aim for a pure trumpet sound. Then it goes through effects — I have a Roland chorus/echo 555, and MXR pitch transposer, like a harmoniser, and then an envelope filter. I find that's enough.

BARKER'S BRIEF

Musical tuition: Tommy Wilson (then principal cornet of Scots Guards); Richard Walton (at the Royal College of Music); Clark Terry "sorted me out when I was 16".

Favourite trumpeters: If I had some time I might get it down to 30, but: Clifford Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Miles Davis, Clark Terry. Obviously I'm leaving a lot out!

Favourite engineer/studio: Steve Taylor/Red Bus; Mayfair; Polar; Utopia; Scorpio; Good Earth.

Favourite instrument: Benge Claud Gordon.

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BOIL IN THE BAG

FAIR COP?

IN REPLY to your request for replies to Simon Witter's letter from members of the 'Force' (the service actually). The story which is currently circulating round the job is that a person with anti-police sympathies somehow managed to get a job at the police college with the intention of collating a damning indictment of the police. This person then set out gaining the confidence of the young cadets and after doing so asked them to write an essay on their views of blacks and immigration, informing them that the essays would be strictly confidential and would not be shown to supervisory officers or put on official records.

After the cadets had completed their essays someone left a sample of black pornography lying in their library. This was, not surprisingly, graffiti'd on. This was then sold to someone and has now turned up in the *City Limits* article (which I have not, unfortunately, read).

Now, supposing that there is little or no truth in the above story (which may be the case for all I know); if a similar test was tried out on any cross section of 16-18½ year-old guys the result would not be so different to the so-called racist views of the cadets. Are one's views particularly responsible or mature at that age? It is possible that these cadets' views will change when they see society in action.

As to the general view of the police as all being rabid right wing street animals — this is just not the case. I am a 22-year-old cop who joined the cadets at 17 and have been in the job since. While I am not one of *NME's* hip young readers, I have an active interest in all kinds of music from Cole Porter to Kevin Rowland and most points in between.

Simon Witter raised the point of community policing — in Glasgow where I work, community policing has *always* been practised and the police have always had an excellent relationship with the public. My area of Glasgow has more unemployment and worse housing conditions than Toxteth, yet there was no hint of any street riots last year.

In summing up, most police are not totally racist. Cops are afraid of any change or what they don't know or understand — many policemen ridicule coloured people but few actually dislike or hate them. Plans are afoot for more instruction in race relations, so perhaps this situation may improve in the future.

Don't tar us all with the same brush — we are all individuals.

A Cop, Glasgow, Strathclyde. (I hope you understand that I must remain anonymous)

Even though your reply/explanation supports the police, it still leaves a lot to be desired. Admittedly the people in question were only young but why so blatantly gullible? Surely the police not being totally racist is no excuse — a law keeping force should be totally un-rascist. Nobody would want to 'tar' you all with the same brush, but aren't you simply using the same brush to push this episode under the carpet? Hopefully the cadets aren't representative of the future force. Above and beyond plain and simple race relations instruction, tighter screening should be employed —maybe by an outside body. The answer, ultimately, must lie with yourself and every non-racist member of the police force, pushing towards a future where police bigotry is only the paranoia of the foolhardy agent provocateur. — D.D.

FOR SKIN OR COUNTRY?

SINCE THE name skinhead was first used as an insult for a new youth cult on a radio programme in 1968, reporters have repeatedly missed the point when dealing wth this issue. A very great lack of willingness to try and understand on their behalf has led to stereotyping as an answer to a complex problem.

In 1982 the product of this can be seen as a 14-year-old skinhead with HATE tattooed across his forehead. Thus when I read Gavin Martin's review of *Skinhead*, I was appalled at his suggestion that this part of society didn't need care or understanding.

The rest of Mr Martin's review is crammed with completely factless assumptions and utterly unintelligent accusations, so much so he completely obscures the one and only real point worthy of discussion he raises in the entire piece — i.e. the reason for doing a book such as this.

May I answer that just one of the reasons I did *Skinhead* was to break the stereotype that people like Gavin Martin seem intent on reinforcing. I said that there were all kinds of skins in the text; Gavin Martin apparently didn't read it.

Sadly, Mr Martin fails to grasp this and he accuses and insults, raising points that, had he bothered to read the book he was supposedly reviewing more carefully, he would have found quite clearly dealt with.

I spent a year photographing and researching *Skinhead* — not with "sensationalist glee", but to make certain I had my facts straight. It was not my job as a photographer to present a moralistic opinion or to judge. It was my job, however, to show as fully as possible exactly what has and what is happening.

The skinhead scene in 1982 presents a very confusing picture. How does one attempt to explain a black skinhead wearing a swastika badge or a group of 12 year-olds giving Sieg-heil and a Madness dance pose as typical examples of Skinhead stances?

Unfortunately Mr Martin, dismissing them as fascist scumbags doesn't help.

Nick Knight, London.

Having read both book and subsequent criticism it seems that points have been missed on both sides of the fence. Still Gavin's review (bar the remarks you find inoffensive) still holds water. As a photo-journalist it is your job to portray *and* offer insight into the subject matter? The accompanying text was, sadly, lacking in the amplification of any such criticisms — which I am sure that you would be first to admit were and are of paramount importance in a book of this genre. Observation is often, as in this case, far from enough; leaving both subject and consumer with a despairing thought as to the point of the action. — D.D.

SHEEP SHEARING

YOU PROBABLY won't print this letter, as it's saying something good about Toyah . . .

Toyah Fan, Brentwood.

Shucks! Some people have the most incredible powers for predicting the future. By the way, do you wear 'Toyah' make-up? I would be interested in contacting any Toyah or Duran fans that do. I am 16. — D.D.

FISH WARS

DEAR FIONA, I felt very sorry when I read about your terrible evening listening to Duran Duran.

Poor little girl. As it seems to me you must have suffered a lot, I think it would have felt much better for both you and Duran Duran if you had walked out and let them go on with their show.

I hope that you never gonna review a band anymore, because if you are in that bad mood again you gonna destroy a lot for that group. Besides this I want to thank Duran Duran for their songs which I like very much. I hope you won't notice all shit the critics write about you. Don't listen to these idiots who wants to look down at you. (Jealousy?) Good luck to you. (And of course to Fiona, perhaps she will change job. Think about it.)

Jill Janson, Gotene, Sweden.

OK Simon Le Bon we've called your number. Was it really worth flying to Sweden to post this letter though? I am into Duran and Toyah, I wear Ant make-up and would like to meet anybody (boy or girl) that is in their teens and into sheep shearing. I am 16. — D.D.

FROM GENESIS TO REVELATIONS

INCREDIBLE ISN'T it, that a newspaper that calls itself the *New Musical Express* should

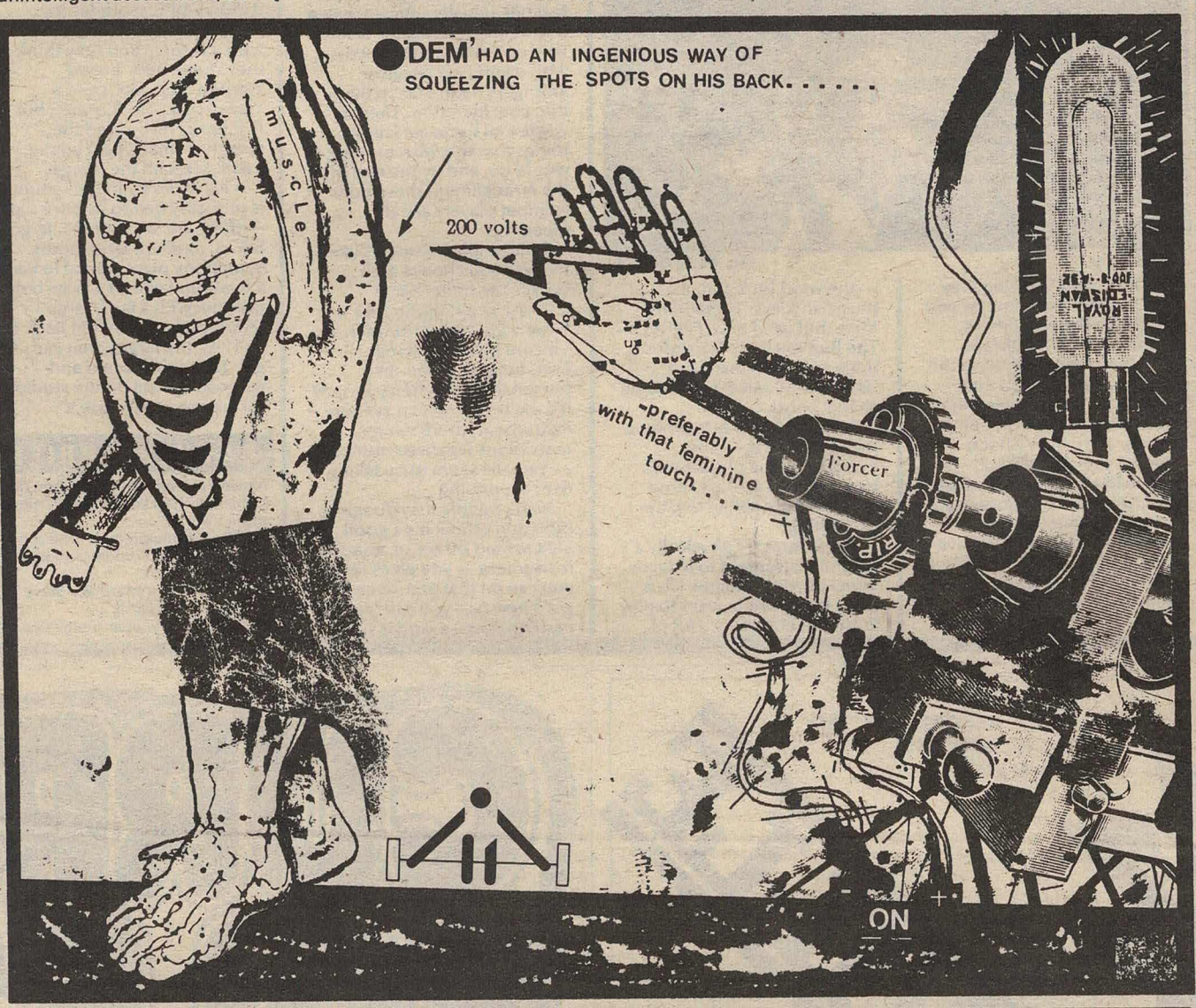
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Illustration by Nick Reed

DAVID DORRELL picks his way through the back of '82

poses to what really matters — the music itself. Don't pander to the mindless followers of fashion that make up the minority of your readers. To use a line from Phil Collins' song: *"You're fooling yourself, but you ain't fooling me."* Can we have the old *NME* back, please?

Tim Wheeler, Epsom, Surrey.

Has it not occurred to you that the heart and soul of music can only exist on the street. Surely heart and soul would find comfort in Mr Collins' bank account or mansion? The street and the *NME* are moving closer together, hopefully leaving the pre-'76 toads in their own mire. If we gave you back the *NME* what would you do? Take us back to the banality that *Melody Maker* is still trying hard to escape from? — D.D.

DEAR PHIL Collins, do take heart! Julie Burchill was wrong, for now even innocents like myself must care so little for the music itself, preferring instead to concentrate on what message it's putting across or how fashionable it is. I've just read Mr Morley's interview of Phil Collins. Paul Morley has a problem — he listens to the music with his pretensions and not with his heart or soul.

The *NME* has, since around 1976, become more and more detached from the music, in its attempt to be 'street cred'. This is sad. Music is about entertainment, be it Genesis or Joy Division. When listening to a record, it's your gut reaction to it that really matters. I like Phil Collins' music but I also like New Order and Simple Minds. They lift me and make me feel good when I listen to them. There have been in the past some great songs that have crap lyrics; but there have been no great songs that have crap music, however good the lyrics may be. The words of a song and the attendant fashion must always be of secondary, not primary, importance.

For your own sake, Paul Morley and the rest of you at the *NME* see through the know that Paul Morley IS the ugliest man to club a typewriter into abject submission since George Orwell.

In three years of not-too-diligent reading *NME*, I have yet to read a word penned by this literary Quasimodo that has not reeked of his soul-corroding hatred for anyone who is better known than him. Whilst on the subject I should put in half a good word for the shameless D. Baker whose pastiche of a singles column was one of the best bits of padding-out yet observed. He has evidently picked up more than Janet Street-Porter's grotesque accent during his time in the television studio. Hack's Herpes perhaps?

Ms Gedya Roxoff, Darkest Herts.

Doubtless you copped a dose of scribes syph. Cynic. — Po-faced D.D.

HERE IS BEATLE JOKE

HELLO, EVERYBODY, I am also in great stitches at Great David Bowie joke. Deep sadness now it does not come again.

I have big headache over "Where Is Beatle'a Band?" conference (who is Mr Beatle?), but I make lots of piddle at this very good joke. Mr T-Zer is very funny man.

I explain joke. Mr T-Zer say, "Do you like Bing Crosby?" Him say, "Ah yes, I sing on all his records. Who is this man again?" (He forgets who him talking about). Hahahaha!

I pay many 35 pennies to see this joke again.

PS Mr T-Zer also very strange man to like chips in brown gravy. Goodbye!

Nivek Nilknarf, London E12

I must laugh and remember this joke as it was very hysterectomy indeed. When will real Beatles joke author stand up and count? I laugh and laugh at own wit. Hahahaha! Very funny! — D.D.

KNICKERS, KNACKERS . . .

I'M AT my wits end, really I am, I'm just about round the bend. It's our John, he's mad about your paper. Every Thursday, back from the shops it's where's me *NME* Mum? I'm really desperate, could you please give him a job with your paper, in the office, he could help the writers with their spelling and that sort of thing. Always was good at spelling, was our John.

He'll be my ruination, he's costing me a fortune in postage stamps, if he was in your office he could just hand in his letters. Just the other day, I went to the Post Office, bought a whole sheet of stamps, at least £5 worth, for my Christmas cards. Later that evening, after I'd written out all my cards, I couldn't find my stamps. I said, John where's my stamps. He says, *NME* mum. I says, I'll give you *NME*. I was that mad, I could have taken him over my knee there and then, and given him a good spanking, but he's too old for that now. And too big. Big like his dad.

It was Fred. I said we should never have moved. Fred said if we moved to New Barnet, there would be more chance of a job for John, more opportunities, nearer the metropolis. Always had a way with words had my Fred. John takes after him like that, good with words. And a sense of humour, but he doesn't laugh much now, on account of John. John, he's never been the same since we moved. It's been three years now, never got a job. He hardly goes out at all. Aways in his room writing letters to the *NME*. I says, John what can you find to write about? He's a problem is our John.

Now our Audrey she married a chartered accountant, nice house, all this modern furniture, pine out of Habitat, and two kids. Oh, I wish our John would get married. If only he'd got out more, meet a nice girl. I'm sure he'd be alright if he got a wife. There's a nice girl in your paper. He showed me a picture of her once. Lynn Hanna, I think her name was. I said, that would be a nice girl for you John, and good looking. If only you'd bring home a girl like that to see your mum, I'd be right proud of you. Oh, I would right like a grandson, Audrey's two are girls.

Now Mr Spencer, if you could see to John getting a job about your office, I'd be most grateful, most obliged. He's right pleased when you print one of his letters. He says Mum, look they've printed one of my letters. It sets him up for the rest of the week. He's not the same when he finds you haven't printed any of his letters. Goes very quiet. He's really a good lad, all he needs is someone to give him a chance. Oh but I really do go on. It's maybe because I lost my job in the typing pool. John, he's always saying, mum you do go on so, you've got no street credibility. But what do I want with street credibility at my age? But I suppose I do go on a bit. Not like our John, he's

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always short and to the point.
Myrtle Connolly (Mrs), New Barnet.

Phew! We're glad to hear from you. Poor old Paul Du Noyer was really worried that our John didn't have a father (let alone a mother). It's always jolly good fun to receive a letter from your boy — unfortunately there is little chance of him getting a job and even less of marrying Lynn Hanna. Still, if you fancied a job Mr Spencer said he'd only be too glad to oblige. — D.D.

. . .AND KNOCKERS

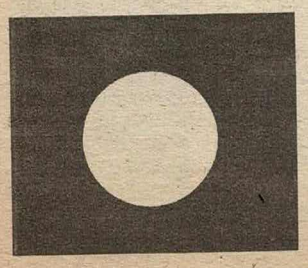
PLEASE INFORM Paul Du Noyer that the *Wizard Of Oz* has every intention of granting his wish, and that he should be receiving a brain any day now.
John Connolly, New Barnet.
And I suppose that he granted you some humour. It's exactly this sort of blatant slagging that has debarred you from a job and opened the doors for your mum, Myrtle — do something about your boy. Immediately! D.D.

WIDOW TWANKEY MEETS ALLADIN SANE (Anag)

ACT I: SCENE I.
Enter Paul Morley and Ian Penman dressed as post boxes.
MORLEY: Bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla?
PENMAN: Bla bla bla!
MORLEY/PENMAN (in unison): NIETZSCHE! NIE TZSCHE! NIETZSCHE!
They dance around while Richard Cook enters above, unseen, with a box of popcorn and begins to review them.
MORLEY: Tra la la, Bla bla bla.
Fa la la, Bla bla bla.
Diddley-dee, diddley-dum
Tra la la, Tra la BUM!
PENMAN: Piddle-poo, piddle-poo.
Piddly piddly
Widdly widdly
WILLY WILLY WILLY!
CHORUS (both together):
Give me sunshine
Up my bum. . . etc.
Enter David Sylvian, left.
MORLEY/PENMAN (in unison): INTERVIEW! INTERVIEW! INTERVIEW!
PENMAN: Me! Me! Me! Me!
MORLEY: No, Me! Me!
They set about each other.
Sylvian watches, striking fragile pose.
SYLVIAN: I . . . don't . . . know . . . what . . . time it is . . .
MORLEY/PENMAN: CONCEPTS!! Their mine!
PENMAN: No, mine!
MORLEY: NO, mine!
They set about each other again.
SYLVIAN: I . . . .have . . . no . . . make-up. (Dies.)
Enter entire *NME* cast dressed as Monty Smith's stomach singing, "Show me the way up my own bum." They all join in for a rollicking chorus.
COOK: I enjoyed every revolting minute of it.
Enter David Bowie, right.
BOWIE: Sorry, who is it we're . . .
THE WHOLE WORLD BLOWS UP.
CURTAIN
Henry P.

THIN ICE

ON CHRISTMAS Eve, I bought the Blancmange LP. I admit I was fairly impressed with it. What did I do? I set light to the sleeve of 'Kilimanjaro' and skated round the floor on Julian Cope.
Tony M, London W4.
Ah, it's just like sleeping gas, it's so ethereal. — D.D.



T-ZERS

AS THE old year folds itself into a small ball of furry anecdotes and fluffy waffles, we at *T-zers* are working on a new approach to the age old problem of bringing you, the reader, nastier gossip and crueller slurs. In this search for easier targets *T-zers* has recruited one of Fleet Street's best known astrologists, the Russian clairvoyant, **Stickya Pininit.** Pininit is the man most famous for his prediction that 1984 would be the year that followed 1983 and that this edition of *T-zers* would be as dodgy as all the others put together.

We left this remarkable man with nothing but a crate of Fosters and an empty *T-zers* bag, and on our return from the Gypsies Curse pub *(Joke about crystal balls maybe? — Ed)* he had not only accrued ten lawsuits — two in **Martin Fryex** gold lame — but a set of the most libellous *T-zers* seen in years, a pinnacle of padding and even more fluffy waffles. Pininit, obviously drunk from praise (if nothing else) was heard to slur: "This is the pinnacle of padding, the summit of my astrological career . . . the greatest bunch of figments in the world, the best fiddling since **Menuhin** . . . what would *T-zers* do without me?"

There is still some difficulty here at the *T-zers* desk on the actual meaning of some predictions, especially those that are hidden in the mysterious quatrains favoured by **Nostradamus.** The first of these ran something along the lines of:
"A cool congregation,
Near a southern station,
Saw street cred Fred,
Play brown bread."

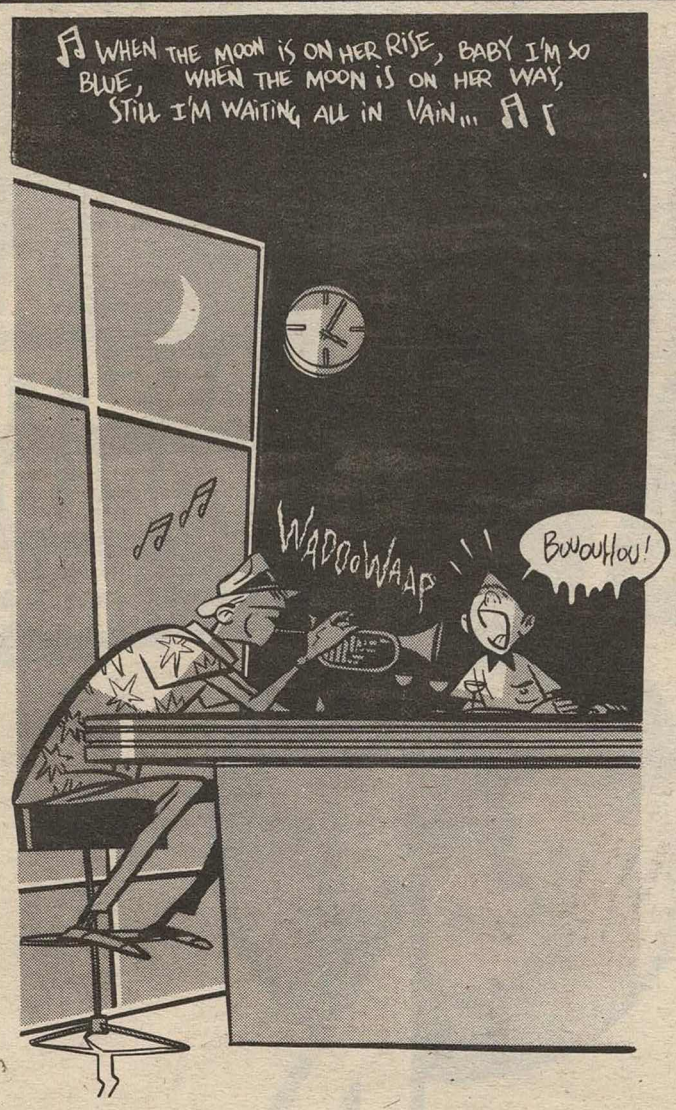
Eventually deciphered this tells of how loveable Birmingham clotheshorses **Fashion** played the **Johnsons'** New Year party at London's **Venue** under the name **Sunwheat And The Wholemeal Loaves.** Other bands at the suits and boots party were **The Flying Padovanis** and Mediterranean moochers **Roman Holiday** . . .

Other festivities over New Year included **Boy George's** *What Ever You Want* shindig at Brixton's Ace. **Eddie Tenpole** did the singing, Cheddar George the huffing and puffing. Such was the Boy's disappointment at not winning more than one *T-zers* Award that half way through the evening he stormed out, dashing his Babycham to the floor. Our would-be **Cinderella** jumped into a waiting coach and departed, leaving only a bobtail and a jar of 'Wrinkle Out' face cream by which would-be-prices could track him down. Reports claim there were no takers . . .

Another **Culture Clubber, Roy Hay,** finally plighted his troth, to long standing girlfriend and **Foundry** girl **Allison.** The honeymoon is in **Sri Lanka** and both fervently deny reports that the lady is in a **Club** of a different kind . . .

Obviously tired of waiting for things like troths were **The Peech Boys,** who have just this minute (the ink is still drying) signed their bodies and stones to Island. Meanwhile rumours, pigs and **Led Zeppelin** jokes continued to fly about the ailing Chrysalis being sold as a going concern to the highest bidder. Both **De Lorean** and **Sir Freddie Laker** have declined the offer . . .

Without more ado *T-zers* whisks you away to the venue that time forgot . . . The Palladium, New York where **ABC** (you must remember them, surely?) performed,



while lounging at the back of the mock-neo-classical hall was no less than the angel of commercial death, **Andy 'Fifteen Minutes Of Fame' Warthole.** Warthole later told *T-zers:* "I had envisaged Martin in a gold lame tin of Campbells soup, but I can now see that he is in a completely different stew. Maybe we could do a film called **Ciao! Stockport** or something. These days I really don't know what to do . . ." Golden Boy Fry meanwhile, oblivious to this threat, treat a hysterical Danceteria to a flash of his diamond plated legs and a quick Pasadoble; amongst those watching were **Bernie Rhodes, Jeffrey Lee Pierce, Cindy Ecstasy, Fab Five Freddy** and **Futura 2000.** 'Look Of Love' is meantime at number one in the US Dance/Disco charts (with **Thompson Twins** at number two) . . .

CLOSER TO home and that curious Christmas ritual the 'Neezurp', better known in anthropological circles as the **NME Christmas Ballsup.** Invitation was limited to the usual host of London liggers and gatecrashers, and although no official members of staff were allowed into the 'do' at famous straight niterie Cha Cha's *T-Zers* sneaked in the back door and espied such rare beasts as the **Billy Fury;** the **Bruce Foxton** (not seen out at night since 1845); the **Marc Almond** (a small, black, nut eating creature); a whole sty full of **Higsons,** the odd **Steve Strange** (a rather slothful nocturnal beast); the common behatted **Boy George;** the short haired, lesser spotted **Dave Tibet** and a gaggle of **Sex Gangs.** Dread at the controls were **General Thrills** and **Clint Bradshaw,** the annual party heckler award goes to . . .

. . . sorry about that, but we've just been banned by the ** from telling you who it was. Still enough of the proverbial Christmas 'goose', we're sure that your perverse and sordid minds can envisage what happened after the ** had downed two troughs of Greene King IPC. Oh, we've just been told to tell you that **The Three Courgettes** did not play. Yeah, cheers **Phil!** No you're right, *T-zers* wouldn't have been the same without that. Really we loved it, just what the page needed . . .

Another real gem here, super star Leicester band **The Swinging Laureates** are to recruit a 'live' drummer, a brass section, a string section, a flock of sheep, some dungarees, a tin of boot polish and a copy of **Jethro Tull's** 'Greatest Hits'. Rumours that they're all changing their names to **Kevin** and indulging in expensive nose lengthening operations have been denied. Still we have to see 'em busk in Carnaby Street with that lot . . .

But let us not dwell on such soporific sop, let us instead look forward to *The Switch,* which is the replacement to *The Tube* (remember that show?) in the first few weeks they boast of **Defunkt** at Montreux, **Gil Scott Heron** in the States, and in the studios **Wah!, Animal Nightlife, Blancmange** and **The Apollinaires** . . .

Now let's descend into the abyss *(Nothing about Sex Gang Children, please, I beg — Roy Carr)* past the shopping centre and into Luton (also known as Hades) where **UK Decay** have gone one step further and completely fallen to pieces. Lead singer, **Abbo** (short for **Abhorrent J. Jones**), spat at a *T-zer* and screamed: "Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble . . ." *(cont. page 39 The Plagiarist).* Seriously, the man has plans for them to rise from the dead in a new incarnation, though at this moment in time they have only the bare bones of a plot, and their plans are still shrouded in mystery . . .

What we do have though is a longy about **Zeke (Orange Juice)** and **Paul (Talk Talk)** who with many others, including *T-zers* staff, were turned away from **Weekend's** New Year party. It's a rough trade for some this season, knowarrimean? Still Zeke managed to save Hammersmith home help **Stevo** from certain death at the hands of two fans; the recently christened Svengali of rock pleaded for ages with Zeke to proclaim his undying love for the devil of Dartford so as to put the girls off of any thought of a hetero liaison with the man . . .

From queers to beers, and after sponsoring **The Who** on their recent tour of the US, Schlitz beer are negotiating to sponsor the **Rolling Stones** '84 trek. Of course as any CAMRA expert will tell you, American beer is pretty much like making love in a canoe. The two should compliment each other perfectly . . .

The quatrain now leaving platform three — writes **Nostradamus** (again) — runs something like . . .
"When the Pen of Lon looks to the west
And Lynne likewise escapes the nest
Another door opens, that none could un-Lock
Enter Jo — new head on the block!"

Which, to cut the mystic-cryptic crap, seems to mean we fare our wells this week to both **Ian Penman** (who'll persist, never fear, in persecuting us with words dispatched from across the Atlantic) and to **Lynn Hanna.** But even as the Lone Piper of Carnaby Street delivers a lament for our departing comrades — yeah, alright, you can SHUT UP now, bleeding racket — we welcome a dynamic duo to the paper. **Jo Isotta,** for it is she, becomes *NME's* Production Editor (a job only slightly less coveted than that of Chief Prosecutor in the Sicilian Mafia trial) while the familiar figure of **Graham Lock** fills the chair (and then some) of Production Assistant. What this means, basically, is that you will never see another technical error, of any description, in *NME* again, ever, ev4@=&er . . .

Meanwhile we learn that albino reggae toaster **Yellowman** was robbed in New York recently while allegedly checking out rival sallow complexion DJ **Mellow Yellow's** rumour of a herpes epidemic. The cadmium one was abducted by several men, taken off in a car and relieved of his showy ring collection among other possessions . . .

Fastest to jump on the 'scratch' bandwagon are the boys from the *Kebab And Calculator;* **Cabaret Voltaire** are about to release a scratch mix of 'Yasha' on **Arthur** 'Walking On Sunshine' **Baker's** label . . .

Bored? In desperate need of **Beatles** joke or **David Bowie** joke? Then dig up an old column of *T-zers* coz we ain't got none. *(More's the pity — Ed)* . . .

And finally, in the absence of a quip from **Paula Yates** or a rumour about **Rusty Egan** (we can't mention the fact that Soho clothes emporium **De Mob** was raided by the police for drugs) we shall leave you with a final prediction from our man at the stars **Comrade Pininit** (known to close friends as 'Rusty' Pininit) who only last year was working as The Palace milkman — the royal baba's hair is definitely ginger . . .

Illustrations: Serge Clerc

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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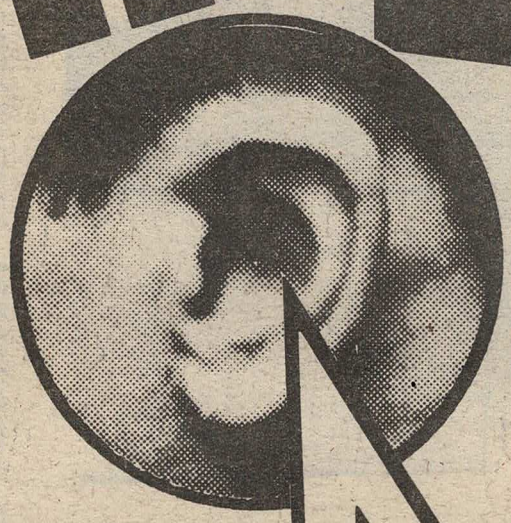

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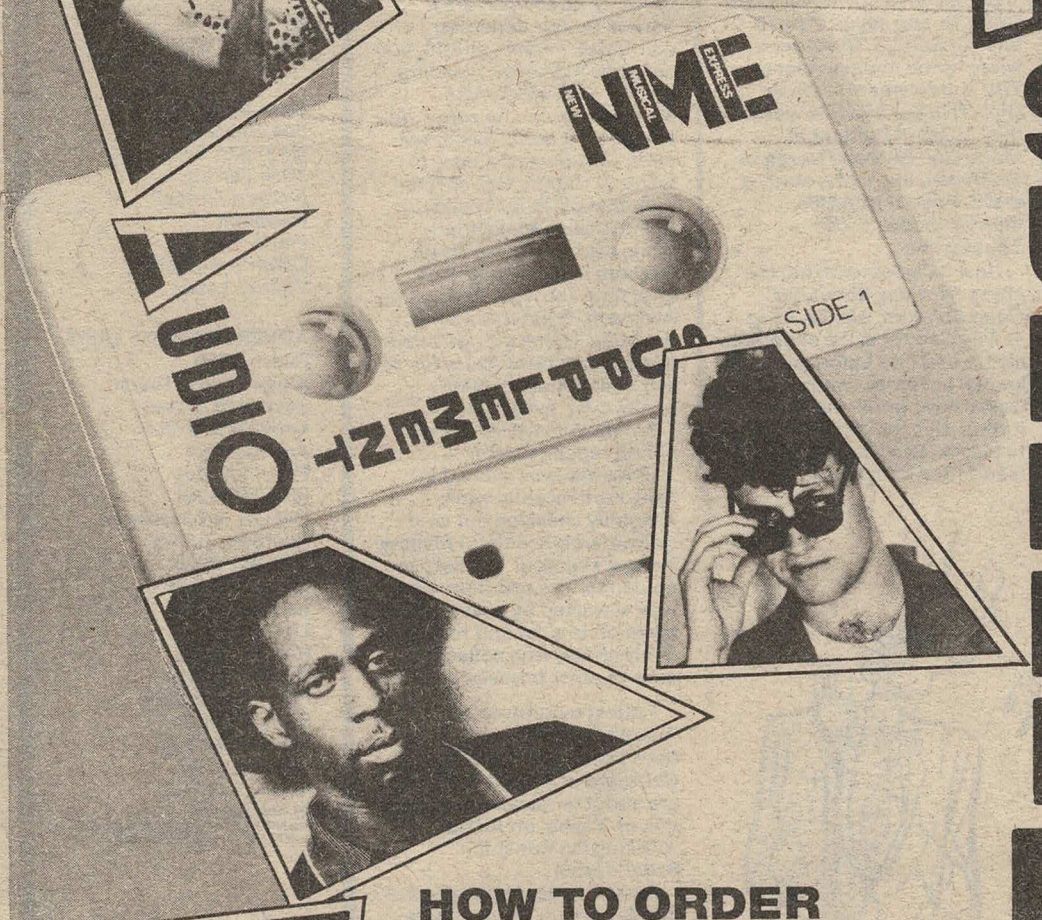

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